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GEORGE STEINBRENNER INTERVIEW

THE YEAR IN MUSIC

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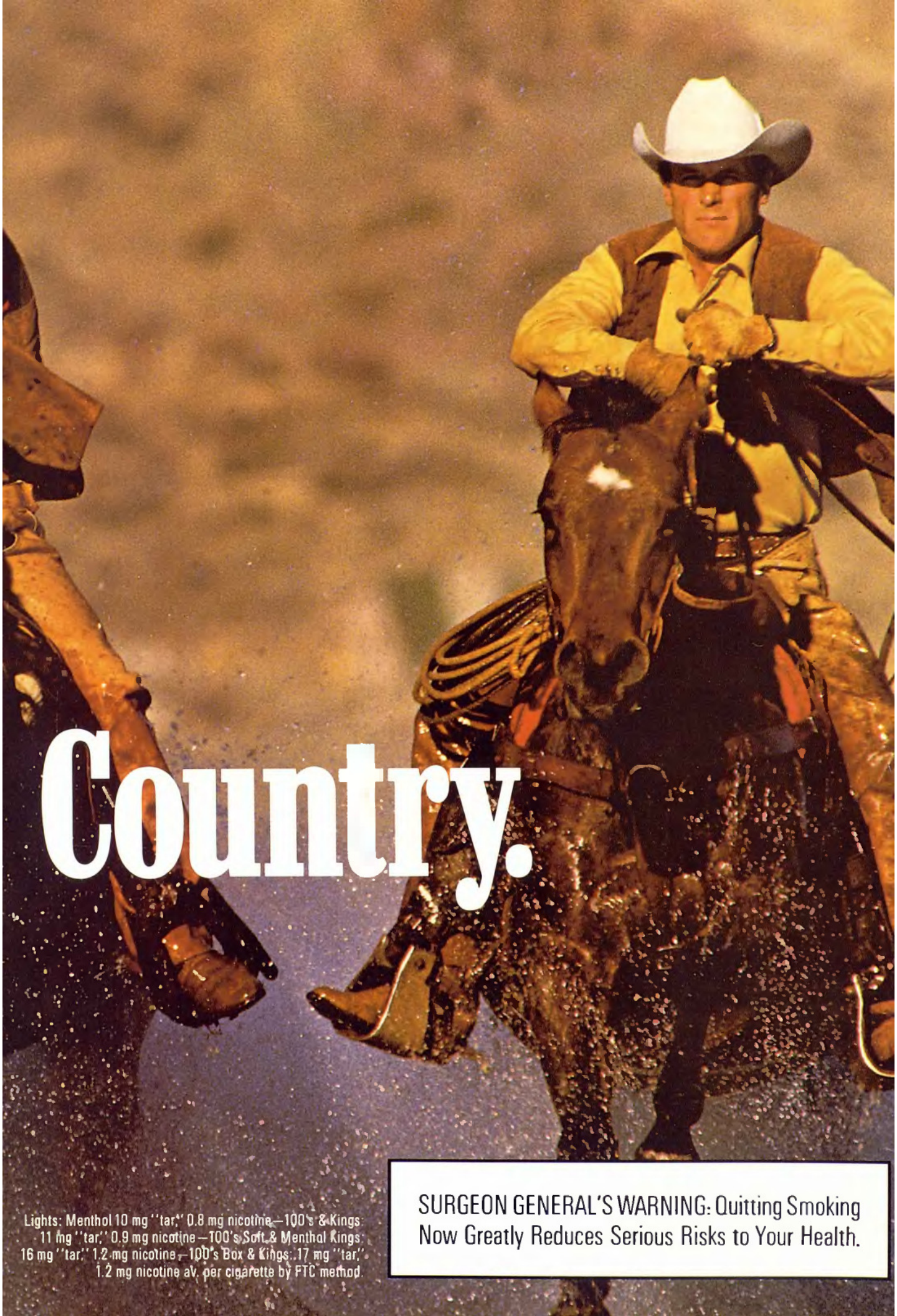

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HEY, GUYS, the national sport is not watching CNN. It's spring—time for baseball and other pursuits—and do we have an issue for you! Leading off is **George Steinbrenner.** The feisty shipbuilder/club owner built the New York Yankees into a powerhouse while going through 12 managers, 13 general managers and 15 pitching coaches—and trading away legions of talent. Shortly after he was thrown out of the game, the mouth that roared promised baseball writer **Jeffrey Kluger** "a few hours of his time." Result: a candid *Playboy Interview*.

Next up is a tasty bit of fiction (at least we hope it's fiction) by **George Alec Effinger.** *Who Dat* is a look at a supersecret branch of the Government whose agents display an unusual interest in sports. Third in the line-up is Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook,** who reviews last year's stats and makes a few predictions of his own in *Playboy's 1991 Baseball Preview*. Cook is a power in the Rotisserie League's Great Lakes Bush League. The out-of-the-park visual is by artist **Alan Cober.**

Nat Hentoff's *A Case of Loathing* suggests that in spring, some men's fancy turns to violence. The article opens with the story of **Rod Johnson,** a waiter in Georgetown, who was attacked by teenagers armed with baseball bats. They had been waiting for someone—someone gay. Such hate crimes have reached epidemic proportions; Hentoff tries to get at their roots.

Ethnic violence is also on the rise. In *Big Trouble in Little Saigon*, journalist **Jim Goad** looks at Vietnamese gangs in Orange County, California. The children of refugees have found the dark side of freedom. **Mel Odom** came up with an illustration that captures the disturbing, brutal world of drive-by shootings, cigarette-burn scars and armed robberies.

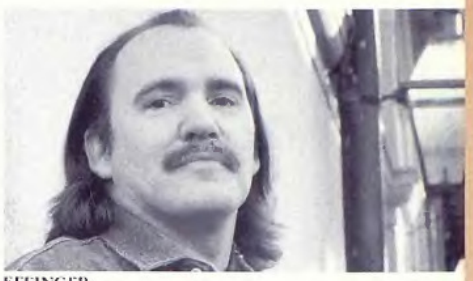
Ever watch a TV commercial and go nuts trying to identify the voice? A surprising number of celebrities rent out their vocal cords. In *Giving Good Voice*, **Chip Bolcik** gives us an insider's look at the voice-over industry. He's the guy who says, "Pet Fresh. Woooorks till the cows come home. Pet Fresh." **Janet Woolley** did the illustration.

Now let's talk about the voices that really count. We received more than 20,000 votes in *Playboy*'s annual Music Poll. Some of you were pulling for your favorite acts; others clearly wanted a crack at the Volkswagen Corrado. **John Waldron** of Van Nuys, California, was the lucky winner—of the car. The Hall of Fame winner was **Sammy Davis Jr.** The winner of our hearts and discretionary income for years has been **Whitney Houston,** the subject of a *20 Questions* with **Nelson George.** What do you say to a woman whose records have sold 29,000,000 copies? Don't pretend you're part of the Addams family.

No, you aren't seeing double. Those are two **Tweeds** next to Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley.** Our Playmate of the Year for 1982, **Shannon** Tweed went on to appear in 13 movies and five TV series. Sister **Tracy** is taking on television, too, as co-host of *Playboy 360*. We welcome them both to our pages. Fegley did double duty for this issue—also shooting **Liz Pasko,** the ex–IRS agent whose simplified form we all appreciate at tax time. Or at any time.

With beauty like that around, you may want to remain clearheaded. Someone has to drive the party home. **Richard Lalich** shows that sobriety is its own reward in *Drinks for the Designated Driver*. (You get to hit on the date of the guy who passed out in your back seat.) We asked **Michael Jackson,** author of *The World Guide to Beer*, to concoct *Playboy's Guide to No-Alcohol Beers*. More taste, less oblivion. Of course, if you are reading this (and checking out Miss May, **Carrie Yazel**) while sitting in the bleachers at spring training, drink whatever you want. But dress well: Consult *This Sporting Life*, photographed by **Alberto Tolot.** This could be your year.

KLUGER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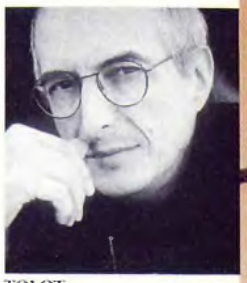
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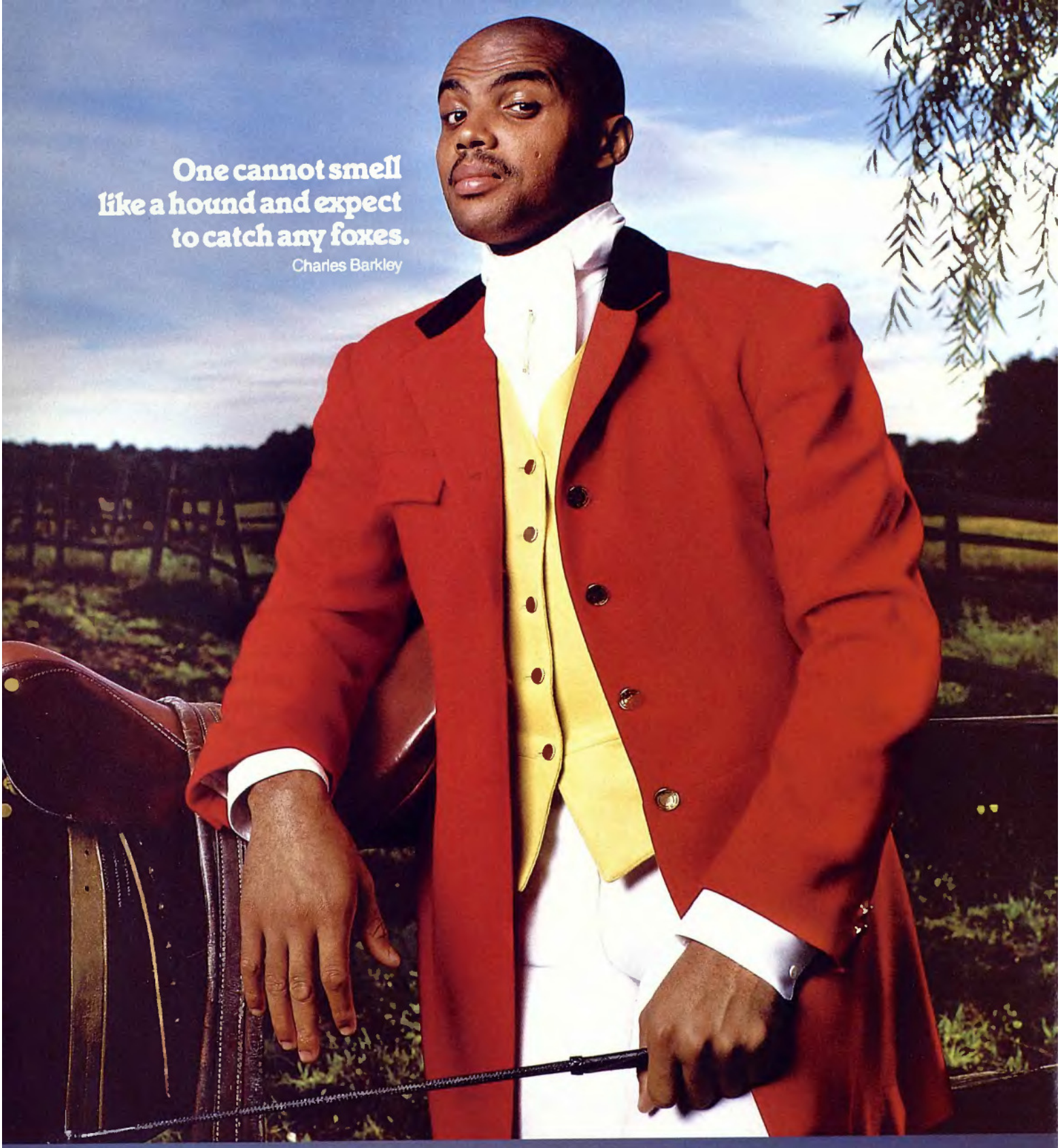

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PLAYBOY

vol. 38, no. 5—may 1991

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COVER STORY

Meet the Boss Tweeds—sisters Shannon and Tracy. One's an actress, the other is a model and they're among Canada's finest exports. The cover was shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda, produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski and styled by Jennifer Smith-Ashley. Credit for hair and make-up goes to the talented Shannon and Tracy: They did a great job on their own. On occasion, our Rabbit needs a shoulder to lean on.

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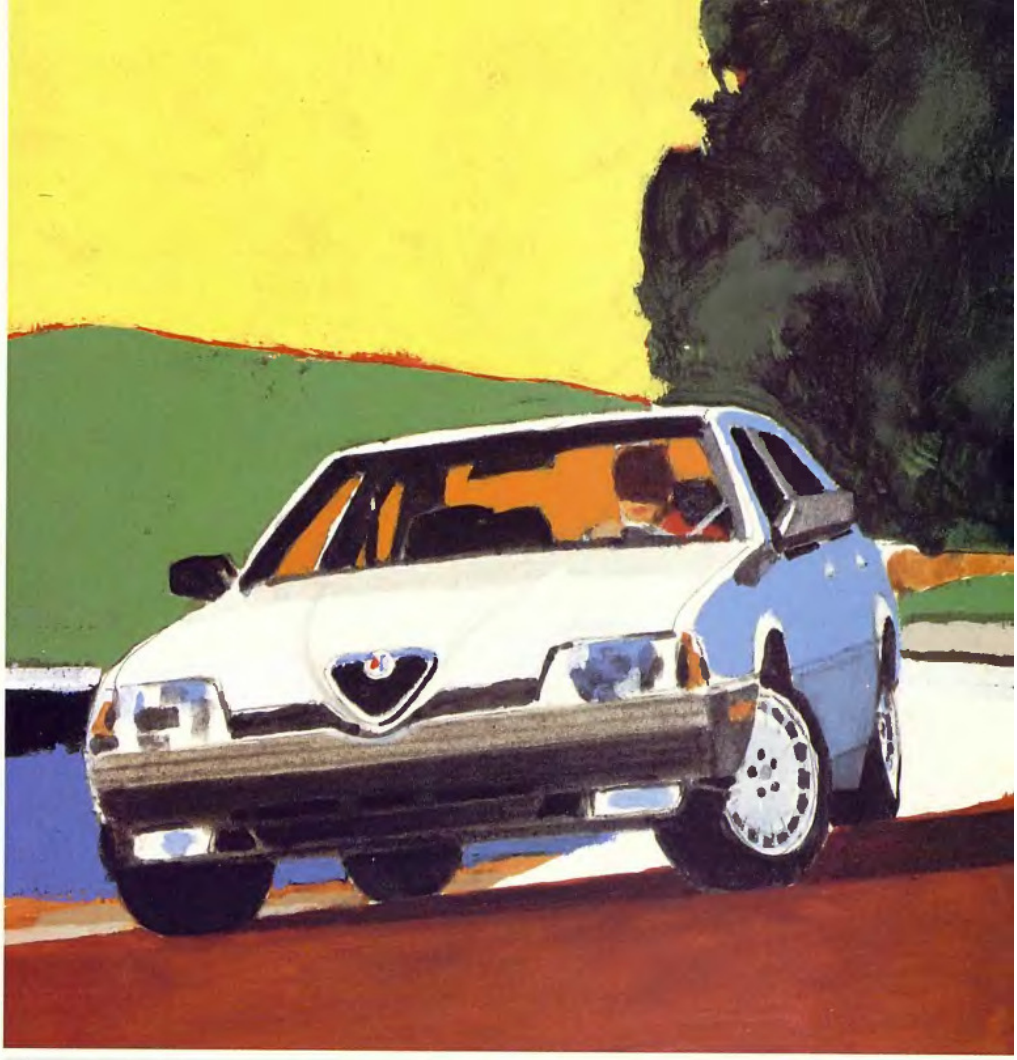

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SISKEL AND EBERT

Your *Playboy Interview* with Gene Siskel and Roger Ebert in the February issue is very enlightening. Thanks for showing them for what they are: two of the most overrated, self-aggrandizing egos in show business.

They are, by the way, reviewers, not critics. Aristotle, Coleridge and Shaw, among many others, were critics.

Rick Tyler
Torrance, California

Lawrence Grobel's interview of Gene Siskel and Roger Ebert is easily the best you've run in the past ten years.

Dave Machen
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

I read the *Playboy Interview* with Gene Siskel and me with great appreciation. Larry Grobel did a masterful job of keeping the whole thing in perspective.

But there is one anecdote told by Gene in the interview that I cannot allow to pass unchallenged. Since it is a complete perversion of the truth, readers may be interested in my footnotes.

Asked to relate the "low point" in our relationship, Gene tells a story about a rummy game we were playing on an airplane. Let's join the anecdote, now in progress. . . .

Siskel version: "Roger taught me a rummy game on an airplane once. It involved a discard pile and a meld pile."

Ebert footnote: This is the last time you are going to hear from Gene about the discards and melds.

Siskel version: "As soon as he taught me the game, I began beating him regularly."

Ebert footnote: True.

Siskel version: "At one point, he thought that I had discarded something when I had just conveniently put something down on the little plastic tables they have on airplanes."

Ebert footnote: This is the crucial detail in his story, as anyone who has ever played rummy will understand. It was not just "something" that he put on the table. It was, in fact, a playing card. In rummy, when one takes a card from one's hand and "just conveniently" puts it down on the table, that is known as playing the card. And he didn't just put it down. He put it on a meld stack. The moment he played the card, he realized he had intended to discard it, instead. His mistake would have cost him the game. So he tried to pick up the card and move it over to the discard stack.

Siskel version: "It became such a big deal with him. He starts raising his voice: 'I'm never playing with you again!'"

Ebert footnote: I recited the age-old rule of cards, which is that when you're playing for money, you're playing for keeps. If you make a mistake, you have to pay for it. In this case, Gene's fatal error would have meant that I'd won the hand.

Siskel version: "He throws the table up. I was in shock."

Ebert version: He threw his cards down on the table, knocking the melds on the floor, so the game could not be continued. I had no reason to disturb the table, since it held the evidence for my case.

Siskel version: "The stakes we were playing for were pennies."

Ebert footnote: We were playing for a dime a point. By throwing his tantrum, Gene saved himself $43.

I am happy to have the opportunity to set the record straight. I admit that I said I would never play cards with him again. What would the Playboy Advisor recommend in a situation such as this?

Roger Ebert
Chicago, Illinois

The Playboy Advisor is uncharacteristically speechless on this subject, Roger.

"GOING GUSHY ON OIL"

I enjoyed Robert Scheer's *Reporter's Notebook* "Going Gushy on Oil" (*Playboy*, February). There are many reasons I

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oppose most of George Bush's decisions on the Middle East situation. We should not protect a country so theocratic that bored troops can't relax with a copy of *Playboy*, a country where women cannot drive. Let's stop sending Americans to die in defense of such dictatorial values. Our tax dollars train and equip soldiers to fight for our country, not to defend *any* country and particularly not one holding such primitive and discriminatory values.

Paul R. Pearson
Detroit, Michigan

A DIFFERENT ARTHUR

In Robert Scheer's opinion piece on Charles H. Keating, Jr. ("Of Saviors and Loans"), which appears in your September 1990 issue, Scheer notes that "the Arthur Little accounting agency gave him [Mr. Keating] a clean bill of health" upon reviewing his involvement with a savings-and-loan failure. He further notes that "the Arthur Little partner who had supervised the Keating audits then went to work for Keating for $1,000,000 a year."

Scheer would do well to check the accuracy of his information. Arthur D. Little is not in the accounting business; we are a management and technology consulting firm. It could be that he has us confused with an accounting firm that has a similar-sounding name.

Patrick A. Pollino
Vice-President, Corporate Communications
Arthur D. Little, Inc.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

The name of the accounting firm should be Arthur Young. We apologize.

"THE LADY IN THE LOCKER ROOM"

Thanks for Ken Kelley's article in *The Playboy Forum*, "The Lady in the Locker Room" (February). The regrettable incident involving Lisa Olson and some members of the New England Patriots football team was bound to happen—not because male athletes are inherently degrading toward women but because allowing women sportswriters equal access to male athletes' locker rooms is simply an ill-advised idea. This is an unfortunate example of a good and timely idea (equal opportunity in the traditionally male-dominated field of sportswriting) that was placed in an absurd context. Given the love/hate relationship between the media and professional athletes, it's surprising that something like this didn't happen sooner.

What's not surprising is that in all the theoretical posturing and political activism surrounding this event, we haven't heard anyone suggest that male sportswriters be allowed equal access to women athletes' locker rooms. It's the same rationale, but I doubt that anyone truly committed to equality (feminist or otherwise) would consider it reasonable or appropriate.

Gene Upshaw's solution is a good one, serving the interests of both the players and the media: a separate room, away from the locker room, providing equal access to all the media. It's workable, it's fair and it's appropriate. Let's move on.

Gary Greenfield
Fairfield, Iowa

CRISTY THOM

Just a word of thanks for your February centerfold, Cristy Thom, one of the loveliest Playmates ever. What a smile! I've often felt that girls of Asian extraction should get more uncoverage than they do. Of course, I know it has been done before—I remember China Lee from the Sixties and Pia Reyes more

recently—but this girl surely wins the *prix de beauté*. She can play Scrabble with me *any time*!

Paul Kesler
King of Prussia, Pennsylvania

BRUCE UNDER THE LASH

Your film reviewer, Bruce Williamson, should be flogged for giving the movie *Dances with Wolves* only two Rabbit Heads (*Movies*, *Playboy*, February). This is an injustice to the movie and to Kevin Costner. Costner should receive all the awards that can be bestowed on him.

G. Spencer Schirs, Jr.
Ann Arbor, Michigan

THE TERROR IN GAINESVILLE

I read with interest Michael Reynolds' *The Terror in Gainesville* (*Playboy*, February). The media coverage of the killings made no sense to me at the time. My own opinion is that the person who did it is 40 to 50 years old, works in a coroner's office or a mortuary closely connected with forensics investigations and knew one of the victims (probably Christa Hoyt).

Not too many people in our society come in contact with dead bodies. The killer must have been handling them for years to clean up as he did. Only a coroner or a mortician has that experience.

H. Alan Montgomery
College Station, Texas

My husband and I moved to Gainesville from Missouri for reasons other than schooling. Two months after we arrived, the murders took place, and I started asking myself, "What kind of town did we move to?" The terror has finally relaxed, but the town's emotions are still shaken. When I read *The Terror in Gainesville* in the February *Playboy*, my emotions flashed back to late August. I found the article to be well written and accurate in detail, but I was appalled by the illustration by Tim O'Brien. It is tasteless and insensitive.

June Crum
Gainesville, Florida

FLEX APPEAL

Bravo, *Playboy*! Your (much too short) *Flex Appeal*, photographed by Paul B. Goode, is wonderful! I hope you plan a longer feature on beautiful female bodybuilders in the near future.

Gregory D. Sheldon
Camden, Maine

While you're waiting, Greg, pick up some back issues and check out Lisa Lyon in "Body Beautiful" (October 1980) and Anita Gandol in "Women of Steel" (February 1984).

WE'RE LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD WOMEN

I am writing in reference to an advertisement that appears in the January issue of *Playboy* referring to a "Playmate search." It is adapted from a military-recruiting ad, and the model's uniform and recruiting slogan are based on those of the United States Marine Corps.

As a former Marine, I find it distasteful that you would use this medium to promote your message. I have had the privilege of serving with several outstanding woman Marines who I'm sure would find this appalling.

All Marines, present and former, take great pride in the uniform and what it stands for.

Stephen J. Satonick
Hartford, Connecticut

We also have enormous respect for the Marine uniform, Steve. Based on the many letters we've received from Marines serving in the Middle East, we think Playboy *and the Marines form a mutual-admiration society. Before we photographed the ad, we called our local Marine recruiting office to make sure it was OK with them. It was more than OK. Within a few hours, two Marines came over to our office to deliver an authentic uniform. They stayed during the photo shoot to ensure that it was worn properly.*

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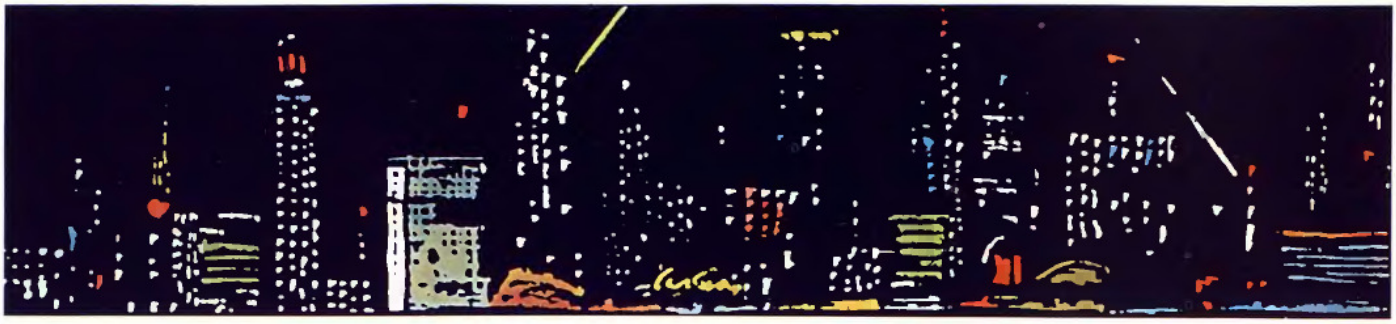
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



THE MOY THE MERRIER

It was a court stenographer's nightmare: Attorneys for one of 33 defendants in an illegal-gambling trial in Chicago recently moved to have the case divided into separate trials in order to avoid confusion. Two defendants are named Kenneth Moy, eight share the surname Moy and 18 others have used the name Moy as an alias.

Lawyers for Kenneth Dee Jin Moy insist that jurors will be unable to keep track of a "mind-numbing cast of defendants and witnesses." Unless, of course, they are allowed to convict one from column A, one from column B. . . .

UNKINDEST CUT

You thought diplomacy in the Persian Gulf was tough? During preparations for a fete at the San Jose public library, workers lowered a 30-foot banner intended to greet Filipinos in their native language. It was *supposed* to say YOU ARE WELCOME. The literal translation: YOU ARE CIRCUMCISED.

THE SCANDY MAN

Move over, Berlitz. At the annual meeting of the American Neurological Association, neurophysiologist Dean Tippett of the University of Maryland School of Medicine reported that a man from Baltimore, while recovering from a stroke, inexplicably began speaking with a Scandinavian accent.

Tippett said that the 32-year-old patient suffered from foreign-accent syndrome, a rare brain malfunction. Other bizarre cases have resulted in patients' struggling with German, Spanish, Welsh, Scottish, Irish and Italian accents. In this incident, the Baltimorean had no prior knowledge of foreign languages, but for more than three months, his speech was marked by added vowels at the end of words and his voice rose in pitch at the end of sentences.

How did the guy feel about sounding as if he'd stepped off the set of an Ingmar Bergman flick? His doctors claimed he was actually pleased, hoping that the new accent would attract women.

TAXING THE HEART

It's tax time and IRS manuals and forms are once again flooded with unwieldy terms. Don't be confused, though; just think of taxes in terms of, uh, *romance*.

Accelerated depreciation: You could do no wrong the first week, but suddenly, she thinks your clothes are doofy, your friends square, your dog a fart. Cut your losses and get out.

Acquisition indebtedness: The sum total of your credit-card receipts for that first month you dated her.

Adjusted gross income: Collective warts and all, the reason you're still a couple.

Audit: Powwow usually preceded by those dreaded words, "Honey, we have to talk."

Bargain sale to charity: You've split with your girlfriend of three years, you're drinking, it's three A.M., there's one other person in the bar and she's starting to look good.

Capital gain or loss: You're moving out of your shared apartment. Subtract the value of the stuff she's letting you keep from the original stack of cash you laid out on her behalf.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

Capital-loss carry-over: The way you keep insisting to your friends six months after the breakup that "damn it, half of that TV was mine, and one of these days, I'm going to get it back!"

Casualty loss: Postbreakup bills: shrink sessions, bar tabs, video rentals, etc.

Constructive receipt: The leisurely blow job you receive after bowling her over with a great present; i.e., diamonds.

Dependent: She's calling you twice a day to cry, and once at one A.M.

Direct transfer: She dumps you, then screws your best friend.

Exemptions: Flings you've had and actually gotten away with.

Filing status: Are you single? About to break up? Married but looking for fun? She wants to know before she proceeds to line two.

Five-year averaging: All that hot first-month sex spread out over the subsequent barren years.

Fixing-up expenses: Your laundry bill the day before she's about to sleep over for the first time.

Head of household: Always in question.

Holding period: Those precious few minutes after sex and before sleep.

Limited partnerships: "I think we should start seeing other people. . . ."

Passive-loss rules: A month ago, you neglected to voice your objections to her plans for tonight. You lose!

Personal interest: What are you getting for all this?

Points: Earned in a variety of ways, such as coming home with flowers, liking the cat, pleasing her daddy.

Rollover: Renewing the sexual passion in her by taking those little extra steps. Like proposing.

Withholding: That hand job she has promised you—provided you're a good boy.

CHASTE SCENE

Too many virgins, not enough time? The National Chastity Association of Virgins, which claims 15,000 to 20,000

JOBS FOR THE NINETIES

In these post-Reagan years, hordes of us are finding ourselves out of college, out of work, out of options and out of luck. Our M.A.s in anthropology are worthless, our former occupations (arbitrager, anti-Communist watchdog) are obsolete and our prospects are dim.

So it's back to the drawing board. Success these days lies in finding a need created by these changing times and filling it. We suggest:

Yuppie deprogrammer: It won't be pretty, but it has to be done—weaning ex-strivers from the Sharper Image catalog to the Home Shopping Network. If you remember anything at all about cheap stereos and public transportation, this is the gig for you.

Eastern Bloc political advisor: Eastern Europe is going democratic, but with no knowledge of Western electoral politics. Skills we take for granted—poll-rigging, mudslinging, etc.—will be at a premium there.

Rap-lyric interpreter: What the hell are they *saying* on those records? Def jam? Dis? Nine double M? Would-be-hip Americans want to know.

Jogger-convoy organizer: There's safety in numbers, especially with you riding shotgun—and you can charge by the head *and* the mile.

Baseball-card authenticator: As the prices soar, so does the risk of fraud. (Despite what you've heard, Pete Rose *never* played for Leavenworth.)

Urine-test-fakery specialist: Your knowledge of sleight of hand and masking adulterants can save untold jobs.

S&L-mogul tormentor: On retainer to groups of fleeced investors, you track down guilty S&L execs and make their lives miserable with crank calls, ominous mailings and petty vandalism.

Car guard: That $65,000 luxury vehicle won't be such easy pickings with you sitting in it—at ten dollars an hour.

Cordless-phone locator: With a simple homing device and after a two-hour instructional course, you can help thousands relocate handsets that have been lost in residential rubble.

Tax deduction: Wealthy Americans can lessen their soak-the-rich tax liabilities by adopting you as a dependent—with a hefty allowance, of course.

Publicist/agent for Millie Bush: Part White House pet, part best-selling author, Millie is a cash mutt who can only get bigger. Future book deals to be negotiated, a possible perfume (Midnight Howl?), a line of chewable toys—there's always room for one more handler in this Republican Party animal's retinue.

Auto worker: Surprise, surprise. But there's a catch: To land this job, you must travel to Japan.

Congressional page: You'll be fucked many ways in the Nineties, so why not by a member of Congress?

Job counselor: What better credential for counseling the recently fired than the fact that you've been laid off yourself?

Sanitary-landfill operator: America's old batteries, disposable diapers and toxic junk continue to pile up. The clever entrepreneur knows it's time to turn the back yard into a cement-lined waste facility. Start in New Jersey.

Other possibilities: cholesterol-book reviewer, TV-addict detox counselor, VCR-clock setter, UFO greeter. . . .

—BOB WIEDER

members, is disbanding, but not for the reason you hoped. Group leaders say they're packing it in because applications have been arriving at the unmanageable rate of 800 per day.

SPOTLIGHT

Jumping Jellybean.

With *Spillin' the Beans* voguing up the dance charts and his reputation as a slammin' record producer (and Madonna's onetime squeeze) intact, **Jellybean Benitez** hasn't forsaken his first, *true* love: spinning vinyl. "I d.j. because it's fun and I get to play my stuff. G.M. has a test track, I have a dance floor."

From his d.j. booth at New York's Limelight club, he admires the slinky, slithering forms on the smoky dance floor. "My record is like a sound track of a night at a club. You could sing along to *Do You Love as Good as You Look* while you dance—and come on to a girl at the same time. My video takes place in a club adorned with nude women in body paint posing as statues. In one scene, a girl hands her friend a condom. I think all clubs should distribute condoms as you leave. Print the name of the place on the wrapper and say 'Come again.'"

So what does Jellybean do to turn the Limelight, which used to be a church, into a temple of funk? "I try to make the dance floor really dark. Not too many flashing lights." He points out two guys pounding away on conga drums on stage. "I think live percussionists create a very primal sound, an uninhibited dancing experience." Most important, Jellybean plays songs that make a woman's blood race. "People are starting to sweat on the dance floor again, to songs such as *Everybody Everybody*, by Black Box, Stevie V's *Dirty Cash*, *Gonna Make You Sweat*, by C & C Music Factory, or *Strawberry Fields Forever*, by Candy Flip. And I've had lots of requests—from women—for a hot record by Sex-o-matic called *Wake Up! (and Smell the Pussy)*. It's actually quite sweet," he says. "It has female vocals and sounds like Soul II Soul. Would you like a copy?" How could we refuse? The lyric is about guy-on-girl oral sex from the woman's point of view. Wake up? We never fell asleep.

DANNY SULLIVAN ON WINNING

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MUSIC

VIC GARBARINI

WELCOME TO rock's mid-life crisis. Artists such as Paul Simon, Bruce Springsteen and Sting are being nudged by their muses to explore how rock can remain vital and relevant to their increasingly adult audiences. Sting's latest, ***The Soul Cages*** (A&M), falls stylistically and musically midway between Simon's exotic dreamscapes and Springsteen's earthy epiphanies. *Soul Cages* is a return to the singer's roots—a slow-motion, volcanic expulsion of many of the toxins and torments that he instinctively traces back through his childhood among the factories and shipyards of England's northeast coast to his relationship with his recently deceased parents, particularly his father. The sea imagery is highlighted in the spry single *All This Time*, which recalls mid-period Police, courtesy of guitarist Dominic Miller's deft fills and voicings. Sting's use of archaic Coleridge/Melville imagery knits the song cycle together thematically. It can be cumbersome and awkward, but when he jettisons the metaphors and speaks directly from the heart, the results are deeply compelling. *Why Should I Cry for You?* is *Every Breath You Take* turned inside out, a raw and moving reconciliation with the ghost of his father. This is rock for adults who want to heal those inner wounds, not just howl about them.

A healing Sting.

Teen idols, Sting and the Civil War.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Just before Saddam Hussein gave George Bush his opening, Rhino put out an intelligent, nostalgic CD called *Songs That Got Us Through World War II*. As an eager student of pop, I wanted to enjoy it. But from Frankie to Louis, the sentimentality and chin-up humor of its well-crafted songs seemed almost as foreign to me now as when I was a kid, because they assumed a faith in the naturalness of both war and romantic love that Americans no longer share. Today's beleaguered escapists often require something more grandiose—Mariah Carey, say, or Jon Bon Jovi. Skeptical idealists, on the other hand, just scrounge.

That's why Cole Porter, a radically unsentimental artist who bent that same time period to his own uses, has been seized as ammunition in pop's first concerted sally in the holy war on AIDS: the charity record ***Red, Hot + Blue*** (Chrysalis). Twenty skeptical idealists—among them U2, Sinéad O'Connor, David Byrne, k. d. lang and Neneh Cherry—interpret the Porter canon. These are almost all love songs, but necessarily, they're about faith, too. Whether it's Tom Waits saying "Fuck it" or Jimmy Somerville pledging his troth or Annie Lennox essaying straight pop or Erasure bombing a house mix, all are paying their respects to a moral certainty they suspect is impossible. They'll love you as well as they can, but they won't indulge in any easy lies, and they won't tolerate your lying to them. AIDS demands nothing less. Neither does an unholy war.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

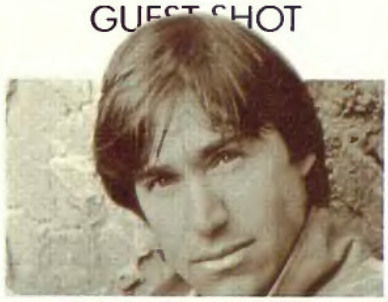
I spent a huge portion of my childhood daydreams trying to imagine what the Civil War was like for my great-grandfather, Richard C. Perkins, who fought in the artillery and cavalry for Robert E. Lee. When you consider that just my father and grandfather separate slaveholder from rock critic, the 126 years since he surrendered seem like a short, if strange, moment. I found myself thinking again about my great-grandfather during last year's five-part series *The Civil War* on PBS. It will be reshown for decades, but I do feel that the sound track ***The Civil War*** (Elektra Nonesuch) is a worthwhile investment. If anything, the music is even more haunting and evocative without the pictures. Mostly songs from the period, all of them played with period instrumentation, the album is so exquisitely and nobly American that you wonder how we ended up with the half-bright slimeballs who now run the country. Just two tracks are spoken word: one a somewhat hambone quote by Oliver Wendell Holmes about how "our hearts were touched by fire"; the other a love letter from a Union soldier named Sullivan Ballou to his wife. Ballou is trying to explain his call to fight and his sadness at being away from his family. It's the best love letter I've ever heard, and I defy anyone not to cry on learning he died at the First Battle of Bull Run. I just hope it wasn't my great-grandfather who shot him.

DAVE MARSH

Nothing unites everybody in such gleeful derision as a teen idol. Just ask Elvis, the Beatles, Frankie Lymon, Michael Jackson and Bobby Brown, all of whom began by being written off as adolescent fantasy figures.

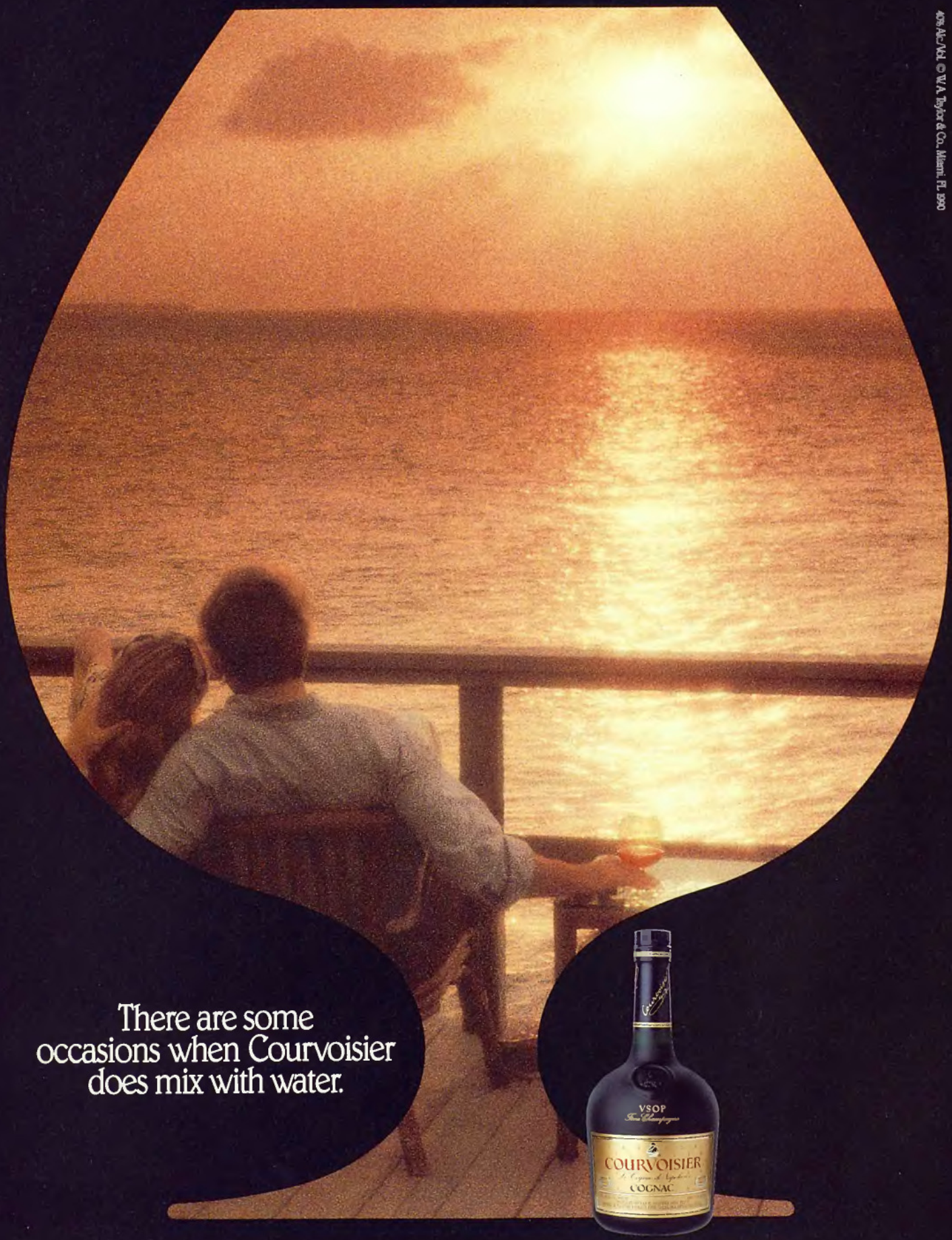
No teen idols have been more widely

GUEST SHOT



"FOR BETTER or worse, I've never been willing to follow trends," says ***Dan Fogelberg,*** *whose latest disc is the timeless and thought-provoking "The Wild Places." "And Chris Hillman is the same way." Original Byrds member Hillman has released a greatest-hits package with the Desert Rose Band dubbed "A Dozen Roses." Fogelberg hopes the LP will win the group new fans outside the country charts.*

"The Desert Rose Band is not country! It's country-rock—more like pre–*Rubber Soul* Beatles—and very much a fulfillment of what Chris worked toward in the Byrds and the Flying Burrito Brothers. Drop some pedal steel guitar from the mix, and Bruce Springsteen would feel right at home with a lot of stuff on *A Dozen Roses*! Some of my favorite cuts? *Hello Trouble*, *Love Reunited*, *One Step Forward*. The biggest attraction of this album is listening to musicians who really love what they're playing and who also bring a certain spirituality to the music's content and energy. The Desert Rose Band is bigger than the sum of its parts."



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Boston—Third Stage (MCA) 349·571

Focus—Moving Waves (I.R.S.) 414·268

Jimi Hendrix—Radio One (Rykodisc) 412·379/392·373

David Bowie—Changesbowie (Greatest Hits) (Rykodisc) 412·247

The Best Of Fats Domino Volume One—My Blue Heaven (EMI) 411·579

Heart—Dreamboat Annie (Capitol) 405·936

The Best Of Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels—Rev Up (Rhino) 405·753

Crosby, Stills, Nash And Young—Deja Vu (Atlantic) 404·202

The Band—To Kingdom Come...The Definitive Collection (Capitol) 388·181/398·180

Peter, Paul And Mary—In Concert (Warner Bros.) 381·640/391·649

The Best Of The Chiffons (3C Records) 380·782

John Lennon/Yoko Ono—Double Fantasy (Capitol) 380·774

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Grateful Dead—Skeletons From The Closet (Warner Bros.) 378·406

Rockpile—Seconds Of Pleasure (Columbia) 377·846

The Who—Who's Better, Who's Best (MCA) 376·657

Top Of The Stax—Various Artists (Stax) 376·319

Steppenwolf—16 Greatest Hits (MCA) 372·425

Jerry Lee Lewis—18 Original Sun Greatest Hits (Rhino) 369·108

Joni Mitchell—Court and Spark (Asylum) 367·102

Traffic—John Barleycorn Must Die (Island) 364·935

Van Morrison—Saint Dominic's Preview (Warner Bros.) 364·927

Elvis Costello—Armed Forces (Columbia) 363·622

Little Feat—Dixie Chicken (Warner Bros.) 363·515

The Best Of The Doors (Elektra) 357·616/397·612

The Who—Who's Next (MCA) 357·277

Jimi Hendrix—Are You Experienced? (Reprise) 353·102

Traffic—The Low Spark Of High Heeled Boys (Island) 351·924

Rolling Stones—Sticky Fingers (Rolling Stones Rec.) 350·645

Van Morrison—Moondance (Warner Bros.) 349·803

The Beach Boys—Made In U.S.A. (Capitol) 346·445

Jethro Tull—Aqualung (Chrysalis) 345·157

The Jackson 5—Greatest Hits (Motown) 327·148

Motown's 25 #1 Hits (Motown) 319·996/399·998

Elton John—Greatest Hits Volume II (MCA) 319·558

Elton John—Greatest Hits (MCA) 319·541

Stevie Wonder—Orig. Musiquarium I (Greatest Hits) (Tamla) 314·997/394·999

Creedence Clearwater Revival—20 Greatest Hits (Fantasy) 308·049

Lynyrd Skynyrd Band—Gold & Platinum (MCA) 307·447/397·448

Guy—...The Future (MCA) 413·963

Ralph Tresvant (MCA) 415·547

Boston (Epic) 269·209

Aerosmith—Toys In The Attic (Columbia) 254·912

Simon & Garfunkel—Greatest Hits (Columbia) 219·477

Led Zeppelin—Houses Of The Holy (Atlantic) 293·597

Cheap Trick—At Budokan (Epic) 292·326

Best Of The Grateful Dead (Warner Bros.) 291·633

Deep Purple—Machine Head (Warner Bros.) 291·484

Alice Cooper—Greatest Hits (Warner Bros.) 291·476

Led Zeppelin IV (Atlantic) 291·435

James Taylor—Greatest Hits (Warner Bros.) 291·302

Best Of The Doobie Bros. (Warner Bros.) 291·278

Eagles—Greatest Hits 1971-75 (Asylum) 287·003

Gloria Estefan—Into The Light (Epic) 415·943

Vanilla Ice—To The Extreme (SBK) 413·203

Paul Simon—The Rhythm Of The Saints (Warners Bros.) 412·809

Madonna—Immaculate Collection (Greatest Hits). (Warner Bros./Sire) 414·557

The Traveling Wilburys—Vol. 3(Warner Bros./Wilbury) 413·872

AC/DC—The Razor's Edge (Atco) 410·662

Bette Midler—Some People's Lives (Atlantic) 411·934

Harry Connick, Jr.—We Are In Love (Columbia) 406·645

Whitney Houston—I'm Your Baby Tonight (Arista) 411·710

Billy Joel—The Stranger (Columbia) 277·491

Original Soundtrack—The Godfather Part III (Columbia) 416·925

Various Artists—The "Amadeus" Mozart Music Featured In The Award-Winning Film (CBS) 416·123

Carreras/Domingo/Pavarotti—Tenorissimi Mondiale (Angel) 416·040

Celine Dion—Unison (Epic) 415·430

John Williams Conducts—The Star Wars Trilogy (Sony Classical) 414·730

Vivaldi—The Four Seasons, English Chamber Orch. Nigel Kennedy (Angel) 414·672

Mark Whitfield—The Marksman (Warner Bros.) 414·490

Dwight Yoakam—If There Was A Way (Reprise) 414·243

Al B. Sure—Private Times ...And The Whole 9! (Warner Bros.) 414·144

Roger Norrington—Schumann: Symphonies Nos.3 & 4 London Classical Players (Angel) 414·094

Debbie Gibson—Anything Is Possible (Atlantic) 414·078

Gerald Albright—Dream Come True (Atlantic) 414·003

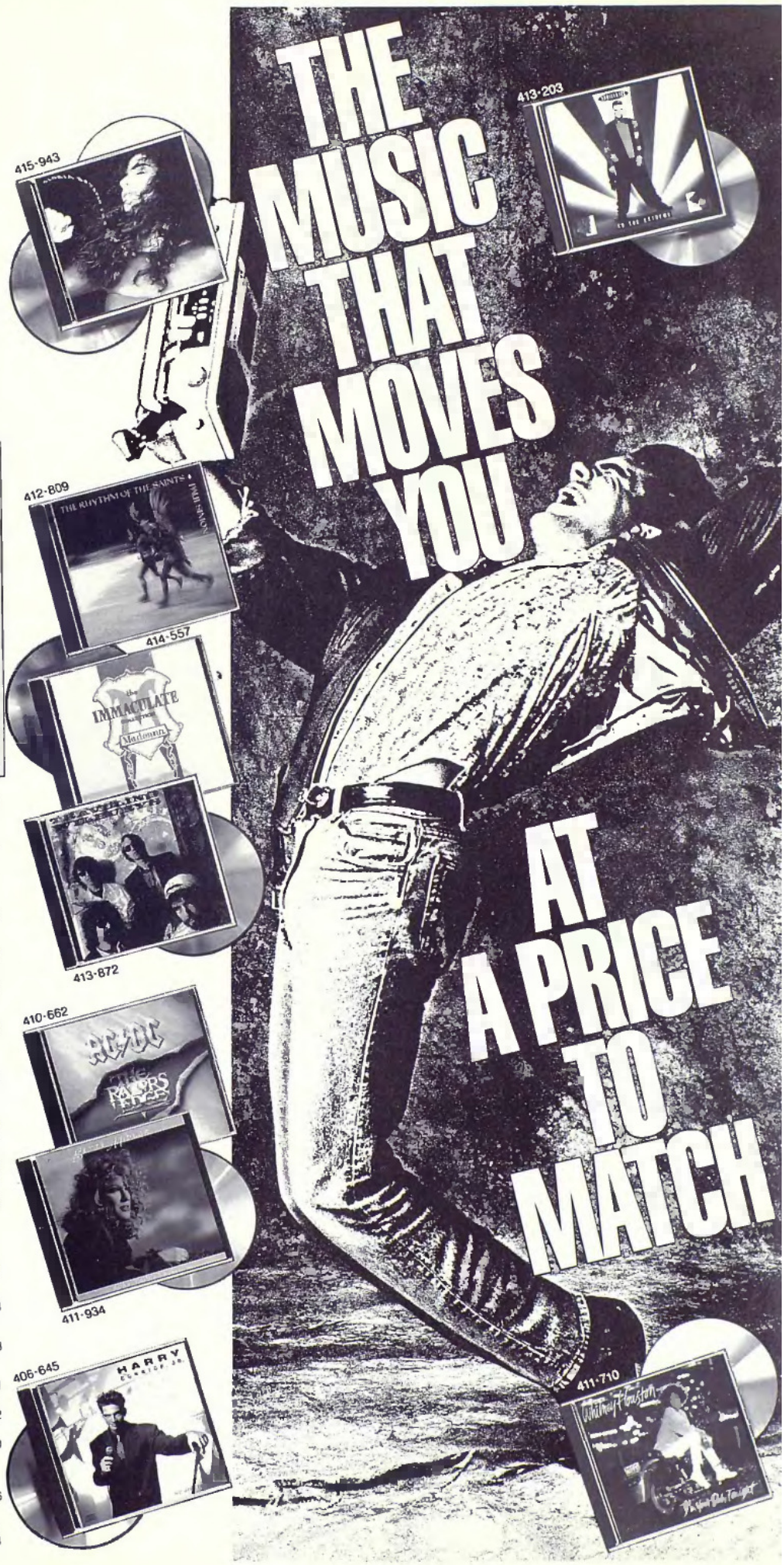
Kenny Garrett—African Exchange Student (Atlantic) 413·781

Freddie Jackson—Do Me Again (Capitol) 413·542

Take 6—So Much 2 Say (Reprise) 413·310

Various Artists—Masterworks Dinner Classics Dinner For Two (CBS Masterworks) 413·096

Candyman—Ain't No Shame In My Game (Epic) 415·638



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Testament—Souls Of Black (Atlantic/Megaforce) 412-973

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Anita Baker—Compositions (Elektra) 408-989

Poison—Flesh & Blood (Capitol/Enigma) 408-963

Joe Cocker—Live! (Capitol) 408-799

Michael Franks—Blue Pacific (Reprise) 408-328

En Vogue—Born To Sing (Atlantic) 408-112

Steve Vai—Passion And Warfare (Relativity) 408-104

The Vaughan Brothers—Family Style (Epic/Associated) 411-306

Faster Pussycat—Wake Me When It's Over (Elektra) 401-786

Basia—London Warsaw New York (Epic) 401-752

Pat Benatar—Best Shots (Chrysalis) 401-646

Kenny G—Live (Arista) 401-505

Chicago—Greatest Hits 1982-1989 (Reprise) 401-168

Barbra Streisand—A Collection: Greatest Hits and more (Columbia) 401-141

Eric Clapton—Journeyman (Reprise) 400-457

Savatage—Gutter Ballet (Atlantic) 404-855

Susanna Hoffs—When You're A Boy (Columbia) 411-140

Tracy Chapman—Crossroads (Elektra) 387-951

Mötley Crüe—Dr. Feelgood (Elektra) 387-944

Billy Joel—Storm Front (Columbia) 387-902

Faith No More—The Real Thing (Reprise/Slash) 387-399

Billy Idol—Charmed Life (Chrysalis) 386-789

Don Henley—The End Of The Innocence (Geffen) 383-802

Night Ranger—Greatest Hits (MCA) 383-729

Bad English (Epic) 383-463

Wilson Phillips (SBK) 406-793

Roxette—Look Sharp! (EMI) 381-939

Beaches—Original Soundtrack (Atlantic) 379-689

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Fleetwood Mac—Greatest Hits (Warner Bros.) 375-782

Journey's Greatest Hits (Columbia) 375-279

The Traveling Wilburys—Vol. One (Warner Bros./Wilbury) 375-089

Dire Straits—Money For Nothing (Warner Bros.) 375-055

Pretenders—The Singles (Sire) 362-541

Pretty Woman—Original Soundtrack (EMI) 405-407

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Anthrax—Persistence Of Time (Island) 411-108

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The Cure—Mixed Up (Elektra) 413-492/393-496

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Devo—Greatest Hits (Warner Bros.) 415-455

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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
The Civil War *Original Sound-Track Recording*	9	8	7	7	10
Guy *The Future*	8	7	9	6	4
New Kids on the Block *No More Games/The Remix Album*	3	4	4	6	4
Various artists *Red, Hot + Blue*	9	9	7	8	8
Sting *The Soul Cages*	3	9	8	5	7

IS THERE NO END TO ELVIS? DEPARTMENT: Let's see, there's **Elvis** shampoo, Elvis booze, Elvis cologne and Elvis sightings at K marts and in Michigan. Just when you think you can't squeeze any more from Elvismania, along comes *I Am Elvis* (Pocket Books), the official book on Elvis impersonators. Therein, you'll find: **Janice K,** The Lady Elvis; **El Vez,** The Mexican Elvis; **Clearance Giddens,** The Black Elvis, a father and son Elvis, and on and on. It's enough to send us to the kitchen for a peanut-butter-and-banana sandwich.

REELING AND ROCKING: Look for a singing **Vanessa Williams** on the sound track in the movie *Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man*, co-starring **Mickey Rourke** and **Don Johnson.** You'll also see her playing **Richard Pryor's** love interest in *Another You*. . . . After you see **Robert Townsend's** film *The Five Heartbeats*, you'll be able to get the soundtrack album, which will include Sixties R&B hits, plus new tunes from the movie.

NEWSBREAKS: The current economic climate will affect recording budgets, especially for mid-level and new acts. . . . And 1991 could well be the last year you'll be able to buy vinyl records. Warner Bros. and Sony are already abandoning them and at least two other major labels are considering it. . . . **Quincy Jones** is developing a musical comedy series based on an all-female rock band for the fall TV line-up. If CBS picks it up, Jones will add it to his already successful show, *Fresh Prince of Bel Air*. . . . **Jerry Garcia** news: Expect a CD from the Jerry Garcia band and an album with mandolinist **David Grisman.** We hear that **Elvis Costello** sharpened his pencil to write an article for *Musician* magazine about Jerry. . . . **David Bowie** is reportedly getting ready to launch his own record label and film-production company. . . . Chameleon Records plans to reissue ten albums from the **John Lee Hooker** catalog. Some sessions date back to the Forties. . . . **Paul McCartney** is working on his first classical composition, *Liverpool Oratorio*, to be sung by opera artists. . . . Disney plans to release an all-star children's album to benefit the Pediatric AIDS Foundation. **Dylan** has agreed to contribute his version of *This Old Man*. . . . Producer **Jimmy Miller,** who put in critically acclaimed production time with the **Stones** and **Blind Faith,** is now working on new stuff with the **Kinks** and the late **Lester Bangs's** old group, the **World Band.** . . . If you want some tips for better singing in the shower, check out **Maria Muldaur's** video *Developing Your Vocal and Performing Style* (Homespun Tapes). Call 800-33TAPES for more information about Maria and other catalog goodies. . . . The **Lon Chaney** film classic *Phantom of the Opera*, with a new score by **Rick Wakeman,** will play in theaters this year. . . . **Robert Wise,** who directed *The Sound of Music*, has acquired the rights to **Merle Haggard's** life story and is planning a musical. . . . Speaking of country, one indication that Nashville has its upscale side is the new (to us) *Journal of Country Music*, a glossy magazine that covers everyone from **Minnie Pearl** to **Linda Ronstadt.** . . . Finally, instead of giving **Ratt** keys to the city for its anti-drunk-driving and voter-registration campaigns, L.A. mayor **Tom Bradley** gave the band an open invitation to tour the city sewer system. Pretty hip.

—BARBARA NELLIS

disparaged than the grossly overmerchandised New Kids on the Block. But their story isn't all T-shirts and lunch boxes. The first white stars in history to be packaged by black managers and producers have always made passable dance records. Their ballads are sappy, but what would you call *Love Me Tender* or *And I Love Her?* Certainly, **No More Games/The Remix Album** (Columbia), which presents a dozen of their hits remodeled by mix masters Robert Clivilles and David Cole of C&C Music Factory, is much more listenable than turgid recent discs by the supposedly upscale likes of George Michael and Jon Bon Jovi.

A lot of the credit goes to C&C's witty samples and judicious rhythm-section additions, which render *Step by Step*, in particular, more than passable. But the remixes don't stray *that* far from the originals. As a starter kit for those just entering the pop process, New Kids have a lot to offer: decent dance tunes, a conscious multiracial sensibility, including an overt antiracist attitude, and a commitment to Amnesty International no more opportunistic than U2's. The kids may not be all right, but on this one, they're not all wrong.

NELSON GEORGE

Hip-hop, in either the form of rap records or its distinctive use of drum programs and samples, has dominated American dance music since the mid-Eighties. But within the past year, groups like Bell Biv DeVoe and Tony! Toni! Tone! have shown that blending hip-hop with R&B is on the rise. Writer-producer Teddy Riley is one of the key figures in this changing musical world. Riley, who produced songs for Keith Sweat, Bobby Brown, Johnny Kemp and his own band, Guy, introduced new jack swing and helped popularize the James Brown samples that have overrun rap.

Now on Guy's second album, **The Future** (MCA), Riley has moved toward a richer, more diversified approach. Writing with Guy's two other members, Aaron and Damion Hall, along with longtime collaborator Bernard Belle, he has produced love songs that have never been better. *Let's Chill* and *Tease Me Tonight* are quality material that give Aaron room to display his romantic side. Composing and coproducing with so many writers has liberated Riley from past formulas. Even rhythmically, his *The Future* shows a new richness. House, funk, hip-hop, Princely grooves such as *D-O-G Me Out* and James Brown samples give this LP its varied pulses. On Guy's first album, Aaron's voice dominated the proceedings. On this recording, he shares the vocals with others. In opting for variety, Guy enhances the breadth of its music.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

Two wild young women on the road in a 1966 Thunderbird, getting away from it all, are ***Thelma & Louise*** (MGM/Pathe). Geena Davis, topping her Oscar-winning work in *The Accidental Tourist*, is sensational as the misused housewife who joins her friend the waitress (Susan Sarandon, in another earthy tour de force) for a runaway weekend that turns out to be far more than just a move to shake up the men in their lives. Before it ends, with police in several states trying to stop them, these newly liberated members of the fair sex are up to their eyebrows in near rape, murder, vandalism and armed robbery. From a snappy down-home script by fledgling screenwriter Callie Khouri, whose feminism is more spirited than sour, director Ridley (*Alien*) Scott makes *Thelma & Louise* look like *Easy Rider* with a woman's touch. Among the men they leave in the dust, Christopher McDonald and Michael Madsen are standouts; so is Harvey Keitel as a sympathetic detective. This movie is exuberant, spontaneous and brimful of social comment. ¥¥¥¥

•

Everything that's good about ***F/X 2*** (Orion) was better in the original *F/X*, which became a surprise hit on video tape. Theatrical audiences had evidently been put off by the title—an inside reference to special effects. In the sequel, which doesn't always make sense and has at least one archvillain (John Walsh) who simply drops out of the narrative, Bryan Brown and Brian Dennehy are both back in fine form, still a couple of take-charge guys—Brown as the special-effects whiz, Dennehy as the former cop. They appear to be living on their ill-gotten gains in the latest go-around, and *F/X 2* immerses them in a new scam involving the Mob, the Vatican, some priceless medallions, big bucks and a robotic clown called Bluey. The clown is the movie's cleverest invention, sharing secondary honors with Rachel Ticotin and Joanna Gleason as a couple of women caught up in the gimmickry. ¥¥½

•

The single setting of ***Closet Land*** (Imagine) is a huge empty room where a beautiful writer of children's stories (Madeleine Stowe) is inexplicably held captive—being accused, cruelly tortured and terrorized by a ruthless interrogator (Alan Rickman). One of the charges against the woman is that she has written a subversive book about a little girl locked in a closet. Later, we learn that the writer herself was similarly punished *and* sexually abused as a child. Written and directed by Indian-born Radha Bharadwaj, a woman with more on her mind than fascist curbs on freedom, *Closet Land* explores subtler aspects of sexual politics and power. An impressive showcase for two actors, it's a concentrated duel of wits, proving conclusively that there's more to Stowe than the doe-eyed sexiness she showed in *Stakeout*. Rickman, of course, starred in the Broadway and London stage versions of *Dangerous Liaisons* long before *Die Hard* made him a bad guy to remember. ¥¥½

Susan and Geena on the road.

A pair of buddy movies deliver something from the girls—and the boys.

•

Romance, eroticism and comedy blend in ***Julia Has Two Lovers*** (South Gate), a clever turn on the theme of telephone sex. It all begins when Julia, played by Daphna Kastner, who wrote the screenplay in collaboration with director Bashar Shbib, gets what appears to be a wrong-number call from a fellow who identifies himself as Daniel. (The on-line Lothario is played by David Duchovny, a handsome actor from the same gene pool that brought us Alec Baldwin and Richard Gere.) As the camera cuts back and forth from her California beach house to his home in the hills, they keep on talking most of the day. Julia even hides the phone but keeps the line open during a session of lovemaking in the kitchen with her boyfriend Jack (David Charles), who arrives home unexpected and overheated. The phone pals also get it on, first in fantasy, then in fact, after his first visit the next day, which prompts a proposal of marriage. With two men squabbling over Julia, the movie takes a sharp turn into momentary suspense when a strange woman hints that Daniel is an old hand at voice-over seduction. There's little substance here, but Shbib and his actors manage to stretch a small idea into a fresh, spontaneous and arresting feature. ¥¥¥

•

Sign up actors as unbeatable as Gene Hackman and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, and a movie like ***Class Action*** (Fox) starts to sizzle. They play two lawyers, a battling father and daughter, who lock horns over an injury case and have lots of old scores to settle. The screenplay is predictable, sometimes plain corny—you can see the great liberal attorney's ultimate reunion with his uptight daughter coming a mile away. Nevertheless, Hackman and Mastrantonio exude the star quality that transforms a pat formula drama into Exhibit A, with director Michael (*Coal Miner's Daughter*) Apted turning it into a duel of champions. ¥¥¥

•

Yet another twist on the ill-matched cops formula propels ***The Hard Way*** (Universal), a sheer Hollywood fantasy directed by John (*Saturday Night Fever*) Badham. James Woods is a live wire as the reluctant dick from homicide who gets stuck partnering Michael J. Fox, clowning reliably as a cocky Hollywood star who hopes police experience will help him land a plum role. Annabella Sciorra plays the inevitable damsel in distress, while Stephen Lang stands out as a serial killer. All of them spoof chase movies in an entertaining romp you'll probably forget in five minutes. ¥¥¥

•

Comedies about reincarnation are iffy propositions, apt to flounder between significant mortal thoughts and sly digs. ***Defending Your Life*** (Warner) works best at its least serious, when Albert Brooks—after a fatally stupid accident in his brand-new BMW—has to review events from his past in a sort of purgatorial halfway place known as Judgment City. The movie is intermittently funny, with some nice byplay between Brooks and Meryl Streep, no less, in a throwaway role as a recently deceased young mother. *Her* past, which gets rave reviews, consists of flashbacks wherein she rescues children and the family pet from a house afire. Rip Torn, Lee Grant and Buck Henry play the straight-faced officials pleading Brooks's case, one way or the other, as a guy who frequently fouled up. Judged as the main man responsible for *Defending*, Albert earns another split decision. ¥¥

•

Some moody, breath-taking views of Venice are virtually the only redeeming feature of ***The Comfort of Strangers***

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(Skouras). Directed by Paul Schrader, British playwright Harold Pinter's adaptation of a novel by Ian McEwan goes nowhere at the speed of sludge. Natasha Richardson and Rupert Everett play an English couple on holiday, supposedly repairing their relationship when a decadent pair of Venetian residents (Helen Mirren and Christopher Walken) begin to take an unhealthy interest in them—but especially in Everett (Mirren calls him "beautiful," Walken calls him "an angel"). So how does it all end, this alleged "erotic thriller"? With murder, silly dialog and murky psychodrama. Take my advice and just call it quits. ¥

•

Tatie Danielle (Prestige) is a droll French romp about a malicious old lady who would make W. C. Fields at his nastiest look like a warm puppy. Flaunting a mean streak a mile wide in her title role as Auntie Danielle, the willful *grande dame* is Tsilla Chelton, a hatchet-faced stage actress with a wicked sense of humor. She tramples on flowers, jeers at her gentle old housekeeper's accidental death, harangues the Parisian relatives who take her in, even schemes to get rid of the family dog while they're off on a trip to Greece. That such perversity should be so funny is a tribute to the skill of France's Etienne Chatiliez, who also directed an earlier black comedy, *Life Is a Long Quiet River*. This time, Chatiliez allows Auntie to meet her match in the person of a no-nonsense young house sitter named Sandrine (Isabelle Nanty), who up and slugs the old bag, thus winning her respect as well as her grudging affection. Geriatric research may never be the same. ¥¥¥

•

The cerebral appeal of **Open Doors** (Orion Classics) owes a lot to a densely focused performance by Gian Maria Volonte as the judge presiding over a trial for murder in fascist Italy circa 1937. Facing the death penalty for slaying two colleagues, then raping and killing his own wife, the accused (Ennio Fantastichini) draws a judge who seems to have a greater thirst for justice than for vengeance, who questions capital punishment as well as society's facile moral code. Director Gianni Amelio's low-key treatment of a tantalizing theme will amply reward viewers willing to wade through its leisurely pace, its wordy wisdom and its subtitles. ¥¥½

•

Should an injured bull rider go back to the rodeo or stay home to take care of his old pa and renew an acquaintance with a beautiful young widow he once gave the gate? Such questions are answered far too predictably in ***My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys*** (Goldwyn), starring Scott Glenn, Ben Johnson and Kate Capshaw, respectively. There's also a part for young Balthazar Getty as (wanna guess?) Capshaw's son, who idolizes Glenn and secretly yearns to be a champion bull rider himself. All in all, a lot of bull destined for a fast buck to video. ¥½

An Aussie in New York.

OFF CAMERA

His stints as New York–ese characters—notably that of the young Mafia prince who woos Ally Sheedy in *Betsy's Wedding*—make it hard to believe that 31-year-old **Anthony LaPaglia** is actually a native Australian. "I steal a lot. My biggest source is Damon Runyon's *Guys and Dolls*," is how LaPaglia explains it. He moved to Hollywood at the age of 24 after a misdirected start as a grade school teacher in Adelaide ("I quit because I didn't like it") and stints peddling sprinkler systems and shoes in Sydney. "I started selling shoes again at the Beverly Center in L.A.," recalls LaPaglia over a leisurely breakfast in Greenwich Village. "I know more about Florsheim shoes than I ever care to know." A girlfriend down under had persuaded him to try acting—a surprise to his family, of whom he notes, "*They* all think I'm from Mars."

Lately, LaPaglia is all over the place. He has "a very small part" in *He Said, She Said* "as a stage manager who falls in love with Elizabeth Perkins." In *One Good Cop*, as one of New York's finest, "I'm Michael Keaton's partner, a cop on the verge of a nervous breakdown." He calls *29th Street*, in which he's Danny Aiello's son, "the first movie I really have to carry. It's a wonderful script, a cross between *Mean Streets* and *It's a Wonderful Life*." LaPaglia plays a New Yorker who wins millions in the state lottery. Now rehearsing a David Rabe play that he hopes will end up on Broadway, LaPaglia is hotter than hot but still offhand about his future. "I think I'm OK and getting better as I go along. I'm a work in progress." Nice work, at that.

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Awakenings (Reviewed 3/91) De Niro back from limbo with Williams. ¥¥¥¥

Class Action (See review) Dad and daughter tell it to the judge. ¥¥¥

Closet Land (See review) Actors acting in extremely close disharmony. ¥¥½

The Comfort of Strangers (See review) Only thing grand is the canal. ¥

Cyrano de Bergerac (12/90) French classic is a coup for Depardieu. ¥¥¥¥

Defending Your Life (See review) The hereafter, with Brooks and Streep. ¥¥

The Doors (Listed only) Val Kilmer is a socko Jim Morrison in Oliver Stone's sad, smashing film bio. ¥¥¥¥

Edward Scissorhands (3/91) This trendy fairy tale has a cutting edge. ¥¥¥¥

F/X 2 (See review) Gimmicks galore, but just OK—for a sequel. ¥¥½

Green Card (3/91) More Depardieu, in love with Andie MacDowell. ¥¥¥

Guilty by Suspicion (4/91) The Hollywood blacklist gets De Niro. ¥¥¥

Hamlet (3/91) This time, Gibson's the Mel-ancholy Dane. ¥¥¥

The Hard Way (See review) Star trek with cop on a killer's trail. ¥¥¥

Julia Has Two Lovers (See review) A sexual connection. ¥¥¥

La Femme Nikita (4/91) A killer, played to the hilt by Anne Parillaud. ¥¥¥

L.A. Story (Listed only) Steve Martin blows hot and cold. ¥¥½

Meet the Applegates (4/91) Anthropomorphic bugs funny. ¥¥¥

Mister Johnson (4/91) He's a man of Africa confronting British rules. ¥¥

My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys (See review) Plenty of bull. ¥½

Once Around (3/91) Holly Hunter and Richard Dreyfuss upset a wild, winning family in Boston. ¥¥¥¥

Open Doors (See review) Vintage courtroom drama, Italian style. ¥¥½

Paris Is Burning (Listed only) On being young, gay and all *à la mode*. ¥¥¥

Queens Logic (4/91) Growing up, sort of, in the borough. ¥¥¥

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead (3/91) Bardolatry, mostly for fun. ¥¥¥

Scenes from a Mall (Listed only) Movie and marriage fall apart, but Bette and Woody make it all pay. ¥¥¥

The Silence of the Lambs (4/91) Another serial killer to scare you stiff. ¥¥¥¥

Tatie Danielle (See review) Age cannot wither this wicked French crone. ¥¥¥

Thelma & Louise (See review) Easy riding with two go-get-'em gals. ¥¥¥¥

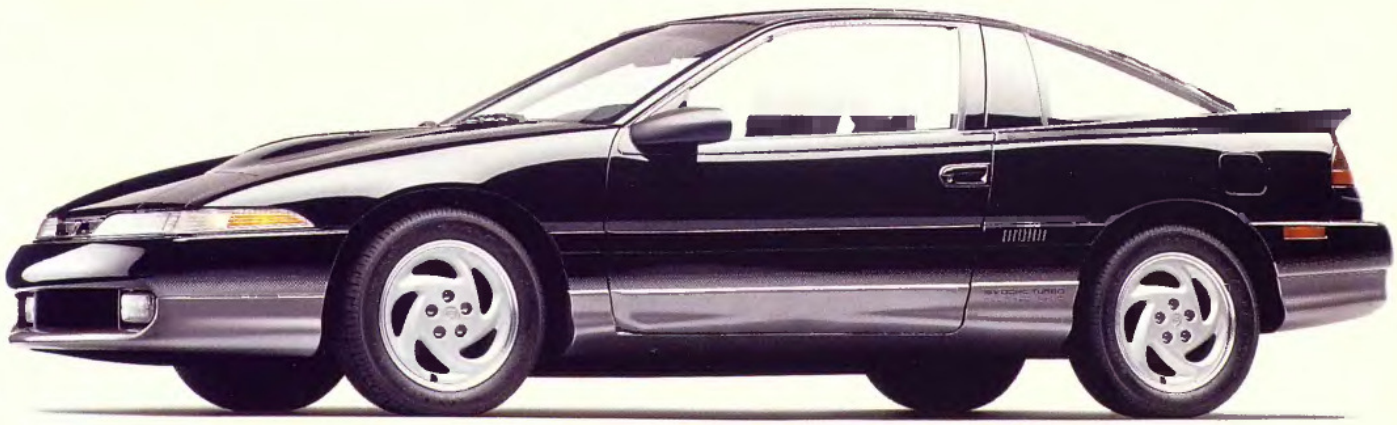
¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

MAN: This Eagle Talon TSi and Toyota Celica All-Trac both have all-wheel drive. But the Celica costs about 4,000 dollars more.

OFF-CAMERA VOICE: What do those guys at Toyota take us for?

MAN: About 4,000 dollars.

(MUSIC)



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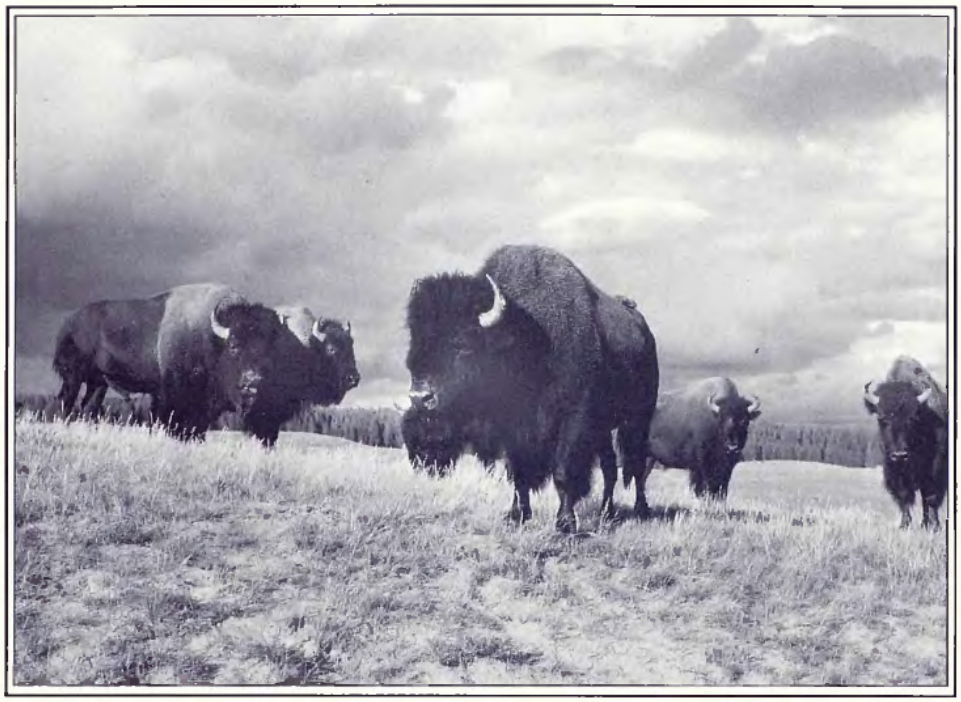

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Hemlines were rising. Necklines were plunging. But nothing was more stylish than the Martini.

In the Roaring Twenties it was women who roared loudest.

At last, they turned away from stifling Victorian mores and began to live for their own pleasures. They not only wore lipstick, they actually put it on in public. Knees were bared. Hair was bobbed. And attitude was everything.

Even after the nightclub was replaced by the speakeasy, women didn't stay home sipping tea. Prohibition or not, it was the Cocktail Age. And the Martini was the height of fashion.

In fact, among fashionable women the question wasn't if one wanted a Martini, but precisely how she wanted it prepared. To be shaken or stirred? One olive or two? To rub the lemon peel on the glass rim or simply twist?

Even the manner of drinking the Martini was a matter of personal discretion. (One Hollywood starlet, it was said, would hold a Martini in both hands so whether she spoke to a gentleman on her left or right, she could flirt over the rim of her glass.)

But, of course, no detail in the mixing of Martinis generated as much debate as which gin would be used.

It had to be dry. And it had to have character. Which is why so often, among sophisticated drinkers, Gilbey's was the call. As it still is. Today the classic Gilbey's Martini is making frequent appearances again.

And, thankfully, so are knees.

Gilbey's. The Authentic Gin.

VIDEO

VIDEOLOGY OF TASTE

"The discovery of a new dish does more for human happiness than the discovery of a new star." —ANTHELME BRILLAT-SAVARIN If your VCR doesn't play in the kitchen, get an extension cord. Here's why:

Chef Paul Prudhomme's Louisiana Kitchen, Vols. 1 and 2: Crayfish crawl, yeast bubbles and Paul's world-famous blackened redfish sizzles. Discover the "alive" properties of food while preparing a Cajun dinner that will "dance in your mouth" (J2 Communications).

The Master Cooking Course: If cooking demos were an Olympic doubles event, the hands-on dexterity of Pierre Franey and rapid-fire commentary of Craig Claiborne would capture the gold. Four elegant menus are presented with clarity and wit (MCA Home Video).

Spago Cooking with Wolfgang Puck: In Puck's kitchen playground, chef-struck stars assist him—from the appetizing Kate Capshaw to the frighteningly capable Vincent Price to chocolate lover Robert Townsend. Re-creation's dicey, but Puck keeps right on cookin' (Warner Home Video).

Martha Stewart's Secrets for Entertaining: An Antipasto Party: Beyond this caterer's poise lurks one hell of a party girl. Her stunning fresh landscape buffet features marinated seafood, *risotto*, *foccacia*, wine-drenched fruit and pastries. Best of all, your guests help (Crown Video).

Madhur Jaffrey's Far Eastern Cookery: Travel to an Indonesian café, a Japanese inn, a Thai vegetable market and a Hong Kong race track with Jaffrey's eight-country culinary tour. As in her *Indian Cookery*, she unveils the mysteries of 1000-year-old cuisines (Public Media).

Vintage: A History of Wine: Join guide Hugh Johnson on a four-tape global wine odyssey. Ambitious, amusing and riveting, this series explores the noble grape—from cultural traditions to the advanced technology of today's viniculture (Public Media). —CAROL ACKERBERG

VIDEO YUKS
a rent-a-laugh guide

Of the zillion comedy tapes on the shelves, here's a sample jest fest:

Steve Martin Live: In Homage to Steve: A 1980 Martin masterpiece featuring King Tut and lines such as "I quit using amateur phylactics. I now use prophylactics" (Vestron).

Penn & Teller's Cruel Tricks for Dear Friends: The bad boys of magic demonstrate six tricks to "humiliate your friends and take their money" (Lorimar).

Richard Pryor Filmed Live in Concert: Vintage Pryor, with twisted insights on race, drugs and sex. Best imitation: his horny pet monkey (HBO).

The Lily Tomlin Special: Lily dishes the Seventies. To wit, her Nixon-family ice-cream sculpture: "I invited friends to watch it melt. Pat never did" (Warner).

Bill Cosby, Himself: No props, no shtick, just comedy's best storyteller on kids, drugs and natural childbirth (CBS/Fox).

What Am I Doin' in New Jersey?: Legend George Carlin continues to rag on language: "Dumps became landfills, slums became substandard housing. I'm waiting for a rape victim to be called an unwilling sperm recipient" (HBO).

The Garry Shandling Show: 25th Anniversary Special: Streakers and Nehru jackets in dead-on Carson spoof. (Paramount).

—DONNA COE

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING FRIGHTENED	***Pacific Heights*** (creepy tenant Michael Keaton terrorizes Melanie Griffith, Matthew Modine); ***Arachnophobia*** (Jeff Daniels vs. spiders—scary and funny); ***The Exorcist 3*** (George C. Scott steps in, Beelzebub scores an rebound).
FEELING SULTRY	***White Palace*** (nice boy James Spader takes up with older, wilder burger-joint cashier Susan Sarandon); ***The Hot Spot*** (Don Johnson drifts into a bit of adultery with Virginia Madsen); ***Henry & June*** (Fred Ward as Henry Miller explores carnal excess in bohemian Paris; got first NC-17 rating).
WANT TO ROCK	***Graffiti Bridge*** (Prince and Morris Day battle over nitery; Purple Rain it ain't); ***Pump Up the Volume*** (iconoclastic pirate-radio jock Christian Slater fires up teen peers); ***Banned*** (broadcastproof music and comedy by Sam Kinison).
WANT TO LAUGH	***Sibling Rivalry*** (Kirstie Alley's trystmate dies in action; black comedy ensues); ***Dorf Goes Auto Racing*** (Tim Conway's fun follow-up to Dorf on Golf; Richard Petty co-stars); ***Cartoons for Big Kids*** (Leonard Maltin hosts animated shorts you won't see on Saturday A.M.; e.g., Red Hot Riding Hood).

GUEST SHOT

When **Gene Wilder** isn't making films (his most recent work on tape is *Funny About Love*), he's busy playing cinema catch-up in front of the VCR. "I just saw *Murmur of the Heart*, *Au Revoir les Enfants* and *The Fabulous Baker Boys*," Wilder says, "and enjoyed all of them." Not surprisingly, the star of *Blazing Saddles* and *The Frisco Kid* lives by the classic Western *Shane*. "I *own* that one," he says, "as well as *Chariots of Fire* and *Tarzan, the Ape Man*, with Johnny Weissmuller." As his vid library grows, it's not likely that Wilder will be buying colorized videos: "Who wants to see Humphrey Bogart with lipstick on?" Even if it matches his dress?

—CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

THE HARDWARE CORNER

Zip Codes: Once you figure out how to program *it*, Gemstar's VCR Plus+ is your key to worry-free programming of your video recorder. You enter codes now printed on newspaper TV pages in many cities (and in *TV Guide*) and this computerized VCR remote device automatically programs your VCR for as many as 14 events. $59.95.

Wide Load: Looking for wide-screen effects at home? Minolta's Master C-606 VHS-C camcorder switches from standard 3:4 screen ratio to an impressive 9:16, giving your homemade tapes all the splendor of letter boxing. Especially good for chariot-race scenes. $1140.

—MAURY LEVY

SHORT TAKES

Best We're-in-the-Nineties Tape: *Brokenness*; **Oddest How-to Video Title:** *Crappie Magic*; **Favorite Video Hero:** *Tri-Yoga Dan*; **Worst Special-Interest Video:** *Life Skills*; **Best Video Pastime:** *Effective Kicking Combinations*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *Turkey Time: Patterns for Spring and Fall*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Hunting Sheep, Goat and Moose in B.C.*

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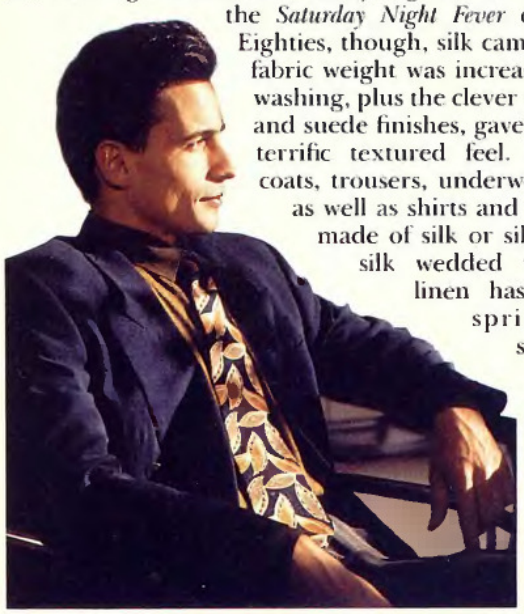
STYLE

SMOOTH IN SILK

Until recently, ties were about the only silk in a man's wardrobe. In the Seventies, silk was considered too flimsy and silk clothing was limited to tacky, big-collared shirts worn by the *Saturday Night Fever* crowd. In the Eighties, though, silk came into its own; fabric weight was increased, and stone washing, plus the clever use of brushed and suede finishes, gave the material a terrific textured feel. Today, sports coats, trousers, underwear and socks, as well as shirts and ties, are being made of silk or silk blends. And silk wedded with wool or linen has become this spring's hottest suit fabric, with designers as diverse as Joseph Abboud, Jhane Barnes and Fugi using silk blends in their current collections. Styles range from Vestimenta's shirt, tie and navy double-breasted sports coat combination shown here to a mustard-colored suit by Mondo to a washed-silk baseball jacket by Go Silk.



HOT SHOPPING: CUSTOM SHIRTS

Given the number of styles in stock at most stores, why would anyone order a custom-made shirt? First, there's *fit*. Custom shirts accommodate physical quirks, such as one arm that's slightly longer than the other. *Individuality:* With custom-made, you choose the fabric, the collar style, the cuff details, etc. *Quality:* Customs are usually made with better fabrics and real pearl buttons. *Price:* Custom shirts are expensive (from $70 to $255—the latter from the French company Charvet) but worth the splurge. Here's where to shop: *Atlanta:* Muse's, 52 Peachtree Street N.W. • *Beverly Hills:* Ascot Chang, 9551 Wilshire Boulevard. (Also in New York.) • *Boston:* Louis Boston, 234 Berkeley Street. • *Dallas:* Neiman Marcus, 1618 Main Street. • *New York:* Seewaldt & Bauman, 17 East 45th Street, Room 703.

VIEWPOINT

Network dress codes may be conservative, but that doesn't stop Spencer Christian, *Good Morning America*'s witty weatherman, from letting his colorful personality shine through. To enliven his "rather conventional" suits, Christian prefers to wear outrageous ties. "They let me be a little risqué, a little over the line." Off camera, he's partial to bright, bold-patterned sweaters: "Not loud, but definitely attention grabbers." And he couldn't resist joking about his shoe fetish. "I have a running collection—no pun intended—of about twenty pairs for work and the gym."

UNDERCOVER CLOTHING

Hef's not the only one sporting pajamas these days. The once sleepy PJ business has gotten a wake-up call from male baby boomers who now view comfy flannels, cottons and silks as a sexy, practical alternative to sleeping in the buff. Check out Charles Goodnight's cotton tie-dyed or polka-dot pajamas ($44) or, for something more luxurious, Lorenzini's 100 percent–linen cantaloupe-colored pajamas ($225) or brushed-satin *moiré* from Fernando Sanchez ($240). When things heat up, go topless in Calvin Klein's elastic-waist striped or plaid pajama pants ($28), or slip into a pair of Joe Boxer's colorful shorty pajamas with a baseball-style top ($38). Sorting through all the wacky patterns is half the fun of shopping for pajamas. We spotted robots, ray guns, cows and, for true patriots, a pair with the Stars and Stripes.

NOT-SO-FUTURE GADGETS

New stuff abounded at the Winter Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas, but some of the best is yet to come. . . . Next year, Philips will introduce Digital Compact Cassettes (DCC) as an alternative to Digital Auto Tape (DAT). DCCs are about the same size as analogue cassettes, so you can play both on a new player/recorder. . . . Also arriving in 1992 will be the Kodak Photo CD system, designed to transmit 35mm images and digital sound to your TV via a CD player. . . . Nintendo plans to start shipping its new 16-bit video-game system this fall, along with Super Mario Brothers 4. . . . Sanyo's voice-activated car stereo also will hit the streets this fall.

STYLE METER

BLAZERS	IN	OUT
STYLE	Unlined six-button double-breasteds and three-button single-breasteds with a loose, casual fit	Two-button double-breasteds and one-button single-breasteds with formal, tight-fitting shopes
COLORS	Earth tones, muted solids and smaller, diffused patterns and plaids	Loud, graphic plaids; heavy, dark tanes; neon solids
DETAILING	Three patch or welt-seamed packets, small side vents and horn buttons	Bright, shiny gold buttans, crests, insignias and any ather chotchkies

Where & How to Buy on page 179.

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By STEPHEN RANDALL

Strait-jacketed by good news.

What women's mags *really* say about women.

Dear *Media* Column:

I was in my doctor's waiting room the other day and discovered, to my dismay, that I'd already read his one copy of *Sports Illustrated*. I ended up reading a bunch of women's magazines, and I was stunned at the way these magazines talk down to their readers. Frankly, if I spoke to my girlfriend that way, she'd hit me. What gives?

Confused and Sick

Dear C. & S.:

Apparently, your previous history of good health has kept you from a threshold dose of women's magazines. If you were ill more often, you'd realize that if Bret Easton Ellis really hated women, he wouldn't have written "American Psycho," he'd edit Redbook.

It's true. There's little that's too demeaning for women's magazines. No matter what you may think about the differences—or lack of them—between the sexes, no one can deny that men and women have nothing in common when it comes to their magazines. Men's magazines cater to the male ego, assuming the reader is bright (or at least likes to pretend he is). Women's magazines—particularly the old-fashioned, mass-circulation ones—paint a different picture of their reader. To them, she's a lost, incompetent soul, bewildered by even the most basic of tasks. That's why the women's magazines are there to help. *Woman's World* recently answered the question we're all too shy to ask: What *is* the right way to blow your nose?

Now, chances are good that if you said to your wife or girlfriend, even in your most tender, helpful tone of voice, "Honey, you're blowing your nose all wrong," you'd have your head handed to you on a paper plate. And you'd deserve it, too.

But not women's magazines. They exist in a world of simple problems and happy endings, a world out of science fiction, in which women actually *want* to be treated like helpless ninnies. And despite this, women's magazines are extraordinarily popular.

It's not that women simply buy these magazines, clip the recipes and toss them away. They develop intense relationships with them. Men may enjoy their magazines and perhaps write the occasional letter. But for women, these magazines are a chance for an intimate friendship. Women write in constantly, sometimes with their problems—"Help! My children don't like cake. What are some festive alternatives?"—or because they just want to chat. "After reading [the article on] best friends, I wanted to show you *my* best friends," gushed one woman in her mid-20s, as she smiled away in an Instamatic shot with her four best pals for her other pals who read *Good Housekeeping*.

This affection does not go unrequited. One of *Good Housekeeping*'s regular contributors began a recent column with "What do you think of my new photo? Sitting for pictures like this is hard work." Even the editor of *Entrepreneurial Woman* turned confessional in her editor's notes: "Nineteen ninety saw me win a battle I've fought for nearly 30 years: I lost well over 100 pounds. And I rekindled a special relationship with a very important person in my life."

Of course, if she had *gained* 100 pounds, it wouldn't be mentioned. In the cheery little alternative universe created by women's magazines, all news is good news and everything is possible. You can *avoid* the flu, you will *lose* ten pounds, you can fix a *low-fat* but still *gourmet* dinner in *only 30* minutes and still have time to *beat* P.M.S.

But the most cheerful news is about marriage. Take "Can This Marriage Be Saved?" a stalwart feature in *Ladies' Home Journal* for the past 38 years. Each month, it features a different, seemingly hopeless marital problem, and each month, no matter how far gone their relationship may appear to the reader, husband and wife patch things up, usually by the third counseling session.

The saving grace of "Can This Marriage Be Saved?" is that it's one of the few features to regularly include something as incidental as men. It's probably no coincidence that the most maligned of women's magazines, *Cosmopolitan*, was also the first to write honestly about men and sex. *Cosmo* became the butt of endless jokes—not because it patronizes its audience (it's hardly the worst offender in that department) but because it operates on the unheard-of assumption that its readers may be as interested in men as they are in meat loaf.

Some of the youth-oriented fashion magazines have followed *Cosmo*'s lead, with features on "Kissiest Lips" and "Get Him to Talk—Tonight," but in most other women's magazines, men are mentioned more often than power tools but less often than Princess Di. When we do appear, it's either because the women have gotten an important clue to our behavior ("If he loves his dog, chances are he'll be a good father," reports *Glamour*) or because they have a helpful hint: Upon finding out that castrated males live longer than their "intact counterparts," *New York Woman* suggested, "Not such a bad trade-off. And dogs and cats seem contented enough."

Despite its rather cavalier attitude toward the male apparatus, *New York Woman* is an interesting case study. Brash, intellectually stimulating, nonpatronizing, even pretentious, it is one of a handful of magazines that rebelled and tried to reach a new reader: the woman who works, the baby boomer who is too sophisticated for lowbrow articles.

For a while, it seemed as if the rebels were on to something. Circulation for the old-line magazines was declining, and some magazines—*McCall's* and *Redbook*, notably—took the threat seriously and reformatted. In a bold bid for the career minded, *New Woman* added "assertion style" and "empowerment color" to its special astrology section.

As it turns out, there may be less to this revolution than meets the eye. Circulation for the more sophisticated magazines remains microscopic. One of the pioneers, *Savvy Woman*, was recently yanked off life support, and some of the others may not last out the recession.

That's to be expected, of course. The industry has fended off attacks before—the entire feminist movement, in fact, seemed to have more impact on organized sports than it did on women's magazines. And so the upbeat goes on, with such cover lines as "Stories That Make You Smile," "Pat Nixon's Happy Golden Years" and "Ground Beef Recipes from Around the World." All that good news is good news for the loyal readers, of course, and it also delivers exactly what they have come to expect from their magazines: a happy ending.

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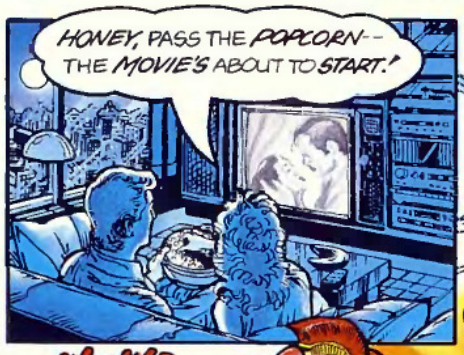

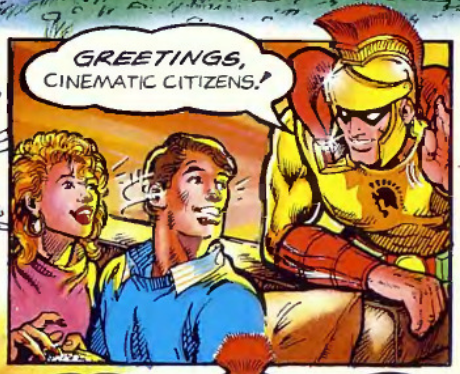

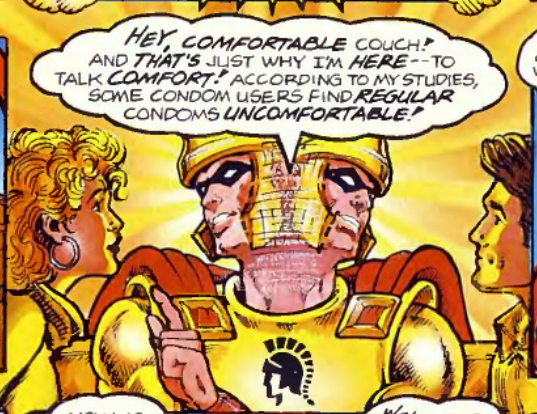
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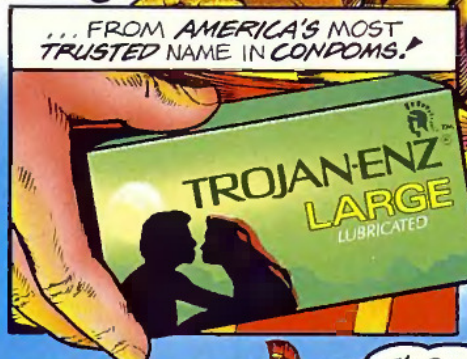

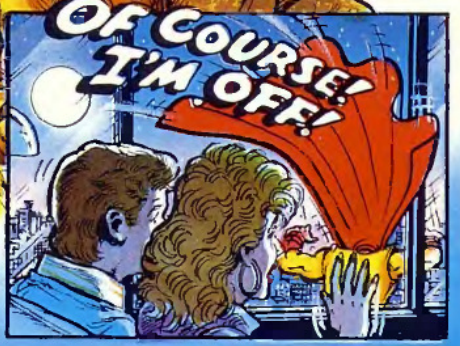

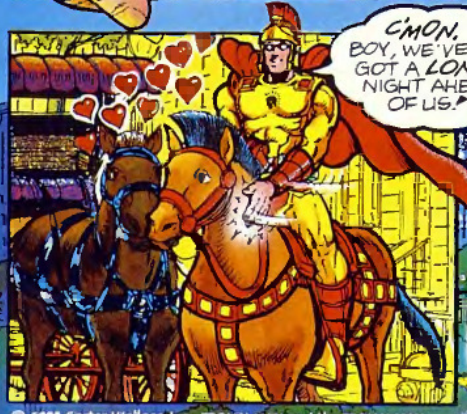

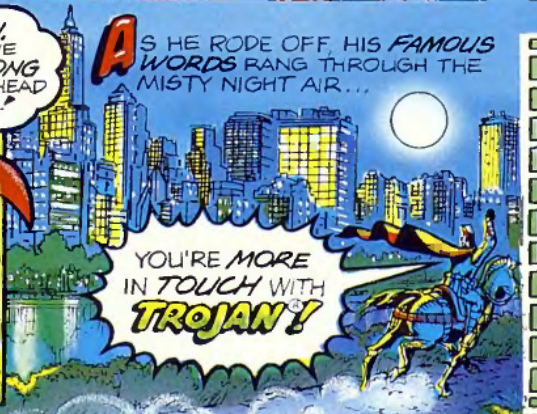

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

JIM THOMPSON was a virtually forgotten pulp crime writer of the Fifties until novelist and copublisher of Black Lizard Press Barry (*Wild at Heart*) Gifford rediscovered several of his early works in French on a visit to Paris and reissued them. With the recent success of the film *The Grifters*, based on one of his books, the Thompson revival is in full swing. According to Michael McCauley in ***Jim Thompson: Sleep with the Devil*** (Mysterious), most of his books—29 raw, sweaty novels—were churned out in four- or five-week marathon sessions fueled by alcohol and cigarettes. For his first novel, Thompson was holed up in a cheap New York hotel, wrestling with his demon muse while typing at blazing speed, and then lapsed into depression for months. There's not much of an uplifting story in such a life, but McCauley wisely concentrates on detailed analyses of the work to make his biography an insightful guidebook to Thompson's dark literary visions.

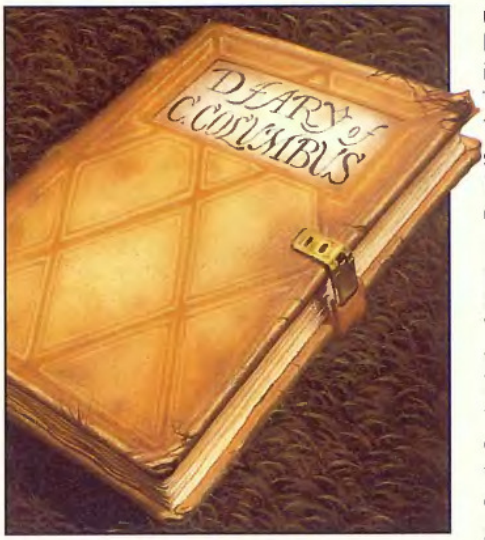
When Alex Kotlowitz suggested to La-Joe Rivers that he was interested in writing a nonfiction book centered on the lives of her two sons and other children in the Henry Horner Homes of Chicago, her response was telling: "There are no children here. They've seen too much to be children." Kotlowitz' book ***There Are No Children Here*** (Nan A. Talese/Doubleday) is a vivid and moving documentation of that remark. The Hornets and the 'Jects are the kids' names for a 34-acre public-housing development where 6000 people (4000 of them children) live in 21 high-rise buildings.

Kotlowitz quickly dispenses with the statistics and sociology and takes us on a two-year journey in the lives of Lafeyette and Pharoah Rivers, aged 12 and nine, respectively, when the story begins. If not for the resilience and courage of the children and their mother, this would be a tale of almost unremitting horror and hopelessness. Kotlowitz details with unflinching candor the poverty, drugs, violence and choking cynicism that thwart these children in their struggle to become educated and grow up. Despite stray bullets whizzing through their apartment, deaths of young friends, run-ins with the police, fire bombings and other assorted traumas, the touching highlight of Pharoah's year is being able to win second place in a school spelling bee without stuttering. You cannot read this book without feeling a sense of outrage.

Nicholas Lemann's ***The Promised Land: The Great Black Migration and How It Changed America*** (Knopf) provides a similar investigative report on several families in another of Chicago's housing projects, the Robert Taylor Homes. However, Lemann's book takes a broader historical and geographic perspective. He surveys the social and political changes effected by the 5,000,000 black citizens who have migrated from the rural South to cities in the North and Midwest since 1940. Although he does not neglect the individual human condition, Lemann stresses the politics of civil rights and urban planning that have resulted in our urban black ghettos.

Concentrating on Clarksdale, Mississippi, Washington, D.C., and Chicago, Lemann reviews the history, data and theory and argues that the black ghettos must be dismantled. He advocates a massive Federally funded program "that encourages the people of the ghettos to consider themselves part of the social structure of the country as a whole." For kids like Lafeyette and Pharoah, such a program could not come soon enough.

Michael Dorris and Louise Erdrich, husband and wife, are award-winning writers who, separately, have produced brilliant books, from Erdrich's *Love Medicine* to Dorris' *The Broken Cord*. Now they have teamed to produce a novel, ***The Crown of Columbus*** (Harper Collins), which begins promisingly with an engaging love affair between two mismatched Dartmouth academics who are both writing about Columbus. But midway, it turns into a hunt for "the greatest treasure of Europe" on the Caribbean island of Eleuthera—with all the obnoxious earmarks of an overblown thriller. Their collaboration conjures up Vivian Twostar, a 40-year-old anthropologist struggling toward tenure, who lives with Nash, her difficult child-of-a-divorce teenage son, and her wise Indian grandmother. She is burrowed in the library, researching an article on Columbus from the Native American perspective. The scholar in the carrel next to hers turns out to be professor Roger Williams, an English-department big shot who is hogging all the reference books on Columbus for an epic poem he is writing. Passion blossoms between the eccentric Indian woman and the priggish WASP, and when their daughter, Violet, is born, it looks as though we are settling in for a warm, funny novel about a richly idiosyncratic relationship.



The hunt for *The Crown of Columbus*.

Christopher Columbus in fiction, Jim Thompson bio and public-housing shame.

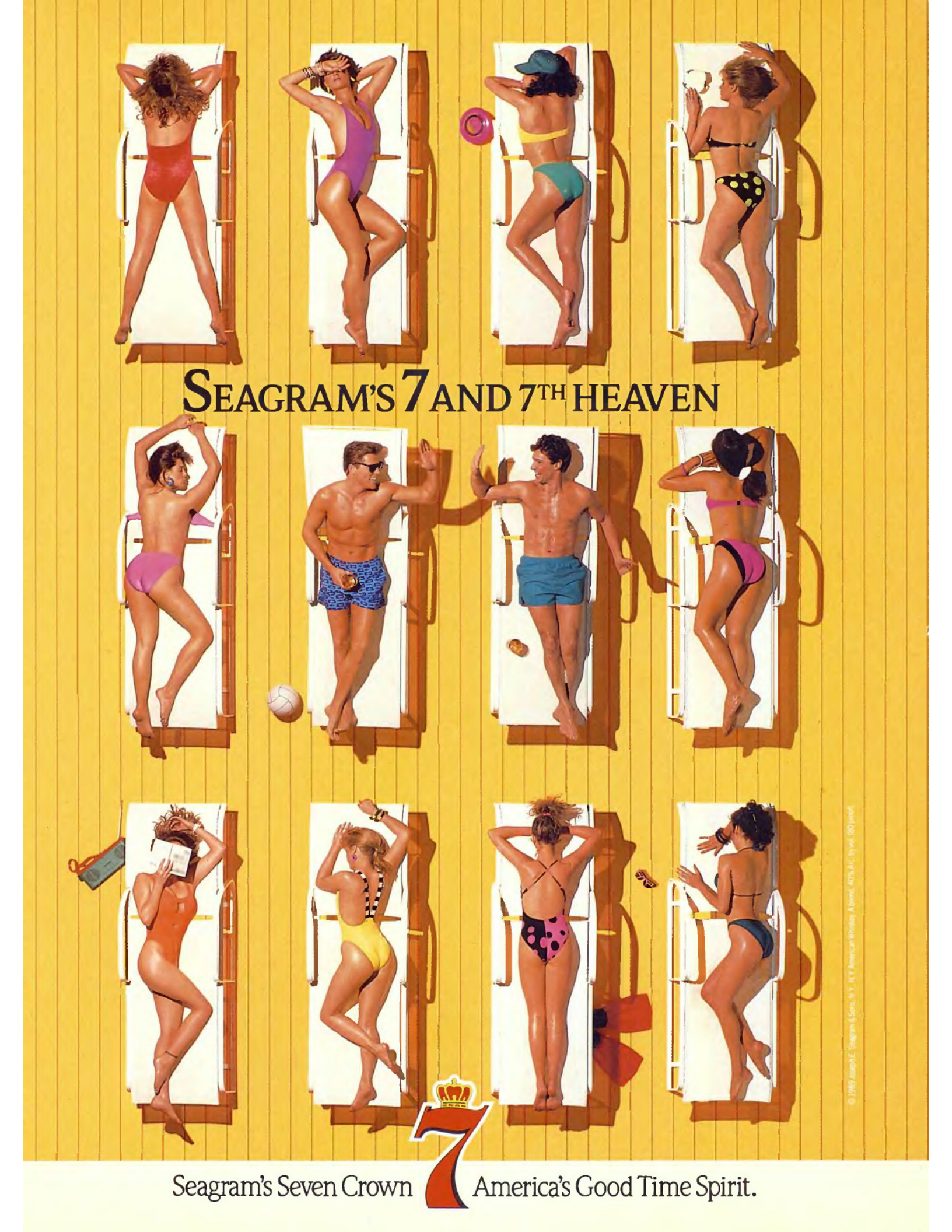
Then, all too miraculously, Vivian discovers some pages from Christopher Columbus' secret diary that have been lost in the basement of the library. A mysterious Dartmouth alumnus wires money for her to take the pages to his retreat on Eleuthera, where he will show her the rest of the Columbus diary he has kept hidden from the world. When Vivian, Roger and Nash arrive, it turns out that her mysterious benefactor is a shady character who needs the pages she discovered to find a treasure that was hidden on the island by Columbus 500 years ago. He'll do anything to get them.

If your eyes aren't rolling in disbelief yet, get ready for Vivian, hands tied, fighting a killer on the deck of a yacht at sea with a series of karate kicks that would have made Bruce Lee proud. Meanwhile, by amazing coincidence, a nearly drowned Roger is swept underwater into—you guessed it—the secret cave where Columbus hid the treasure. Dorris and Erdrich are both fine writers who breathe life into Vivian, Roger and Nash with sharp dialog and subtle descriptive skill. But they throw these characters away in a farfetched plot of dizzying contrivance.

BOOK BAG

The Ends of the Earth (Arkham House), by Lucius Shepard: An impressive collection of 14 exotic stories that explore the interstices between the far reaches of the mind and supernatural events in ruggedly realistic settings.

A Private Crime (Putnam's), by Lillian O'Donnell: Detective Norah Mulcahaney clashes with a drug lord and a politician in the investigation of a murder that hits too close to home.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MEN

By ASA BABER

Extra! Extra! Read all about it! Your *Playboy Men* columnist has seen the future. It came to him in a dream. There they were, in bold letters—the newspaper headlines of the future! Guys, you probably won't believe me when I tell you what they are and summarize the stories behind them. But great happiness is ahead for us, incredible bliss, unbounded joy!

The following are the most significant headlines I saw in my clairvoyant dream. Read 'em and smile:

"OPRAH MARRIES THE DICEMAN!!!" (December 12, 1991). Wow, what a scoop! In a small wedding in a chapel in the moonlight in Nevada, Oprah Winfrey and Andrew Dice Clay were married by the Reverend Roone Arledge. "I was attracted to Dicey-poo's emotional honesty," Winfrey said after the wedding vows. "You know, in my own way, I am as much of a sexist as he is. I'm just more slick about it," she continued. According to the article, The Diceman was not available for comment. He was puking his guts out in the parking lot after too much cake and champagne.

"NOW DISBANDS, ADMITS THAT MEN ARE THE SUPERIOR SEX AND WOMEN ARE HOPELESS SLUTS" (March 6, 1992). "We renounce feminism and all its pomp," chanted 3000 women in unison at the latest National Organization for Women convention. "*Playgirl*, *Playgirl*, all we read is *Playgirl*," they sang while clapping their hands and whistling at the men in the visitors' gallery. "Hunks, hunks!" they yelled.

A NOW spokesperson said the organization is officially disbanding. "We were wrong and we know it," she said. "Men are goddamn jewels, aren't they? Makes my thighs tingle thinking about it. Our new slogan? *Penis power in perpetuity!*"

"STARTING TODAY, SELECTIVE SERVICE APPLIES ONLY TO WOMEN" (June 19, 1994). In a startling reversal of legal and historical precedent, the all-female Supreme Court reversed the methods and goals of the Selective Service System and military draft obligations. As of today, men are absolved from military duty (unless they choose to volunteer), whereas young women are required to register with the Federal Government at the age of 18. If women do not fulfill this requirement, they will be subject to a fine and imprisonment. Chief Justice Sofia Coppola commented after the decision, "For centuries, only men have been subjected to such a deadly and controlling situation as the military draft. Now it's our turn in the barrel. I mean, if women want equal rights, how about our accepting equal responsibilities, too?"

TOMORROW'S HEADLINES TODAY!

"WOODY ALLEN RECANTS ALL HIS MOVIES AT HIS BAPTISM" (August 8, 1995). In a touching baptismal ceremony in a river in the hills of Kentucky, the Reverend Jimmy Swaggart held Woody Allen under water for ten minutes and then pronounced him spiritually reborn. When he revived, Allen was grateful. "I've lived my life assuming I should be punished, waiting to be punished, almost hoping for it, really," he said through his oxygen mask, "and now I've learned my lesson. I will never make another movie that stars me as a wimpy little whiner whom all women secretly yearn to cuddle. That's an obnoxious image of the American male that mocks masculinity, and I am through with that kind of pro-feminist propaganda."

"PHIL DONAHUE ADMITS HE WANTS MEN TO LIKE HIM, TOO" (September 8, 1997). "OK," Donahue said on his television show today, "I confess: I admit that I did drive male bashing into the ground, along with all the other talk-show hosts for the past twenty years. But I didn't know you guys would ever tune in and find out what the girls and I have been saying about you schmucks. Now that I know some of you men watch my show, I'm going to be the best damned Uncle Phil you ever had. I promise that from now on, some of the guys I choose as my guests will be literate, rational and capable of logical thought. Not many, but some. Why, I wouldn't ever stack the deck against men on my show, would I? Hey, I'm one of you. Now that it pays, that is."

"MEN AWARDED CHILD CUSTODY AS FREQUENTLY AS WOMEN" (October 23, 1999). A new statistical study of contested child-custody cases shows that for the first time in history, fathers are being awarded custody of their children as frequently as mothers after a divorce. Dr. Willard Scott, executive director of The Bureau of Weather and Statistics, put it this way: "I think the antimale sexism that clearly existed in the divorce system is finally coming to an end. What a revolution! It used to be that the father was considered an unnecessary appendage to the family structure. Why, we even had an epidemic of unmarried women choosing to have children without fathers, as if the father were an obstruction to a child's development. But not anymore. Men are back as vigorous role models and strong father figures!" Dr. Scott spoke from the front porch of his home in Puerto Rico. He looked darling in a bright floral-print dress and a Carmen Miranda bonnet of fresh fruit and flowers.

"MALE CIRCUMCISION OUTLAWED IN ALL HOSPITALS" (January 1, 2001). This New Year's Day sees the start of the 21st Century—and the cessation of the painful practice of penis pinching that has been used on most male babies at birth. "We did computer studies that deciphered what the baby boys were *really* saying as their little weenies were cut," Dr. George Gallup V said, "and you never heard such foul language from infants in your life! 'Let go my joy toy, you dickhead' was the most common reaction from just-born males. 'If this is sex, then fuck it' was the second most common reaction. Those kids were doing more than crying, let me tell you. They were trying to tell us something!"

If I see any more headlines, I'll let you know. Good news travels fast, but this is ridiculous!

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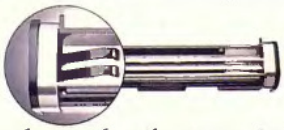

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I've noticed that sometimes my boyfriend's testicles are tight (as though they are full of something) and other times they are loose (as though they have been drained). Does it have anything to do with orgasm? Does it necessarily mean that tight testicles signify lack of recent orgasm and loose testicles signify that an orgasm has recently happened? What is it in the testicles that causes this change?—Miss N. V., Arlington, Virginia.

Do you think for a moment that if there were a simple test by which a woman could tell if her boyfriend were fooling around, we would disclose it? Don't you realize that all of this month's advice has been cleared with military censors? Just kidding. Fortunately, we don't have to face that ethical quandary. Testicles are affected by temperature (in cold, they ride close to the body; in heat, they descend) and by extremes of emotion (fear will cause one's flappables to seek sanctuary near one's body). It's nature's way of protecting the family jewels. Also, for reasons that are unclear, the testicles ascend as orgasm approaches. There you have it.

While traveling through England's West Country, I developed a taste for scrumpy, a cloudy, bitter alcoholic beverage with a distinct fruity aroma. What is it? Can I get it in the United States?—R. P., Boston, Massachusetts.

Scrumpy is the traditional English apple cider, what we call hard cider. It goes by such fanciful names as Original Sin, Old Pig Squeal and Slap Me Girl, attesting to its playful effect on the imbiber. Indeed, scrumpies have a deceptive kick—many are eight percent alcohol. They are generally quite dry. Your chances of getting scrumpy on these shores are slim to none; as the true product is unpasteurized and unfiltered, it doesn't travel well. However, there are hard ciders available in the U.S. that you may find agreeable. Look for El Gaitero or Santa Ana sparkling cider and Purpom cider.

Recently, my wrist became sore and tender, as if it had been sprained. I went to a doctor, who said the symptoms were indicative of carpal tunnel syndrome, but we could not identify it with any of the typical causes. It got better for a couple of weeks, and then, one day, it was sore again. I recalled my activities of the preceding 24 hours and realized I had masturbated my boyfriend twice the day before. Is it possible that the repetitive hand motion would cause it? I don't want to ask my doctor.—Miss L. K., Colorado Springs, Colorado.

We hope OSHA doesn't hear of this. Yes, it's possible that doing any awkward and highly repetitive activity may leave you with tender

feelings—though if this were common, a lot of teenage boys would develop carpal tunnel syndrome the month they discovered masturbation. What can we tell you? Change hands? Squeeze tennis balls during the workday? Use another part of your body? To our knowledge, no one has developed a repetitive-use injury of the mouth.

I've always set up my stereo speakers in line with the wall of my room. One of my friends says I should angle them toward the listener. What do you recommend?—F. O., Hartford, Connecticut.

It depends on what type of speaker you have. A bookshelf speaker is designed to use the wall as a reflecting surface. A freestanding speaker should be away from the wall. There are other factors to consider: The goal is to have an identical acoustical environment for each speaker. If one is in a corner and one in a doorway, it doesn't really matter what you do—they won't sound alike. We can't tell from your description exactly what your friend had in mind. There are two strategies that apply: One is called near-field listening. You set the speakers about three feet apart and two to three feet in front of a chair, at ear level, angled toward your head. This arrangement treats speakers as larger-than-life headphones—the sound gets to you before the room affects it. It will produce surprising clarity (though you may lose bass). Another strategy holds that toeing in speakers—aiming them toward the middle of the room or toward opposite ends of a couch—creates a stereo image for groups of people (or just two people rutting like weasels). Our advice: Try it. Unless you have 2000-pound horns-of-death megablasters, it should be easy to experiment.

As a sophomore (and a virgin) at the University of South Alabama, I have been lucky enough to have the most gorgeous women sit beside me in class. I've noticed something strange. They all cross their legs and move them in a kicking motion. One woman in particular starts making almost silent but very noticeable grunts or moaning sounds. This goes on for a minute or two and the kicks get faster. She then starts moving around, the grunts increase, and then she looks at me, smiles and relaxes. A few weeks ago, I purchased a book about the art of self-enjoyment. The book, which deals mostly with female masturbation, has a small paragraph dealing with public masturbation. Apparently, a woman can have orgasms by crossing her legs and employing constant and rhythmic pressure on her clitoris. Is this true? I'm very attracted to this woman, and I would really like to give her my virginity if she is masturbating this way. (Obviously, if she is, it means she is attracted to me.) Please respond quickly; the semester is almost over.—P. S., Mobile, Alabama.

Is this letter a put-on? We find it hard to believe that a college sophomore has to buy a book on masturbation; but then again, who are we to criticize a desire for higher learning? You may do better with a book on intercourse. Take "The Joy of Sex" to class and see if that prompts a response from your neighbors. It is possible for a woman to reach orgasm by applying pressure to the clitoral region in a rhythmic fashion. Even if your classmate is masturbating in this fashion, it does not necessarily indicate that she wants to have sex with you. Her smile is the only useful evidence in your scenario—it indicates that she is friendly. Smile back.

Help! I am an aspiring photographer. One of the most perplexing tasks is choosing a film stock. Out of curiosity, what kind of film do *Playboy* photographers use?—F. L., Chicago, Illinois.

The first choice you have to make is whether to work with print film or transparencies—slides to you. Most professionals shoot slides. We require sharpness, good color saturation and predictability. We are skilled enough to work within the demanding exposure latitude required. But professionals are in the minority—less than ten percent of the film sold in the world is slide film. The vast majority of photographers purchase negative film for prints—it gives them good sharpness, a product they can hold in their hands and admire and, most important, tolerance. They can get a usable negative even if they are two f-stops under or five f-stops over. They can correct mistakes in the printing. (The exception to this rule is the spectacularly sharp Ektar 25, which is as

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MUKAI

demanding as slide film, but the results are worth it.) Having said this, we must admit that in the studio, most of our photographers use Ektachrome or Fujichrome (the new Velvia is a kick in the eye)—we have our own E-6 lab and develop film here. You may find that convenience dictates your choice—there are E-6 labs all over the globe. We still have to send Kodachrome to one of the 12 or so labs that can process it. Our final advice: Buy one roll of each kind of stock and shoot a favorite scene with each. See which palette suits your eye and how much graininess you can tolerate. Then spend the next few years exploring that film.

Remember the scene in the movie *9½ Weeks* where Mickey Rourke suddenly plops Kim Basinger onto the kitchen table and goes into a minute-long sexual rage? Well I know that having a quickie can be a healthy part of a couple's sex life, but what about the female's state of lubrication? Wouldn't the sudden and energetic thrusting of a penis into an unprepared vagina be painful and cause some short-term soreness for the woman? Should I worry?—J. B., Corvallis, Oregon.

The best thing about long-term relationships is that eventually you get to try things you would never do on a first date. Quickies are a prime example. Not exactly what you'd pull on an audition, or serve as a regular diet, but something that definitely makes a statement. In "9½ Weeks," things balanced out—the quickies were intercut with scenes of interminably sensitive foreplay. Good, lusty sex is the result of competing appetites, not compromise or politically correct sexual etiquette. Put another way, short-term soreness is a small price to pay for passion and enthusiasm. Imagine the fun you can have comforting the hurt. During a discussion of 2 Live Crew's lyrics, a man asked a friend, "How would you respond if I told you I wanted to break down the walls of your vagina? Would you feel threatened?" Her answer: "No. I would like to be there when you tried."

I have about a dozen video tapes that, unfortunately, were stored in a moist area. Mildew has formed on the edges of the tapes, inside the clear plastic windows, and God knows where else. I hesitate to play them, not knowing what the mildew will do to the VCR heads. Do you know of any means of cleaning these tapes to remove the mildew without opening the cassettes?—R. R., Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

You haven't been recording football games without the express permission of the N.F.L., have you? According to an engineer from the Maxell Corporation, your tapes are probably a total loss. It's likely that there has been some decomposition of the tapes themselves—meaning irreversible damage. A professional video service could try to clean and restore them—at a cost of $150 to $200 per tape—but the restoration may not be successful. An alternative suggestion: Buy a very cheap used VCR and patch it into your existing machine to duplicate your tapes. Chances are, you'll ruin the secondhand machine running the mildewed tapes, but you'll salvage what's left of your recorded treasures.

My girlfriend and I were experimenting with some condoms when one broke. Rather than take it off, she pushed the rubber ring all the way down my erect penis. After a few minutes, my cock was as hard as a rock. My girlfriend liked it, I liked it, so now I break the condoms before I put them on. So tell me: Did we discover some ancient Chinese sex trick or a brand-new sex toy? So far, I feel great. Will I hurt myself?—W. L., Denver, Colorado.

What you've discovered is a novel version of the cock ring. The ancient device restricts the flow of blood from an erect penis, which produces a rather enduring hard-on. Some doctors prescribe a combination of vacuum pump and constriction ring for impotence. We've heard of people's using everything from leather thongs and rubber bands to napkin rings. This is one of the few sex aids that have a down side—if the cock ring is too tight or too hard, it can damage blood vessels. Scar tissue may form, which then deforms the penis (contributing to bent-nail syndrome). Since the base of a condom is a specific size (about 52mm in diameter) and is intended to fit the shaft of an erect penis without undue discomfort, you may have found a relatively safe version of the cock ring. However, if you are using condoms as a form of birth control, or to prevent the transmission of disease, breaking them first is not a great idea.

At the end of my next business trip to Miami, I would like to take a few days off and bring my girlfriend down so that we can have fun in the sun. I am not interested in the fancy hotels or any of the glitz I remember in Miami Beach. Do you have any suggestions?—P. L., Detroit, Michigan.

Miami's 80-block stretch of real estate known as South Miami Beach may be just what you're looking for. You may remember it as where Tony offed Hector in "Scarface," but recently, this area has been placed on the National Register of Historic Places because it contains 650 significant examples of art-deco structures. More important, it is an area that is seeking to improve its image and, thus, is visitor-friendly. The scale of the hotels along the newly refurbished Ocean Drive has been downsized and their names—the Cavalier, the Carlyle, the Cardozo, the Clevelander—speak to a suave style, not to a grand pretense. In the art-deco area, there are about 1000 hotel rooms, with 30 or so restaurants to serve the clientele. The pace is relaxed and the atmosphere is youthful; many young Miami professionals have returned to the area. Another draw is that it is a photographer's paradise. The light on the beach at dawn is sensational and pollution-free, and it's not unusual to see four or five fashion shoots going on at once. Almost a dozen modeling agencies have established offices in the area and have attracted approximately 500 models who live there at least part of the time, resulting in what could be the highest concentration of fashion's most recognizable faces and figures in the country. To cap it off, the beach is topless. The main activities are strolling and gazing and eating on terraces; deciding what restaurant to try is strenuous. The News Cafe is a magnet for models, and the Reggae Rockers Cafe attracts celebrities and the shortest skirts we've seen anywhere. South Beach is hip, young and, best of all, relaxed—and may give the rest of Miami a better name.

What can you tell me about genital warts? I overheard some friends discussing this affliction as though it were more serious than herpes.—D. F., New York, New York.

Genital warts—also known as genital human papillomavirus (HPV)—may be the most common sexually transmitted disease. A few decades ago, it was considered harmless, but recent studies have suggested a link to cervical cancer in women. Now doctors and the press are paying attention to it. Scientists have identified 50 types of HPV; some 13 of them infect the genital region. Between 1966 and 1987, the number of visits to doctors because of genital warts increased from 179,000 to 1,860,000. Doctors estimate that there are 12,200,000 HPV infections in the United States, of which only one tenth result in symptoms. Young adults (ages 20–24) are the most frequent sufferers. The virus has an incubation period of three weeks to eight months (the average is three months). Not a lot is known about transmission. It is thought that warts develop in areas that are subject to abrasion during intercourse. Treatment varies—they can be removed by laser, by freezing or by application of various topical agents. None of these treatments is 100 percent effective—warts tend to recur. However, most regress spontaneously, suggesting that the body cures itself. Condoms or barrier methods may prevent transmission. Use them.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

Dial The Playboy Advisor on the Air and hear Playmates answer questions. Or record your own question! Call ***1-900-740-3311;*** *only two dollars per minute.*

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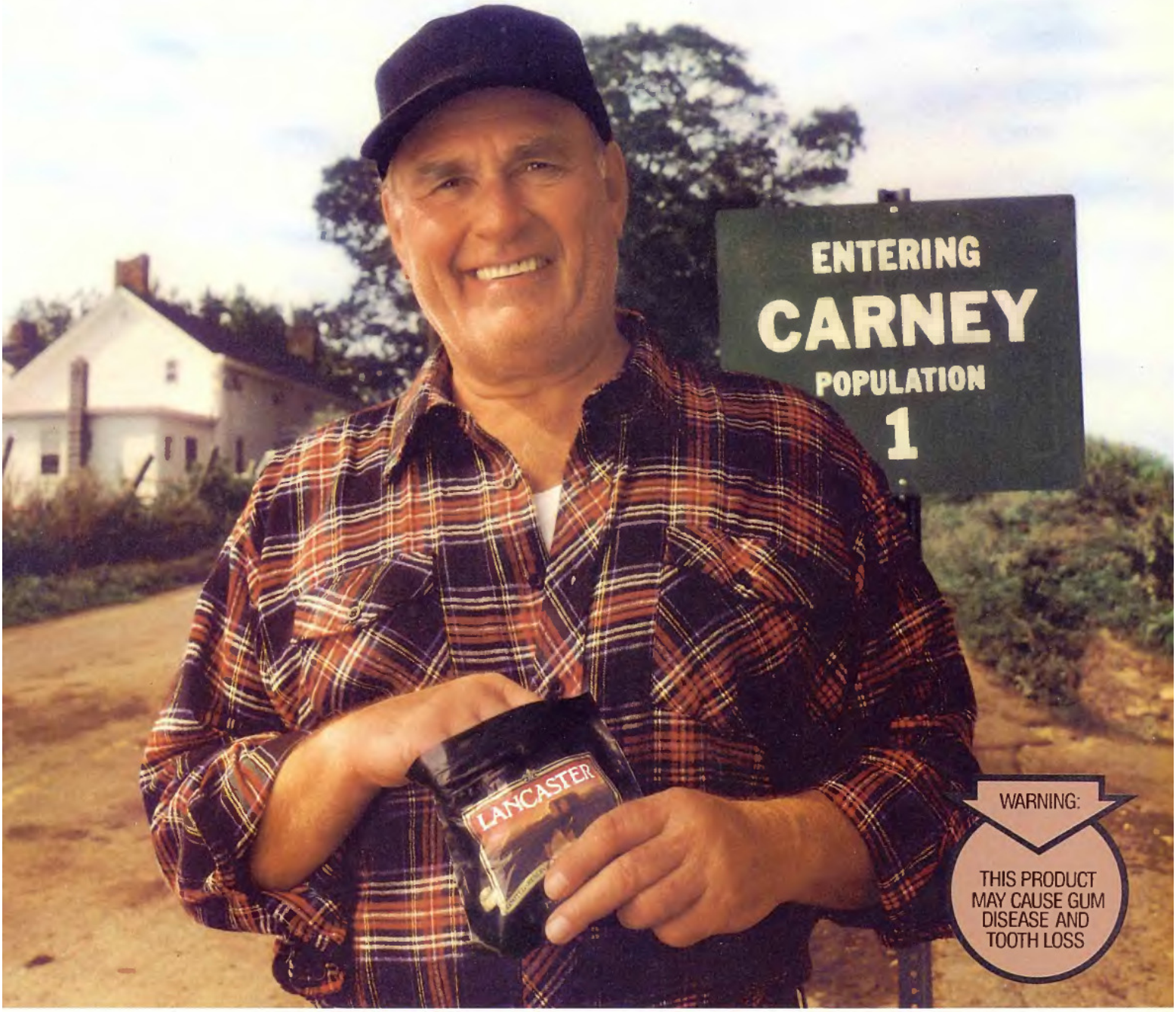

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THE SEXUAL TIME BOMB

the nation's press has a new toy

The first time we became aware of the statistical time bomb, it was at the expense of teenage lust. Somewhere we read that "every 12.6 seconds, a teenager gets a sexually transmitted disease."

Same teenager? We wondered. Maybe the horny dude should give it a rest.

We did a few calculations. There are 31,536,000 seconds in a year, 525,600 minutes. So if every 12.6 seconds a teenager gets an S.T.D., that adds up to 2,500,000 cases of venereal disease a year—among teenagers.

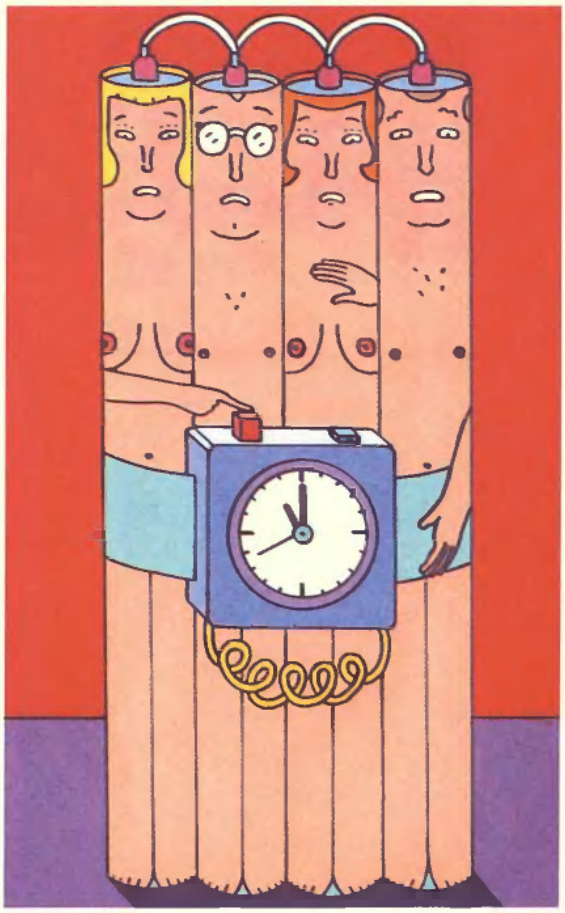
We tried to calculate how often a teenager has a class in sex education. Only 23 states mandate sex education. Those schools that provide it average 11.7 hours of instruction in seventh grade (about three years before most teens start having sex) and 18 hours in 12th grade (about one year too late). All told, the nation spends $1.23 per minute on sex education, about $9.70 per minute on AIDS education.

Recently, we found the ticking bomb in a *New York Times* editorial by playwright Larry Kramer: "In America, 212 new cases of full-blown AIDS are diagnosed every day; there is one AIDS death every 12 minutes and a new case of infection every 54 seconds. At a minimum, 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 Americans are infected. . . . All of these figures, which are known to be imprecise, are also known to be low."

Kramer sets up these statistics with a heart-rending confession: "The armies of the infected, their families, loved ones and friends no longer know how to deliver their pleas for help. Every conceivable method has been attempted, from quietly working from within to noisily demonstrating without." He argues that the Government must do more.

We pull out the calculator. Kramer's numbers add up to 77,380 new cases of AIDS a year and 43,800 AIDS deaths a year. He has created an urgency.

Turning to the National Center for Health Statistics, we calculated the intervals for the five major killers: Every 41 seconds, someone dies of heart disease (767,400 deaths per year). Every 64 seconds, someone dies of cancer (488,240 deaths per year). Every three and a half minutes, someone suffers a fatal stroke (150,300 deaths per year). Every five and a half or so



minutes, someone dies in an accident (97,500 deaths per year). Every six and a half or so minutes, someone dies of chronic obstructive lung disease (81,960 deaths per year). Somehow, not one of these figures provokes the same urgency as Kramer's time bomb. Most of these killers take a lifetime to develop; the pleas for help are muted.

Kramer is talking about time. We read that a research team apparently waited five months before announcing a promising AIDS therapy, because it wanted the paper to appear in the prestigious *New England Journal of Medicine*. The journal insists on peer review before it publishes any article and will not publish a scientific discovery that has been reported in the mainstream press.

In the time it took to assess the article, how many men died of AIDS-related pneumonia? Half of them might have been helped by the treatment.

A week or so after Kramer's moving piece, *Newsweek* published an article called "The Mind of the Rapist." The time bomb appeared in the first paragraph: "The recent Senate Judiciary Committee hearings on violent crime against women concluded that rape has increased four times as fast as the over-all crime rate over the past decade. A woman is raped every six minutes, the committee said, but only half the rapes are ever reported." Out came the calculator: That's 87,000 or so rapes, of which 43,500 are reported. Nowhere do the editors of *Newsweek* give a real number. We were almost too numb to calculate the odds: 87,000 out of 96,000,000 women equals one out of 1103, or .09062 percent. Lottery odds. The *Newsweek* statistic is more personal. Every woman embodies the time clock and every six minutes, she looks over her shoulder with suspicion and fear. That's the intention of the article—to stir up anxiety.

We wonder if the media will ever celebrate the positive side of sex with the same rhetorical device. Let's see; there are about 185,000,000 adults in the U.S. having sex on the average of twice a week. Someone has fun every .00003 minutes—the vast majority without disease, violence or death.

Tired of the numbers? Let's cut the wires on the timer, go home and do it as often as we can, for as long as we can. This is the time of our life.

READER

RADIO FREE AMERICA

In 1990, a feature film called *Pump Up the Volume* brought some public attention to the concept of rebel radio. In the movie, a white teenager sets up a radio station in the basement of his home. Then he becomes a revolutionary voice for his high school peers. Of course, the traditional forces of law and order try to shut him down.

I thought *Forum* readers would be interested to know that in real life, the phenomenon of "pirate radio" is alive and struggling all over the country, primarily in black communities that don't have a black-oriented station. Naturally, just as in the movie, local police and the Federal Communications Commission are trying to shut those small operators down.

The fact is that anybody can get on the radio—the technology exists. But it is illegal to do so without a license from the FCC. Often, community-based or politically unpopular groups don't want the FCC to regulate their content. Enforcing its regulations is one thing, but what happens to some pirates constitutes clear harassment.

Zoom Black Magic, a radical radio network, has been an FCC target since it began in 1985 in Fresno, California. Its equipment has frequently been confiscated. In Springfield, the Illinois state capital, a visually impaired community activist, Mbanna Kantako, broadcasts to 1000 predominantly black residents of the John Hay Homes Housing Project on the Black Liberation Radio Network, focusing on police brutality and the rights of the housing-project residents. Kantako, who has been fined by the FCC and harassed by local police, does not call himself a pirate, because he says the term criminalizes his right to free speech.

It seems to me that this is a free-speech issue. Why should radio exposure be limited to those who can afford an FCC license? Why should local police harass radio pirates who report on them? Why don't they just start their own stations?

Luis J. Rodriguez
Committee Against Censorship
Chicago, Illinois

FOR THE RECORD

MILLER RIGHT

Recently, the Illinois Humanities Council hosted a forum on free expression. Playwright Arthur Miller gave a keynote address. Here is an excerpt:

"Censorship is fear; fear spreads, that is its nature. I do believe this is the world's freest society, not necessarily because the living have made it so but because past generations, bred in tyranny, so longed for a liberty that had never before existed that they created what they had imagined. We must reimagine liberty in every generation, especially since a certain number of people are always afraid of it. To say it is a never-ending struggle is not to despair but simply to affirm that we will not let down the generations that preceded us nor the ones who will come after we are gone."

SEXUAL HARASSMENT

Stephanie Gutmann says that an "aggressively vehement sexual-harassment policy, whether in the workplace, on campus or in high school, spreads a message that there is something intrinsically evil about male sexuality" ("Sexual Harassment," The Playboy Forum, February). That is unfair and wrong. Sexual-harassment policies are not created to degrade male sexuality but to set guidelines that promote a work environment free from sexual overtones for both males and females.

As the personnel director for a small company, I have been on both ends of a sexual-harassment policy—as its developer and as one who made a harassment complaint.

Don't get me wrong. I enjoy sex very much—in privacy with my husband. I am sure there are others who feel more comfortable expressing affection (or lust) in public, but classrooms and work environments are not the places for it. If a person welcomes sexual advances made by another, the issue is not about sexual harassment; it's about when, where and who's on top.

The existence of sexual-harassment policies doesn't mean men and women can't express themselves in the workplace. They simply need to be more considerate of how their actions affect those around them.

Michele Allen
Springfield, Illinois

Once we reach puberty, sex is with us at home, at the movies, in the workplace and everywhere else. Our role is to understand and enjoy our sexuality responsibly, mindful of the feelings of others. Most of us learn to deal with the sexual interest of others without the intervention of Big Brother—or a personnel department. Your view that all affection should be terminated because you don't like it is dogmatic and unmindful of the feelings of others. Repressing the things that make us uncomfortable neither makes them go away nor makes us more comfortable with them. A sexually neutered workplace is not necessarily a better place.

I have just finished reading Stephanie Gutmann's "Sexual Harassment." One particular description strikes home hard: "guidelines designed to cover the corporation's ass, not yours." I am a 34-year-old illustrator working for a large corporation primarily

RESPONSE

involved in military work. When not at work, I paint. For the past five years, I have been painting bodybuilders (primarily female) in both competition and workout poses.

This past November, I had the opportunity to display 14 paintings in a main hallway in our plant. Among them were one male and four female bodybuilders and a female exotic dancer. They were well received and generated prolonged observation and discussion. This being my first serious show in some time, I was pleased. That is, until a female employee complained to the human-relations office.

She complained that one of the paintings of female bodybuilders was sexist, exploitative, offensive and threatening, and I was told to take down that particular painting (see right). When I talked to the human-relations officer in charge, I suggested he at least look at the painting before ordering it removed. That's when things got worse.

The officer and a woman from a sexual-harassment task force came to look at the painting and concluded that not only did it have to come down but five others did as well! However, they added, they didn't "want to discourage me from displaying my work." I removed the artwork amid lectures about "erring on the side of caution." Petitions protesting the censorship were removed. I was told, "It takes only one complaint." One complaint, no matter how frivolous or ignorant.

When you wonder how ridiculous and extreme so-called social safeguards can get, a large corporation is a good place to look. With censorship, the most frequent concern is, Where does it stop? My experience tells me the answer: It doesn't. I'm not sure which infuriates me more, the censorship itself or the fact that one poor-excuse-for-a-feminist's opinion produced it.

David Rosolko
Hudson, Massachusetts

DRUG WAR COMES HOME

It was a beautiful summer day and I was outside playing with my 15-month-old boy. All of a sudden, the air filled with the sounds of state police and National Guard choppers. Next, my driveway filled with state police, National Guard, attorney-general aides and sheriff's deputies. It seems the choppers spotted 30 pot plants in the woods behind my garage. The plants were pulled, my house was searched. The entire time, the choppers did figure eights over our house, traumatizing my family. Even after all the ground forces left, the choppers kept flying dangerously close to our house just for the fun of it.

Now I have a date with a very biased judge. I have been a law-abiding citizen all of my 38 years and have never been in trouble in my life. I have been married to the same woman for 20 years and have two beautiful children. I hold down three jobs, sometimes working 22 hours a day and, yes, I smoke pot. I don't drink alcohol, smoke cigarettes or do any other types of drugs. My Government wants to teach me respect now for committing such a terrible crime, but all I can feel is hatred and bitterness. Generation after generation has been unable to say no to drugs, yet all of a sudden, our Government has singled out this generation to punish the harshest.

Wake up, America! The drug laws are causing more damage than drugs ever did. The prisons that your Congressmen ask you to so warmly embrace are being built for people like me . . . and possibly you.

(Name and address withheld by request)

DATE RAPE AND DEMON RUM

When it comes to date rape, skepticism is not politically correct, but it is healthy. I've been impressed by your coverage of the issues involved, but I want to raise a point that I think you've missed. On my campus, there are posters that link date rape to alcohol consumption—one shows a beer mug being filled, with the legend: MOST DATE RAPE BEGINS HERE. Date-rape counselors view any consumption of alcohol by a woman as blameless, any serving of alcohol by a male to a female as predatory and, in some instances, as tantamount to calculated rape.

The law defines rape as an act that occurs without the victim's consent or when the victim has been incapacitated by drugs or alcohol. No one seems clear on the meaning of incapacitated. The ugliest stories in the press tell of women who, after being served punch spiked with grain alcohol, service entire athletic rosters. Those incidents

FIRST AMENDMENT AWARDS

Do you know of any dedicated defenders of First Amendment freedoms? Give them the recognition they deserve by nominating them for the 1991 Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards, which were established in 1979 to honor people who protect our First Amendment rights. Winners have included journalists, educators, lawyers, publishers and entertainers, though eligibility is not restricted to those professions. Winners receive $3000.

Last year's winners were Danny Goldberg for arts and entertainment, Hans A. Linde for law, Marilyn Athmann for education, Dennis Barrie for individual conscience, Paul Conrad for print journalism and Studs Terkel for lifetime achievement.

Nomination forms are available through the Playboy Foundation, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago 60611. The deadline for nominations is June 3, 1991.

are rare and are being used to indict the entire frat system as some aberrant form of male bonding. Date-rape propaganda treats women as innocent creatures who have been raised in such a vacuum that they don't know, or aren't expected to know, the effect of one, two or 20 margaritas. How nice. To date-rape protesters, the mere fact that a woman would *have* premarital sex is evidence enough that she is incapacitated. But how should an objective person judge? Should we administer Breathalyzer tests to prospective partners? Should we use the same level of blood-alcohol concentration used by police to determine D.W.I. to disqualify a lover ("Sorry, dear, but you are incapacitated")?

The date-rape people say that a woman's drinking does not mean she is giving consent to intercourse. No, but it seems to me that a person who drinks at a party is giving a sort of consent—to an atmosphere of romance, courtship, flirtation, repartee—be it wine and candlelight or raucous beer chugging. Most people know that alcohol is a disinhibitor—in moderate quantities, it allows one to feel relaxed in nerve-racking social encounters. It is associated with fun for a very good reason. It seems to me that the date-rape agitators are just new prohibitionists—they want celibacy and sobriety—and if they could figure out a way to link smoking to date rape, they probably would. Intentional disinhibition is not a crime—women who drink at fraternity parties are accomplices to the act, not victims.

T. R. Wood
Madison, Wisconsin

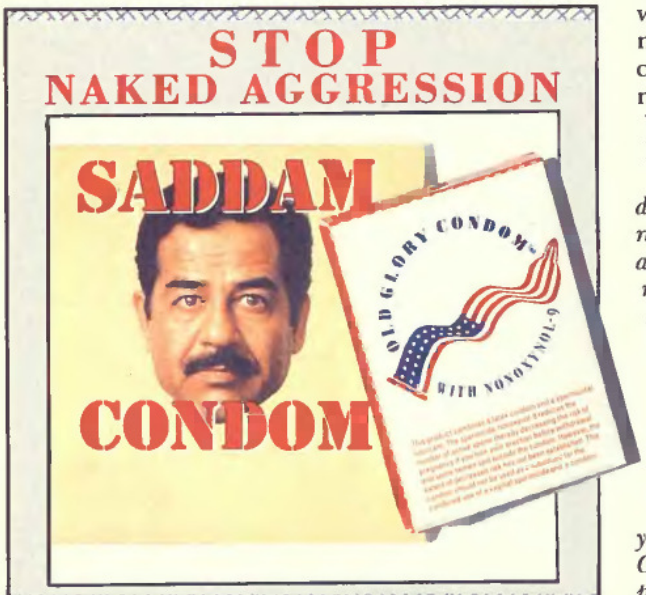
What we need is drinking ed, not date-rape ed. Let's look at the studies. The most quoted date-rape study, by Mary P. Koss and her associates, asked 3187 women: "In the past year, have you had sexual intercourse when you didn't want to because a man gave you alcohol or drugs?" Only 91 women (2.8 percent) blamed demon rum or drugs for unwanted intercourse (they reported 159 incidents). Although the question was vague, Koss concluded that the incidents fit the National Crime Statistics' definition of rape (oral, anal, vaginal intercourse or penetration by objects against consent through threat, force or intentional incapacitation of the victim via drugs). The Koss study invokes images of mickey finns and unconscious victims (though the questionnaire is not sophisticated enough to distinguish between a glass of wine and a glass of punch spiked with grain alcohol).

Studies of unwanted sex (as distinguished from rape) have found different figures. Charlene Muehlenhard and associates asked people about having sex while alcohol impaired. They found that one out of three women and one out of five men had engaged in some kind of unwanted sexual activity after drinking so much they were unaware or unable to stop the other person. Only 13.2 percent of the women and 12.2 percent of the men said that they had been unable to prevent intercourse.

This statistic seems to say that some people shed more than their inhibitions under the influence of alcohol; they shed will power. The following statistic suggests that they suffer lapses in taste and judgment.

More than half the men and women said they regretted having had some form of unwanted sexual activity while intoxicated (52.1 percent and 56.8 percent). More men than women regretted having had actual intercourse while intoxicated (28.4 percent and 19.1 percent). Whatever else it might signify, regret is not the same as rape.

It seems that alcohol offers an easy excuse if you want to explain why you went to bed with a ten and woke up with a two. Our advice: If you are too drunk to drive, don't park.



It used to be that Americans exercised their right to free speech on buttons, bumper stickers and T-shirts. Now your condoms can make a statement. The Old Glory Condom Corporation claims to make condoms with a conscience. You can order condoms or a T-shirt with a condom pocket and the company slogan, WORN WITH PRIDE COUNTRY-WIDE, by calling 800-726-1930. Dynamic Concepts says that its Saddam Condom is a humorous way to view Saddam Hussein and promote safe sex at the same time. Put it on your assault rifle and liberate Kuwait. To order, call Champion Mail Order, 800-726-1610.

WHAT MAKES A NAZI MAD

With the growing censorship problem in America, *Forum* readers should know about a pretty unusual exhibit at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art that will open at The Art Institute of Chicago in June. It's called "Degenerate Art: The Fate of the Avant-Garde in Nazi Germany." It includes artwork from a 1937 Munich exhibition that the Nazis assembled from the works that they had confiscated from such artists as Max Beckmann, George Grosz and Oskar Kokoschka. The idea was to show what kind of modern art was unacceptable to the Third Reich. After the show, much of the art was destroyed. Of course, the artists themselves were dealt with quite severely, either by being placed in concentration camps or, if they were lucky, by being forced to escape from Germany.

R. Fong
Los Angeles, California

COMPARATIVE ANATOMY

The January *Forum* included a reproduction of "Penises of the Animal Kingdom," a comparative-anatomy chart I created that depicts the penises of several animals, from man to whale. Your readers should know that copies of this 23"x 35" poster can be obtained from Scientific Novelty Co., P.O. Box 673-C, Bloomington, Indiana 47402, at $9.95, plus two dollars postage and handling.

Jim Knowlton
Bloomington, Indiana

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CUP OF POISON?

KENT, ENGLAND—*The British funerary journal* Pharos International *reports yet another environmental peril posed by technology. Silicone breast implants are non-*

biodegradable and will remain in the ground far longer than the bodies that housed them, threatening water supplies, say researchers. The implants are certain to fuel countless debates among archaeologists in the year 3000.

HOLY HARASSMENT!

DAYTON, OHIO—*A survey by the United Methodist Church found that 77 percent of its clergywomen had experienced incidents of sexual harassment. Forty-one percent said these were perpetrated by male colleagues or other pastors. But the male clergy had its problems, too, with 52 percent reporting sexual harassment by parishioners. The study broadly defined sexual harassment as "any sexually related behavior that is unwelcome, offensive or which fails to respect the rights of others."*

THE CUJO DEFENSE

SILVER SPRING, MARYLAND—*The multiple-personality controversy in the courts may have reached its limits. A psychiatrist testifying for an accused murderer claims that the crime was committed by two of the defendant's alternative personalities, including "Tufu," a demonic Pekingese dog. After two hours of deliberation, a circuit-court jury agreed that the defendant was seriously troubled but found that killing an ex-girlfriend and shooting her new boyfriend was the work of man rather than dog and that the man could be convicted of first-degree murder.*

THE SODOMY WARS

Michigan, Kentucky and Texas state courts have struck down their sodomy laws. In each case, a judge found the law to violate state constitutional guarantees, which are sometimes more generous in civil rights matters than the U.S. Constitution, especially as interpreted by the present conservative Justices. Unless overturned on appeal, the decisions reduce to 22 the number of states that still prohibit some form of the so-called crime against nature.

ROAD TEST

WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA—*After reviewing accident records and video tapes of lunch-hour traffic passing a local hot-dog stand, Palm Beach County commissioners have concluded that hot-dog vendor Gloria Gonzalez does not imperil motorists or pedestrians by wearing a thong bikini. "She is not a traffic hazard," pronounced Commissioner Carole Phillips, "so let's get on with more important things."*

BUNKER CROPS

LANCASTER, CALIFORNIA—*Federal and state authorities in California and Arizona have discovered five huge underground bunkers designed and built especially for growing marijuana without detection. The drug police said that despite the high start-up costs, sophisticated cultivation equipment makes indoor growing more lucrative than outdoor farming by permitting four harvests a year instead of one. Receipts recovered in the raids indicate that the high-potency pot was commanding more than $3400 a pound.*

CANBERRA, AUSTRALIA—*An Australian minister of energy asked parliament to consider the possibility of burning confiscated marijuana crops to generate electricity. He pointed out that seized pot was cheaper than coal and would produce about the same amount of energy.*

BLUE LAW

QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS—*As though hoping to join the national censorship controversy, a Boston suburb has passed an ordinance against public swearing and profanity. It doesn't specify which words or expressions are unlawful and therefore doesn't stand much chance of surviving a legal challenge, according to the A.C.L.U. The ordinance is aimed at rowdy teenagers who hang around the main downtown subway station swearing at passers-by.*

CONDOM LIABILITY

NEW YORK CITY—*The chancellor of schools has suggested distributing free condoms to students. One critic calculated that the schools would need more than 7,000,000 condoms a year to get the job done. Acting on their usual charitable impulses, Right-to-Lifers are threatening the New York City school system with "lawsuits on behalf of any girl who becomes pregnant, any boy who fathers a child and any student who contracts a sexually transmitted disease despite using a school-supplied condom." Paul Marx, founder of Human Life International, who says he has "trav-*

eled to eighty-two countries all over the world, battling abortion and promiscuity," contends that "this ridiculous proposal to provide youngsters with condoms is akin to making sure drunk drivers have seat belts."

SEX IS GREAT—THAT'S WHY

a sex therapist puts the sex-censorship movement on

By Marty Klein

THE CHILD IS FATHER TO THE CENSOR

Behold the censor. Whether you wear priestly garb, radical-feminist overalls, a gray-flannel business suit or a beehive hairdo, I know you. I've had you on my couch before. As the censor, you have my undying hatred; as the patient, my limitless sympathy. I know the terror and pain that make you who you are.

You have learned the same lesson about sex that every other American child does—that it is bad. Although no one ever explains *why*, we are rudely discouraged from touching ourselves, forbidden to play doctor, punished for asking certain questions and told that some parts of our bodies are dirty.

But as kids, we also know that *we* are sexual, and that makes *us* bad. We live in fear of being punished for our normal sexual feelings and behavior. If our sexuality gets out of hand, we suspect, our parents will reject or abandon us—that is, we will be destroyed. To prevent that, all kids learn to hide their sexuality.

A child who is terrified of sexuality becomes, at least unconsciously, an adult who is terrified of sexuality. Most of us find ways of getting beyond that fear, through education or other life experiences. For reasons that are not completely clear, some people never give up their sense of demonized sexuality. Emotionally and informationally, they remain six years old and their life strategies follow accordingly: They seek to control their own sexuality by hiding it. They project it onto others and assail it. They become censors.

It's painful to confront preadolescent fear, far easier to stay blissfully ignorant of it and simply attack the sexuality of others. Jimmy Swaggart, for example, could not accept the reality of his own sexual desires, so he spent hours decrying the so-called perversions of others.

FEAR OF FLYING

What kind of sex scares the censor? It is pleasure centered; it does not conform to societal roles or rules. Nor is it bound or controlled by notions of love. And, especially frightening, it places value on losing control (albeit in a secure environment).

Erotica (or—if you are a censor—pornography) embraces all of those factors. It portrays a powerfully arousing sexuality that is driven by passion instead of reason or love. Censoring erotica is an attempt to beat back the sexual demons that stalk the censor, an attempt to control the awesome power of his or her *own* sexuality.

Psychodynamically, sexuality is the experimental, child part of the self, while the censor is the parent reassuring the child that all is under control—whether or not it actually is. Censors on both the right and the left succeed because they tap into that part of us that is six years old and afraid of its own sexuality.

FIGHTING THE URGE TO MERGE

Erotica invites the viewer to get in touch with his fantasies and desires. To people who keep their fantasies and desires tightly muzzled, that invitation is frightening. Critical of their own sexuality, they look at their mates and think, If you *really* knew me, you couldn't love me. They reject or attack erotica so they can stay hidden—from themselves as well as from their mates.

In erotic fantasy, sex exists for pleasure alone, outside the context of love. Unfettered by emotional intimacy, erotica offers a vast range of sexual options: multiple partners; sex with those of "inappropriate" age, class or race; sex that is rough rather than gentle.

In activities such as shopping and eating, a range of choices is considered positive. But to someone who fears sex and wants to simplify and manage it, sexual alternatives are threatening. Some men, for example, unconsciously fear that mere exposure to homosexual culture will seduce them away from heterosexuality. Thus, reducing such exposure becomes critical.

CENSORS CAN'T STAND IT

the analyst's couch and encounters demonized sex

FEAR OF INFORMED SEX

Virtually no one has enough information about sex that's accurate and judgment-free. We don't see other people do it, we can't find accurate models of it in the media and few of us talk honestly about it with one another. Ignorant of the sexual thoughts and behavior of the people around us, we have no way of knowing how much we are alike. As a result, people learn to distrust their own sexuality and to trust only those who claim to have the authority to judge—the censors, the ones who are afraid of sex. Many of us overcome our sexual fear by learning *more* about sex; the censor deals with fear by shutting out new information. Ultimately, censors know less than anyone else about sex.

Erotica shows a sexual reality of passion and surrender that many want to avoid. By portraying lust as acceptable, it increases some people's fears about aggression: "Will I lose control of my lust and hurt myself? Will I use someone and later regret it?" Some censors complain that erotica shows sex without love or meaning. But what's wrong with meaningless sex if both partners agree to it? There is no reason that sex cannot or should not express our ignoble side: aggression, lust, greed, selfishness, hedonism (all with the consent of one's partner, of course). Sex is the most harmless arena of all in which to investigate, express and play out this side of being human. Sexuality can be our sandbox if we simply do the research and set some ground rules.

DEFENDERS OF THE STATUS QUO

Our culture's sexual paradigm is that men have sex and women have babies. Our mythology is that, like alcohol and nuclear power, sex needs regulation because it makes men crazy and women need to be protected from it. The sexuality demonstrated by what the censors consider pornography—female sexual power not bound by love, commitment or the need of a man's expertise—shatters that arrangement. The censors imagine pornography producing a terrifying world of voracious female sexual appetites, abandonment of the family and the rejection of sexually inadequate men.

Comparison of female lust in pornography with its absence in conventional thinking confronts us with a modern double standard: Women are competent and powerful equals in the workplace but weak, vulnerable creatures needing protection and guidance in the bedroom. By recognizing female lust, pornography shows a far more authentic version of sexuality.

> "By recognizing female lust, pornography shows a far more authentic version of sexuality."

SUBVERSIVE SEX

To those deeply attached to the status quo, the fear of losing control via sex makes sense. Authentic sexuality is ultimately revolutionary. It challenges gender roles by depicting women as being lusty without being bad. It returns ownership of our sexuality to us, rather than referring us to the authorities who decide what is "normal." It challenges the role of monogamy and the nuclear family as the exclusive source of emotional comfort. It undermines traditional religions by refusing to make procreation the primary purpose of sex. It trusts people to take care of themselves and others during sexual encounters. And it sees sex as a positive force we can use to explore and expand our human horizons, rather than as a negative force we must control and restrict to protect ourselves.

Of course, would-be censors do not admit that fear motivates them. No one says "Sex scares me," because such a statement would not be considered a good basis for public policy (nor should it). Instead, the censors hide behind social fables about the supposed dangers of uncontrolled sexuality. They tell us erotica causes violence and perversion.

RX

What can we do about censorship that stems from the fear of sexuality? We can affirm that many people are afraid of sex and empower them to find solutions to their fears. We can work to separate their fears from public-policy considerations. We also need to create and implement programs to help young people develop positive attitudes about sexuality.

Sexual repression in the nursery creates the censor. Years later, the fearful censor creates more repression. That cycle echoes the abused-child-becomes-child-abuser syndrome.

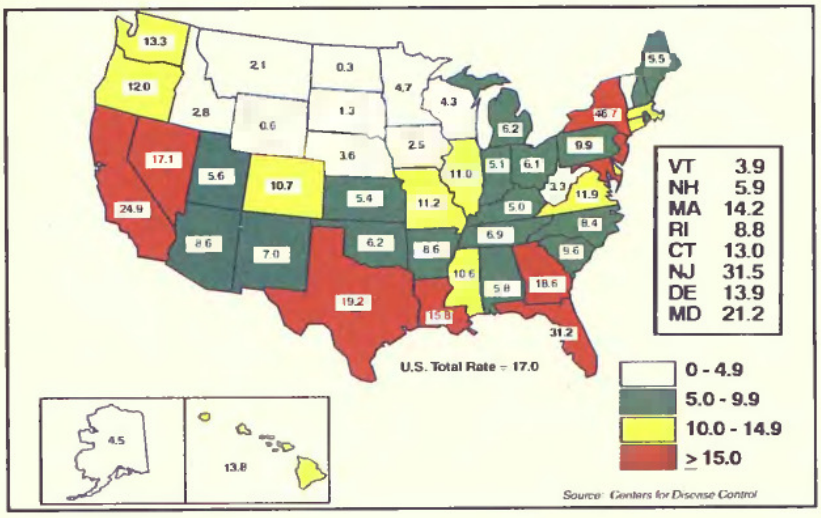
So I sympathize with you, censor, because you're trying desperately to do the right thing—in the mind of the six-year-old within. I'd like to help you eradicate your pain, fear and sense of powerlessness. Not by bullying others, pretending the problem is out there in them, but by helping you resolve your sexual fears. Sex can't hurt you—but your fear of it can.

A version of this article appeared in The Humanist. *Marty Klein, a California therapist, reported on a sexology conference in the April "Playboy Forum."*

SEXUAL GEOGRAPHY

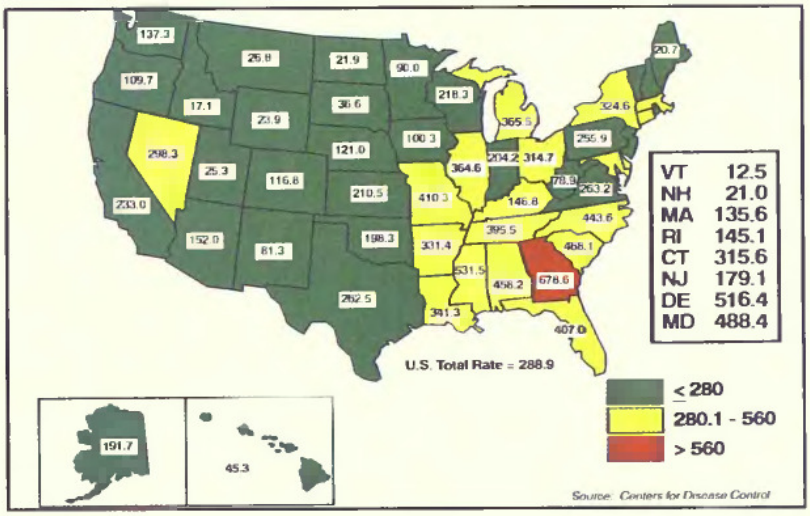
know your territory

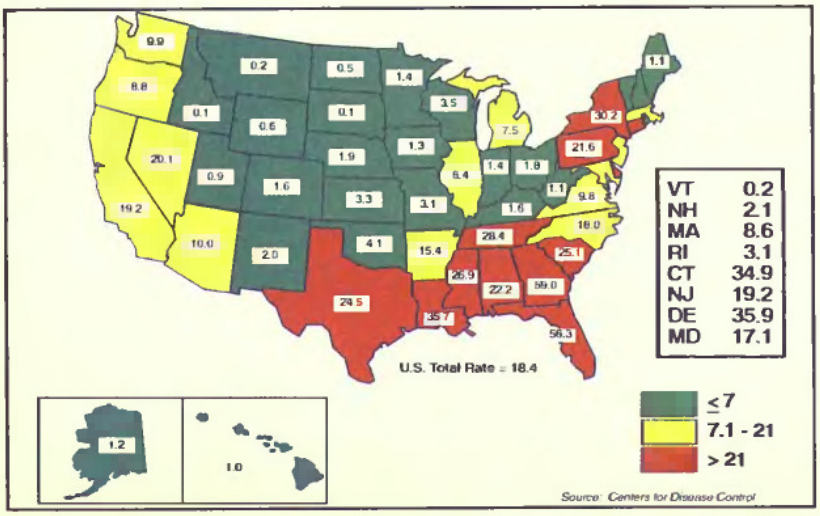
Every year, the Centers for Disease Control records the total number of new cases of AIDS, syphilis and gonorrhea—the three major sexually transmitted diseases that are required by law to be reported to state health authorities. Researchers calculate the rate of infection per 100,000 population in each state and compile a map charting the shape of the epidemic. The total number for each disease is: AIDS, 43,339; gonorrhea, 734,485; primary and secondary syphilis, 45,861. Do you live in hostile territory? Take a look.



AIDS annual rates per 100,000 population, for cases reported in 1990, United States

Gonorrhea annual rates per 100,000 population, for cases reported in 1989, United States





Primary and secondary syphilis annual rates per 100,000 population, for cases reported in 1989, United States

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FATHOM

COLOGNE FOR MEN

FOR MEN WHOSE EMOTIONS RUN DEEP

STIR CRAZY

more than a million americans, mostly poor and mostly black, are doing time—with no appreciable drop in crime. maybe it's time to question our zeal to jail

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Loved the Super Bowl but couldn't help noticing that most of the top players were black and that the fans were white. Then, as football season gave way to basketball and the Gulf war dragged on, I switched to old movies and caught *Spartacus*. Great flick. Slaves picked from Rome's colonies revolt under the leadership of gladiators, the only role models the slaves had back then.

Something gnawed at me, some connection, and I switched back to ESPN and CNN. That's one nice thing about sports mania and war—black men are allowed to become positive role models. Which is what George Bush must have been thinking when he vetoed the civil rights act last year—there's no further need to redress the historic wrongs of slavery, segregation and racism when black men seem to be doing so well.

So I mused until a report that had a stark statistic landed on my desk: "Nearly one in four black men in the age group 20–29 is under the control of the criminal-justice system—in prison or jail, on probation or parole." Which means the good old U.S. of A. incarcerates black men at four times the rate of racist South Africa.

Now, what's going on here? We cheer for our black guys on the playing field, we wave American flags for them in combat, but we send every fourth one off to prison. It's not just blacks, of course, who are being jailed at an unprecedented rate. The report, prepared by the reliable Washington-based research group The Sentencing Project, says we now have a higher percentage of our entire population in prison than any other country on earth. It documents that in the past few years, the U.S. has pulled past South Africa, which is now number two, while the Soviet Union struggles to keep its hold on third place in the Jail Your Own sweepstakes. More than 1,000,000 Americans are currently incarcerated, double the figure of ten years ago. During a decade in which politicians of every political stripe attempted to outdo themselves in talking tough on crime, we have managed to place an entire colony of our population behind bars, without any serious public debate and with no appreciable impact on the crime rate.

The craze to jail has little to do with stopping the hard crime that frightens people. The evidence is overwhelming that there is no demonstrable correlation between having lots of people in jail and having a safe society. As the Sentencing Project report notes, "American murder rates are at least seven times as high as [those of] most [European countries]," which average less than one quarter our rate of incarceration.

At a cost of at least $50,000 to build a cell and $20,000 annually to house each prisoner, we have managed to spend tens of billions on this approach to crime busting, while starving any and all alternative programs that might prevent crime. Most people are in jail for crimes so petty that if the criminals had held even the most minimal of jobs, the crime wouldn't have been cost effective. Yet we've all but abandoned job-training programs, other than the military, and have pulled the plug on inner-city schools, unleashing instead vast firepower against the ghetto.

The pathetic truth is that it is mostly crime committed by poor people that gets punished, and much of it, in dollar terms, is paltry. Incompetent criminals with inferior lawyers or overworked public defenders are the ones who go to jail. Only 20 percent of *reported* crimes end in arrest, and the bigger the fish, the less likelihood of his being caught. "The vast majority of inmates," reports the National Council on Crime and Delinquency, "are sentenced for petty crimes that pose little danger to public safety or significant economic loss to victims."

This is particularly true on the Federal level, despite the scary invocation of the Willie Horton example in the past Presidential race. As *Time* magazine—not a bastion of bleeding hearts—concluded in evaluating President Bush's ballyhooed crime-fighting proposals of a couple of years ago, "The President's proposals would have virtually no impact on the kinds of crime that Americans most fear: assault, robbery and rape, as well as virtually all murders and most drug offenses." Why? Because those crimes fall outside the Federal purview. *Time* noted that of 47,700 inmates held in Federal penitentiaries that year, "a mere 118" had been convicted of murder.

After taking a swipe at Bush for failing to move against assault weapons, *Time* pointed out the underlying practical problem: The money is just not there to build and maintain the prisons to accommodate ever larger numbers of convicts. Instead, prisoners are simply recycled through the system more quickly and in larger numbers, with little done to rehabilitate them while they are there. "Prison gates have become more like revolving doors: Nearly two thirds of all convicts are rearrested within three years of their release." Noting the six percent imprisonment rate, *Time* concluded, "Even doubling the current prison population, which would cost more than 43 billion dollars, would leave the chance of a prospective criminal's facing imprisonment at no more than ten percent."

Meaning that the zealots' drive to jail more people has little connection with a program to curtail crime. First, what is required, most experts in the field agree, is to sort out serious crime from all the junk charges that are now clogging the courts. In particular, the war on drugs has diverted our crime-fighting priorities from assaults on people and toward social engineering of the most myopic kind. It's amazing that we have the resources to hound casual drug users but can't make a serious dent in violent crimes against innocent bystanders.

Second, say many of these experts, we need to devote the same energies and finances to improving the lot of the people who commit the chicken-coop burglaries and holdups that land them in the can. If 43 percent of prisoners are black and another huge chunk is *Latino* and poor white, it ought to tell us something about the social causes of crime.

Uh-oh. Sounds like the old bleeding heart, doesn't it? But what's so hardheaded and realistic about telling a kid in Bedford-Stuyvesant that his only three choices in life are making the

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Knicks, joining the Army or committing crimes that have only a six percent chance of landing him in jail? And then the hardheads make the choice even niftier by unleashing a jihad against drugs, which, of course, just increases the huge profits of the narcotics trade, which, in turn, makes drugs far and away the best ghetto job opportunity.

What *I* think, Romans and countrymen, is that the demagogs who started this lock-'em-up craze should be held accountable. They've helped destroy almost half a generation of black youth in a mindless thrashing out at a problem requiring a calibrated response. It's time to stop hamming it up with showy theatrics. Enough with the circus barkers.

"Although the tragedy was real, the infamous Horton anecdote was hollow," John J. DiIulio, Jr., a leading criminal-justice expert, pointed out in a recent Brookings Institution study. "[More than] 99.5 percent of prison furloughs result neither in a violation of the terms of the furlough nor in a new crime."

On the other hand, parolees have a shockingly high recidivism rate. The point is that there is not a good "liberal" alternative to prison. In fact, the debate is not one of conservative or liberal ideology. Liberal governor Mario Cuomo of New York has built more prisons and put more people in jail than his Republican predecessors. And conservative governor George Deukmejian of California presided over a system that had more than 200,000 convicted criminals released on probation to ease the pressure on its overcrowded prisons. The point is not political but practical: We must stop making cheap theater out of the evidence and begin to think clearly about what works and what doesn't as an alternative to hard time.

Why? Try this hardheaded reason: because we just don't have the money to keep expanding the prison population at the rate of the past ten years. Ten years ago, the total cost of all jail construction, services and operations was 2.5 billion dollars. Now it is 25 billion dollars, and no one knows where to easily find more.

The fact is, we are already forced by overcrowded prisons and limited Government budgets to use many alternatives to straight time. About 2,500,000 Americans are now walking the streets on parole or probation. Despite all the laws passed mandating stiffer sentences, actual time served has not increased over the past decade, because there is no room at the inn and early release is required to make room for fresh convicts. Bottom line, ma'am.

States such as Minnesota have excellent programs that sentence nonviolent criminals to probation at home, with close supervision, while the "prisoner" studies or holds a job. The alternative—locking up all of those people, and the millions coming after them, and throwing away the key—has been tried and doesn't work. Even the South Africans and the Soviets, heavy-handed though they are, are coming to their senses and accepting limits to just how many people they can lock up. We're not there yet.

What we seem to believe in is this neo-apartheid society, where the inner city is abandoned and its black youth are ignored and shunned until they make enough noise to attract our attention either on football fields or in Arabia. Or, for one out of four, by committing crimes and getting thrown into jail.

Something is nagging at me again. What does it all remind me of? Colonies of black guys as gladiators, facing more or less the same choices: Go for the illegal bread or join the circuses. And, meanwhile, the Romans figure that if they keep cracking down on the misbegotten and keep cheering for the few who become heroes, it will all be OK. They never pause to consider, using hardheaded accounting, that it would be cheaper to send a kid to college than to gladiator school. Or to prison.

Roll *Spartacus*.

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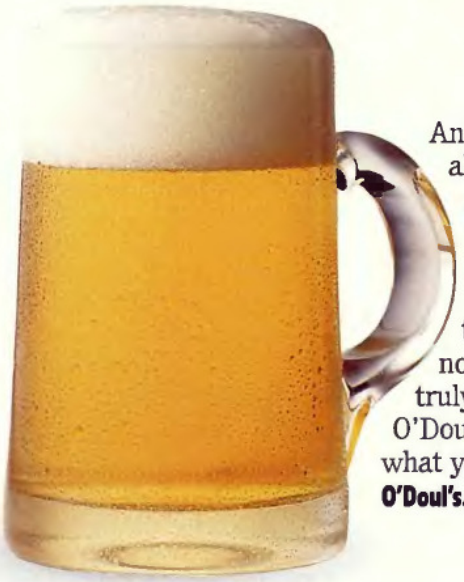

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GEORGE STEINBRENNER

a candid conversation with the exiled boss of the new york yankees about fistfights and firings, headlines and homers and being tossed from the game

It was 11:10 PM—just 20 minutes before air time—and things were strangely quiet on the set of "Saturday Night Live." The real action was 100 feet down the hall, in a cramped studio kitchenette, where a knot of stagehands and performers crowded around a small portable television set to catch the evening's prime attraction: the fourth game of the 1990 World Series. Out in California, manager Lou Piniella and his Cincinnati Reds were just six outs away from one of the most stunning upsets in baseball history—a four-game sweep of the juggernaut Oakland A's.

"Hey," someone piped up. "What do you think George thinks of this?" Eyes flicked about nervously, as if someone might be listening. "I mean, Lou's there, George is here. Doesn't that seem pretty weird?"

It was weird. Because George Steinbrenner, former managing general partner of the New York Yankees and erstwhile enfant terrible *of the American League, was not only conspicuously absent from baseball's fall classic but ousted from the game altogether; as the Reds were preparing to enter the baseball record books, Steinbrenner was in a studio dressing room, getting combed and prepped for his stint as "S.N.L." guest host. Only two and a half months earlier, baseball commissioner Fay Vincent had effectively expelled Steinbrenner from the sport that had made him famous, after conducting one of the most publicized disciplinary hearings since the 1919 Black Sox scandal. A seasoned trouper, Steinbrenner accepted the "S.N.L." gig with humor and grace and, when he took center stage, made it a point to congratulate both Piniella—his former employee—and Cincinnati—his one-time series opponent. Yet, he still felt the sting.*

The commissioner's investigation had been an exhaustive one, and the findings were damning. After weeks of poring over documents and listening to testimony, Vincent concluded that Steinbrenner had paid Howard Spira, a two-bit Bronx gambler, $40,000 to dig up dirt on Yankees outfielder and Steinbrenner nemesis Dave Winfield. Spira had worked as a gofer for the David M. Winfield Foundation—a charitable organization Winfield had established to help inner-city kids—and went to Steinbrenner with information about financial irregularities at the organization.

Steinbrenner claimed he paid Spira the $40,000 ("out of the goodness of my heart") to help the former gambler start his life over. Vincent didn't buy the story and, last July 30, convened a press conference to hand down baseball's equivalent of a death sentence: Henceforth, George Steinbrenner was "to be treated as if he had been placed on the permanently ineligible list."

The New York media went wild at the news: TV stations interrupted their regular programing to carry the story; at Yankee Stadium, 24,000 fans rose to their feet, breaking into a spontaneous, 90-second ovation; newspapers ran headlines in type faces ordinarily reserved for moon landings and peace treaties.

Steinbrenner greeted his fate with surprising equanimity. "I'm very happy," he said at the time. "Satisfied, let's say."

But now, Steinbrenner seems anything but satisfied. The punishment, he now insists, was not a punishment at all but simply an agreement between himself and Vincent—and the terms of that agreement, he argues, have been distorted by the commissioner. Two Yankees partners have filed a suit seeking to return their toppled boss to power; and Steinbrenner himself has gone on the public-relations offensive, telling anyone who will listen that his life in Yankees pinstripes is anything but over, insisting that his disciplinary hearing was nothing short of a sham.

Meanwhile, the press continues to track the Steinbrenner affair with front-page urgency. As recently as February, New York tabloids revealed that Steinbrenner's lawyers had submitted a 500-page report to baseball's executive council detailing alleged irregularities in the commissioner's investigation. Coverage of the story, however, was curiously contradictory: On subsequent days, New York papers attributed to Steinbrenner such conflicting quotes as "I want [the] Yanks

"Why do you think Darryl Strawberry left New York? Come on! The media drove him out. He's one of the great ballplayers playing the game today and he left New York because he was fed up. And I don't blame him."

"My dad wanted to teach me the value of a dollar. So I raised chickens and sold the eggs on a daily basis. One time, I went to school accidentally carrying two eggs in my jacket and they squashed in my pockets."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JORGE ALVAREZ

"The spirit of the agreement was that it wasn't supposed to be a ban. But within ten minutes of the time we signed it, [Commissioner] Fay Vincent said, 'It is a permanent suspension.' . . . That's a lie! The man lied!"

back" and "My goal is not to run the team again. . . . All I want to do is see the truth come out."

Those who know and love Steinbrenner—and they do exist—insist that his case has merit. Those who know and scorn him—and they certainly exist—doubt it. Both sides, however, agree that his fall from baseball grace was as long in coming as it was inevitable. It was in 1973 that sports fans first heard of the shipbuilder from Cleveland who, along with 11 partners, had scraped together enough funds to buy a lackluster Yankees franchise with the hopes of reversing its fading fortunes. The purchase price for the most storied team in professional sports was about $10,000,000—less than half the current contract of Oakland outfielder Jose Canseco.

"We plan absentee ownership," the new boss said at the time, but within the first two years of his stewardship, the hands-off owner started to look decidedly hands-on. New managers and coaches were hired; free-agent superstars were signed to multimillion-dollar contracts; lucrative TV and radio deals were negotiated. Then, in 1976, the revamped Yankees won the American League pennant; in 1977 and 1978, the team won back-to-back World Series, its first since 1962. Throughout the Seventies and the Eighties, stadium attendance and television audiences climbed, and by 1990, the group's $10,000,000 investment was worth in excess of $200,000,000.

But with trophies and profits came turmoil. Over time, Steinbrenner started engaging in strangely erratic behavior. In 1981, he boasted of having been involved in a fight in a Los Angeles elevator, in which he claimed to have punched some Dodgers fans who had slurred the Yankees. He also began berating his players and managers constantly—and publicly. From 1973 to 1990, his staff changes included the comings and goings of 19 managers, five team presidents, 15 pitching coaches and 13 general managers and the trading away of entire rosters of promising players. The Yankees' boss also repeatedly sparked the ire of the reigning baseball commissioner, earning himself a string of fines and reprimands. At one point, he was suspended for two years for having made an illegal contribution to Richard Nixon's 1972 re-election campaign.

The upheaval started taking its toll: From 1986 to 1990, the Yankees plunged from second to fourth to last place in the American League East. Attendance slid badly, and those fans who did go to the stadium often spent much of the game waving anti-Steinbrenner placards and chanting, "George must go" and "Steinbrenner sucks." Just before the Vincent ruling was handed down, Newsweek *ran a picture of the Yankees' boss on its cover with the caption "THE MOST HATED MAN IN BASEBALL." And almost immediately after the commissioner's decision was announced, the U.S. Olympic Committee followed suit, asking Steinbrenner, who serves as a vice-president of the committee, to step back from its day-to-day activities until the storm passed.*

For Steinbrenner, life has never been without its battles. The oldest of three children—and the only son—George M. Steinbrenner III was born in Rocky River, Ohio, on the Fourth of July, 1930. His mother, Rita Haley Steinbrenner, was a small, reserved woman of Irish descent, a Christian Scientist who reared her family more with nudges and nurturing than with discipline. His father, Henry, was another matter: Demanding, rich and rigid, he was an athlete and engineer of German background who made his fortune in the shipping business.

At 14, Steinbrenner was sent off to the Culver Military Academy in northern Indiana, then went on to Williams College in Massachusetts. A quiet student who neither smoked nor drank, Steinbrenner played halfback for the Williams football team, ran hurdles in track and co-edited the sports section of the Williams Record.

He served a hitch in the Air Force, then enrolled at Ohio State University, planning a master's degree in physical education and a career coaching football. In 1955, he took coaching jobs first at Northwestern University and at Purdue, alongside such gridiron luminaries as Lou Saban and Len Dawson.

In 1957, however, Henry Steinbrenner intervened. Kinsman Marine, the family shipping business, was beginning to struggle, and the son was called home to help keep the company afloat. Steinbrenner, assuming the duties of company treasurer, still had the sports bug, and, in 1960, sold his shares of Kinsman stock, raised $125,000 and used the money to buy the Cleveland Pipers, an industrial-league basketball team. In 1963, the Pipers went bankrupt, Henry Steinbrenner retired and George took over the reins of the family company. Ultimately, he was able to raise enough money to gain a majority interest in Kinsman stock, diversify into ship construction and—in a move he still considers neither ironic nor poetic—lure his father out of retirement to work for the firm he now ran.

Steinbrenner had become a man with enormous industrial clout—and an enormous love of sports. After a deal to buy the Cleveland Indians fell through, he acquired title to the New York Yankees in 1973. It was a move that would eventually bring him fame, fortune and, last year, disgrace.

To interview Steinbrenner, Playboy *chose free-lance journalist* **Jeffrey Kluger,** *a baseball writer who has traveled from Cooperstown to Tokyo to cover the sport. Kluger caught up with Steinbrenner in suites at two New York hotels and in the offices of American Ship Building Co. in Tampa, Florida. Here is his report:*

"There are harder things to do than pinning George Steinbrenner down for a meeting, but none leap to mind. It took more than two months of broken appointments before we finally agreed on a time and day to meet in his suite at The Carlyle hotel. Even then, it was made clear that we would have just a couple of hours to talk, and that future meetings would be catch-as-catch-can.

"Once we did get together, I found Steinbrenner to be a wonderfully gracious host—the captain of industry who remembers to pour your coffee, the colossus of baseball who reminds you to drink your juice. When you say something he respects or agrees with, he lets you know with an 'Atta boy!' or a 'That's the way!' I had not planned—or even wanted—to like the man, yet I found myself warming up.

"But Steinbrenner has another side, too. There's a strut and bluster to him that grows old quickly. When you're with him, his phone rings constantly and he always leaps to answer it. The conversations are either raucous and hearty or cryptic and whispered; but in either case, they seem to be as much for the benefit of the person in the room as for the person on the other end of the line. When Steinbrenner does focus on the conversation at hand, he can get lost in it. He is, after all, a man with a big, cluttered history and a side to every story he wants to tell.

"Ultimately, though, Steinbrenner comes across as neither mean nor mythic but as the kind of guy you've known all your life—that rich businessman your dad used to have drinks with who wore those strange beltless slacks and monogrammed shirts and who could bend your ear for hours on end, usually talking about himself. The thing was, though, he'd had a remarkable life and, not incidentally, made himself tons of money. Try as you might, you couldn't deny that this was a man who had left his mark upon the world.

"Steinbrenner and I began our conversation—how else?—by talking baseball."

> *"People keep coming up to me and asking, 'How does it feel to be banned for life?' That's bullshit. I wasn't banned for life."*

PLAYBOY: Here we are, at the beginning of a new baseball season, and for the first time since 1973, George Steinbrenner isn't part of the game. What's that like?

STEINBRENNER: People keep coming up to me and asking, "How does it feel to be banned for life?" That's bullshit. Banned for life. I wasn't banned for life. There was never a word of suspension, probation or ban in that agreement. It was never meant to be part of it.

PLAYBOY: The press and the commissioner certainly made it sound that way.

STEINBRENNER: Well, the spirit of the agreement was that it wasn't supposed to be a ban. But within ten minutes of the time we signed it, Fay Vincent went to his press conference and said, "It is a permanent suspension." He also said that I can't even go to a ball game without his permission. That's a lie! The man lied! They took that agreement and

twisted it. For whatever reasons, I don't know. Maybe someday we'll find out.

The agreement specifically states that there are certain extraordinary and material things—like free agents—that I can still get the commissioner's permission to participate in. And there are four specific areas that I have the absolute *right* to participate in: banking and financial arrangements—anything having to do with money that we have in the bank; all radio and television contracts; all lease negotiations with New York City and the minor-league cities; and all concession contracts.

PLAYBOY: And the agreement said the commissioner could approve of your participation in those four areas?

STEINBRENNER: It said he *will* approve—that I'd write him and say, "I'm going to be involved in this," and he would have no choice. *Will approve.* He kept telling me over and over that he didn't want to hurt the Yankees partnership in any way, then he says, "He can't even go to a ball game without my permission." That's false. I can go to a ball game. I can't sit in the owner's box at Yankee Stadium, but I can sit in the owner's box in any other ball park. Vincent took that agreement and twisted it.

PLAYBOY: Why would he do that?

STEINBRENNER: To make himself look all powerful, like he had stamped me down and humiliated me. I wanted to announce the agreement jointly with him at the press conference, but he didn't want to do that. He wanted a different twist. Of course, the agreement also says that I'm not supposed to talk about these things. . . .

PLAYBOY: The agreement doesn't say you can't talk about the game itself like any other fan. So let's do that. How did you feel about the Reds' big upset of Oakland last year?

STEINBRENNER: You never count anyone out in a series. I still think Oakland was the best team in baseball last year, but as I looked into the faces of the A's in the first game, I saw guys who were not quite uninterested but sort of saying, "Oh, ho, hum." I think they went in a little overconfident, and Cincinnati was lying in the weeds. [Reds vice-president and general manager] Bob Quinn has some tremendous talent on that team.

PLAYBOY: Quinn and Lou Piniella were former Steinbrenner employees. So, in a sense, it was a real ex-Yankees series.

STEINBRENNER: Well, that's true. Before Bob went out there, he had told me that he wanted to move on to greener pastures. We had heard rumors that they needed somebody to straighten things out in Cincinnati and, sure enough, [Reds owner] Marge Schott called me, crying that she was getting raked over the coals out there and that nobody in her own organization would protect her. I said, "Well, Bob Quinn will do that for you. He'll keep these back stabbers off of you." She said, "Well, then I think I'm going to hire him."

Next, Bob wanted to talk to Lou Piniella. I called Lou and said, "This is a great situation for you and your family—a wonderful town, and Marge is a good person. So I'm going to give you permission to go out there and talk to them." Lou went out and talked to Marge, but afterward, Marge called me and said, "I'm not going to take Lou. He wants three years and I won't give *anybody* three years." I said, "Now, listen to me, Marge, and listen carefully. You take Lou. Lou's what you need out there." I pleaded with her and she finally agreed to give him the third year.

PLAYBOY: Are you taking credit for building the Reds?

STEINBRENNER: I'm not taking credit for a thing. In fact, a lot of people said to me, "You dumbass, you let two people get away." But the night before Cincinnati started the play-offs, Bob Quinn called me and said, "George, I'm sitting here ready to go into the play-offs and I was thinking about you. This is the greatest thrill of my life and you made it all happen. I just wanted you to know that." That was one of the nicest things that ever happened to me in baseball.

PLAYBOY: One time when things weren't so nice for you was July thirtieth of last

year: The fans at Yankee Stadium are watching a game with the Tigers when word gets around that you've accepted the commissioner's punishment——

STEINBRENNER: Let's not talk punishment.

PLAYBOY: OK, the agreement. As the news started to spread, the response from the fans was, well, enthusiastic.

STEINBRENNER: Sure.

PLAYBOY: That had to hurt.

STEINBRENNER: It didn't bother me.

PLAYBOY: Twenty-four thousand cheering fans didn't hurt?

STEINBRENNER: You have to understand the mentality of the sports fan. When soccer fans riot and kill people over the score of a game, when baseball fans jump down from the stands, run onto the field and strip, that's just their nature. No psychologist will ever say that sports fans are the model of how people should be; something happens to them when they're all together. One guy boos and the next guy says, "Hey, he's booing, I'll boo, too." One guy cheers and everyone else cheers. I've heard them boo Don Mattingly. I've heard them boo Reggie Jackson—*unmercifully*. But that's their mentality. You're only as good as your last game. If you don't understand that about sports, stay out of the game.

PLAYBOY: But *something* happened to turn the fans against you. Let's look at the stats. Under Steinbrenner, the Yankees had fourteen winning seasons——

STEINBRENNER: Plus five division championships, four American League pennants, two World Series victories and the best won–lost percentage in baseball in the Eighties.

PLAYBOY: And yet, at some point, it all started to go sour. The numbers point to 1980 as the turning point. The Yankees got swept in the American League playoffs and——

STEINBRENNER: Nobody has won as many games as we have in the past seventeen years.

PLAYBOY: But you haven't won a World Series in twelve years. What would you rather have—one hundred wins and a second-place finish, like the 1980 Orioles, or eighty-five wins and a World Series victory, like the 1987 Twins?

STEINBRENNER: I can't really say, because I believe winning is the key to it. I'm win oriented. But too many things can determine whether you get to the play-offs or the series. Too many things. You can have the best team and *still* not get into the series. That happened to Cincinnati one year.

PLAYBOY: But getting back to the point, under your helmsmanship, the most storied team in baseball history fell apart. During those seventeen years, you worked with four commissioners, were fined six times for a total of three hundred fifty thousand dollars, were suspended twice and reprimanded once.

STEINBRENNER: First of all, remember that Bowie Kuhn was the commissioner who fined me many of those times. Holier-than-thou, sanctimonious Bowie Kuhn—the epitome of integrity! Bowie Kuhn was looking for reasons to get me.

PLAYBOY: Why would he do that?

STEINBRENNER: I don't know. I mean, Bowie and I never really got along. He wasn't my kind of guy. We just never had a relationship.

Take the pine-tar incident in 1983, which was the heaviest fine, OK? George Brett comes up to bat for the Kansas City Royals in a crucial game and hits a home run against us. But in violation of the baseball rules, he has pine tar smeared too far up his bat. An umpire, trying to do his job, measures the bat, finds it illegal and disallows the home run; there's a rule in the rule book and it was broken, right? So the umpire's ruling should stand. But baseball, in its infinite wisdom, interferes. [Former American League president] Lee MacPhail comes out and says, "Well, I don't think the pine tar hurts or changes the flight of the ball, so I'm going to overrule it." So I got heated and issued a statement that said, "Maybe he ought to buy a house in Kansas City, if that's the way he feels." Then the commissioner calls me up and—boom!—we have a hearing.

PLAYBOY: Which resulted in a two-hundred-fifty-thousand-dollar fine.

STEINBRENNER: For speaking out. But why shouldn't I speak out? Don't you speak out in this country?

PLAYBOY: Sure, but isn't some decorum incumbent upon a team owner?

STEINBRENNER: No, I don't think so. Nobody is going to sit back and not say anything just because he's bought into a league where the commissioner has such absolute power. But let me tell you where this almighty power came from: It came into being with Judge [Kenesaw Mountain] Landis, the first commissioner, who was brought in during the Black Sox scandal in 1919. The commissioner was given the power to do anything that's "in the best interest of baseball." And that's a pretty ill-defined term.

PLAYBOY: It is very broad.

STEINBRENNER: It's *without definition*! Is it in the best interest of baseball to sell beer in the ninth inning? Probably not. The rule has got to be more clearly defined. And then some process should be set up where the judge is not also the appeals judge.

PLAYBOY: Another incident that caught the eye of the press was your alleged fight in an elevator in Los Angeles in 1981. What actually happened?

STEINBRENNER: What happened? My lawyers have that information. On their advice, I have never talked about it, and I don't intend to. Things were done, settlements were made, and that's all there is to it. I'm not going to talk about it.

PLAYBOY: Were you telling the truth to the press at the time?

STEINBRENNER: I won't talk about it. [*Pauses*] Absolutely. Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: There were kids in the elevator, right?

STEINBRENNER: There were.

PLAYBOY: They were Dodgers fans.

STEINBRENNER: They were. And my attorneys have that. That's long buried.

PLAYBOY: You hit somebody?

STEINBRENNER: I hit a number of times, yes. That's all I'm going to say.

PLAYBOY: How did you react when people said, "George punched an elevator wall"?

STEINBRENNER: [*Sarcastically*] Ahhh! I'm sure I'm going to do that. Right. I don't care what people say, you know. They can say what they want.

PLAYBOY: Until now, perhaps the most well-known blemish on your record was your connection to Watergate. After your conviction for making an illegal contribution to Richard Nixon's 1972 reelection campaign, Kuhn suspended you for two years. How did that sit with you?

STEINBRENNER: There are things that have never come out on Watergate that someday will come out.

PLAYBOY: Can you say what things?

STEINBRENNER: Deep things. No, I can't say, but they would throw an entirely different light on it.

PLAYBOY: Did you commit a crime?

STEINBRENNER: You commit a crime when you make an illegal contribution.

PLAYBOY: And you made an illegal contribution?

STEINBRENNER: Well, I was . . . I was one of many. I won't even dwell on it. It was an old law, an antiquated law. I got some very poor advice. And that's all I'm going to say.

PLAYBOY: You're a patriotic man. How did it feel to have your right to vote taken away?

STEINBRENNER: It didn't feel good. It was a devastation to me, because I love my country so much, and no one is as patriotic—almost to the point of corniness—as I am. That's why I'm so respectful that President Reagan gave me a pardon.

PLAYBOY: What prompted that?

STEINBRENNER: I don't know. I had applied several times, and finally he did it. President Carter didn't see fit to, but President Reagan did.

PLAYBOY: Did you promptly register to vote again?

STEINBRENNER: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Were you bothered when [former Yankees manager] Billy Martin talked about the incident and used the word convicted to describe you?

STEINBRENNER: Oh, Billy said many things in many places under the influence of many things—his drinking or his anger or whatever. Billy was a warrior. And I appreciated that.

PLAYBOY: More than anybody else, Martin best represents the turmoil of the George Steinbrenner Yankees. What was behind all your hirings and firings of

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Billy? [*Martin served five separate terms as Yankees manager before dying in an automobile accident in 1989.*]

STEINBRENNER: Well, there were some mistakes made; I probably shouldn't have changed managers as much as I did. One thing about me when I changed managers, though: I didn't let the people go; I didn't fire them and put them out in the street. Most of those people are still with me. Now, in the case of Billy Martin—I loved Billy. I never knew a better manager in baseball. But Billy was sometimes the cause of the firings. At least three of the five times I hired him and fired him, things had happened that prevented me from keeping him on. That barroom brawl he got into in Texas in 1988, for example. I saw him after that brawl. His ear was almost torn off. He was a bloody mess.

PLAYBOY: But if you knew Billy had a drinking and brawling problem, didn't you only contribute to it by keeping him on a managerial seesaw?

STEINBRENNER: No, because he was drinking whether he was with me or not. Toward the end, he would go a few months and then—boom!—something would happen.

PLAYBOY: Suppose you had made it a condition of his employment that he get into alcohol rehabilitation? It's done for players, why not for managers?

STEINBRENNER: We did have him in various programs. I don't really want to discuss Billy's personal habits; he's not here to defend himself. Suffice it to say that Billy had his problems—like everybody does. His drinking was obviously one of them. He had his faults like I have my faults. But still, I loved him—absolutely. And don't forget, he was with me until the end.

PLAYBOY: But many of your other managers weren't. Let's run through some of them. Dick Howser. [*Howser left the Yankees in 1980. He died of a brain tumor in 1987, after winning the 1985 World Series with Kansas City.*]

STEINBRENNER: Great manager. Great person. A mistake.

PLAYBOY: A mistake to fire him?

STEINBRENNER: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: *Did* you fire him? At the time, you said he left the team to pursue real-estate opportunities.

STEINBRENNER: Well, I'm telling you that we sat in a restaurant at my hotel and he told me about these opportunities. But I also have no doubt that he wasn't happy working for me. He may have felt that he was being forced out or something, or that I didn't try hard enough to keep him. But I think if you went to his wife, Nancy, today, she would tell you that I was pretty loyal to him during the entire thing, and if he couldn't stand managing for me, OK. But he was a fine manager and, more than that, a fine person.

Now, this is off the record: [*Weeks later, Steinbrenner would reluctantly agree to allow the following portion back on the record.*] The mortgage on Nancy's house is paid for by me. And the first person to meet her at the airport in Tallahassee when she came back from Kansas City with Dick's body was George Steinbrenner. I think she'll tell you that.

PLAYBOY: How come you don't want this on the record?

STEINBRENNER: I just don't think I should. Some people say that I feel bad over what happened with Dick and that I may have played a part in it. Maybe yes, but I really cared for him and I care for her. She's lovely people. And it was a tragic loss for baseball. He was a courageous, good guy. OK, that's Howser.

PLAYBOY: Dallas Green. Green left the Yankees on bad terms with you. Was it a mistake to fire him?

STEINBRENNER: No, absolutely not. I'd do it again. I don't want to get into any verbal battle with Dallas, except if you go back and check with the Chicago Cubs, where Green had been general manager and team president, you'll find that they didn't think I should hire him.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

STEINBRENNER: They sat at a table in Montreal with me, and a top official—whom I won't name—said, "You're making a mistake, because he'll always blame management and the front office. That's what he did here in Chicago." He didn't leave his managing job in Philly under the best of terms, either.

PLAYBOY: But he left there with a World Series ring.

STEINBRENNER: Still, it wasn't under the best of terms. We also had player problems under Dallas. Certain people asked me at the 1990 spring training, "Why did you ever hire him? He was always blaming the players."

PLAYBOY: The players said this to you?

STEINBRENNER: The players. I said, "Why the hell didn't you guys speak up when I made the move?" Suffice it to say, I wouldn't hire Dallas again. He says, "I wouldn't go back again." Fine. I wouldn't take him back. On a bet.

PLAYBOY: Let's move to Yogi Berra. In 1985, you fired him after just sixteen games, and it has been almost six years since he has been willing to set foot in Yankee Stadium.

STEINBRENNER: Yeah, I know. It's been a long time. It's too bad. I like Yogi very much. Nice person. Fine person.

PLAYBOY: Was it a mistake to fire him?

STEINBRENNER: From a fan's standpoint? Yes. From a managerial standpoint? I don't know. I don't want to rehash that. I liked Yogi very much, always did like him, will always like him.

PLAYBOY: Would it mean a lot to you if he came back and——

STEINBRENNER: Sure.

PLAYBOY: Forgave?

STEINBRENNER: Sure it would. Absolutely. That's why we created that special day for catchers. We wanted him to come back, but he didn't. I can't change that. He knows how I feel. I've sent numerous emissaries to him.

PLAYBOY: Then there was Bob Lemon. In 1982, you gave him just fourteen games before firing him. And that was after telling the press, "I swear on my heart, he'll be my manager all season."

STEINBRENNER: Yeah. Well, Lemon. There was a period when Bob Lemon lost his son—a tragic jeep accident, I believe. He had two sons, and they were so close. I didn't see fit to put Lem through that rat-race. I could see that it was affecting him in spring training. We all saw it. He wasn't the same Lemon because of that.

PLAYBOY: But only fourteen games? Why even start the season with him?

STEINBRENNER: I forget all of the exact details—this was almost ten years ago, remember—but I don't think it was a mistake. Besides, Bob Lemon is still with me today. He's with me for life.

PLAYBOY: But Lou Piniella isn't. Was it a mistake to fire him?

STEINBRENNER: No, not at the time. [*Pauses*] I don't believe I gave Lou enough of a chance, OK? He was going to be a good manager, he *is* a good manager with Cincinnati, and he's a great person. But I think he learned from his experience with me, too. And I think he would tell you that.

Lou Piniella and I were, perhaps, too close. He was too much like a son. Look at the way he continually says, "I had to show George I could manage, I had to show the boss." That makes me feel good. It's like a left-handed compliment, a show of respect. "I want to prove to the guy that I can do it." Like you would with your dad.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever undermine your managers in the press?

STEINBRENNER: No. I was often misquoted. I was supportive of my managers, even though they all may not think so.

PLAYBOY: What about the stories that there was a hotline from your office to the dugout?

STEINBRENNER: Not so. Absolutely not so. I never called a manager in the dugout to dictate who should play or to say that he'd made a mistake.

PLAYBOY: What about when——

STEINBRENNER: Let me just end it at that.

PLAYBOY: But——

STEINBRENNER: I just made the statement to you. There's no sense in going on.

PLAYBOY: On those occasions when you did fire a manager, how would you do it? What words would you use?

STEINBRENNER: Well, you bring him into your office and you say, "Look, I'm going to make a change. I've made up my mind, and this is the reason I'm making the change. I think it's best right now, though I'd like you to stay with the organization. You can work in such-and-such a capacity or we can talk about what *you* might want to do with us." That's

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usually the way it would go.

PLAYBOY: Did any of your managers ever try to talk you out of firing them?

STEINBRENNER: Ah, yeah. I think Billy did on one or two occasions, but I told him I was doing it for his own good. I think Lou did, too. He said, "I'm a good manager, I can manage." And he was certainly right.

PLAYBOY: Lou Piniella isn't the only Yankee to have found success elsewhere; there are others: Oakland's Rickey Henderson, for example.

STEINBRENNER: Never should have gone! I did not make that trade! Exclamation mark, exclamation mark, exclamation mark! If [former Yankees general manager] Syd Thrift says he didn't make that trade, he's lying. I like Syd in many ways, but when he came over to the Yankees, he said, "Look, if I'm going to be G.M., I want to make the moves I need to make to build this team." I said, "You got it. The only thing I want is to be notified before you do it, so that I don't get taken by surprise by the newspapers." Later, he started talking about how we needed to get pitching, and then mentioned trading Henderson. He called me on my car phone to tell me that he was going to make the deal. I could have stopped it, but I would have been going back on what I told him he could do. If there was a mistake on my part, it was in not overruling him. But that was his damn trade and everybody in the organization knew that.

But, obviously, it was a major mistake to let Rickey go. I know that some of the coaches, including Lou Piniella, used to say that Rickey was jaking it when he had that injured hamstring. That was the word: jaking—asking to be taken out all the time. But I'm the one who went downstairs, took the team doctor aside and said, "Now, you tell me if this young man is jaking on me, because I don't think he is." And they went over his hamstring—they looked at it and felt it—and the doctor said, "He's got a bad one." So I said, "Fine. Now, I don't want to hear one more fucking word about Rickey Henderson jaking it. He *isn't* jaking it. You just heard it from the doctor and the trainer." I straightened their asses out in a hurry.

So, no, Rickey Henderson never laid down on me. I don't care what anybody says. He was an impact player, and he's a fine young man; as far as I'm concerned, one of the finest I've met since I've been in baseball.

PLAYBOY: Other ex-Yankees: [Pittsburgh pitcher] Doug Drabek.

STEINBRENNER: Drabek I did have something to do with. Definitely a mistake. He's the Cy Young winner. But who knew that five years ago?

PLAYBOY: [Cincinnati pitcher] Jose Rijo.

STEINBRENNER: I liked Jose. I can't remember who we traded for or how the trade was made, but that wasn't one of my deals. I mean, I'm not trying to walk away from it, but I had nothing to do with that one.

PLAYBOY: [Former Yankees catcher] Rick Cerone.

STEINBRENNER: Well, you know, Rick eventually came back to the Yankees. After we traded him, he said some awful things about me, but when Boston let him go, he called me and said, "I didn't think you'd take my call after what I said about how bad it was playing for you." I said, "Hell, you always gave me a hundred and ten percent. You played black-and-blue for me. You can say whatever you want. Now, what can I do for you?" He said, "Well, nobody wants me; it would cost them a second-round draft choice. I don't suppose you'd be interested." I said, "Get your ass to Fort Lauderdale and get into a uniform." He played great ball for us after that.

PLAYBOY: What about Reggie Jackson? Were you sorry he got away?

STEINBRENNER: I never should have let Reggie Jackson go; letting him get away was a bad deal. Someday, I'll speak about how that happened, but I don't want to right now. It was nothing between Reggie and me or Reggie and the ball club. It was an outside situation that occurred.

PLAYBOY: What kind of outside situation?

STEINBRENNER: Somebody lied. But I don't want to get into that. Today, I consider Reggie a friend, and I'd be the first guy to stand up and yell for him getting into the Hall of Fame. Yes, you can say he wasn't the best outfielder—and I know he wasn't. And maybe he didn't have the best arm—no, he didn't. And maybe he wasn't the fastest—no, he wasn't, but he wasn't slow, either. All I know is, all that sucker did was win. Everywhere. Oakland. Baltimore. New York. That, to me, is a true Hall of Famer. He could rise to the occasion. If Reggie Jackson doesn't get into the Hall of Fame, *nobody* should.

PLAYBOY: But the point is, the Yankees lost him. Some of your critics charge that good players and managers got away because you didn't know baseball. When you bought the team, how much of a baseball man *were* you?

STEINBRENNER: I had coached baseball in the Air Force, but I was principally a football coach and track man. I did play sand-lot baseball but never varsity.

PLAYBOY: What position did you play?

STEINBRENNER: Once in a while, second base; once in a while, outfield. But those were just pickup games and softball leagues. So when I bought the Yankees, I tried to stay one pace ahead of the players.

PLAYBOY: What was the best trade you made as Yankees owner?

STEINBRENNER: One or two trades stand out. The Willie Randolph trade in 1975 was a fine one for us. As I recall, we gave Pittsburgh Doc Medich and we got Randolph, Ken Brett and Dock Ellis. That was a good trade. The Cleveland Indians trade was great, too. We gave them some pitchers and they gave us some pitchers in return, plus Chris Chambliss. Everybody thought I gave away the store, but it turned out to be a good trade.

PLAYBOY: What about your worst trade for the Yankees?

STEINBRENNER: I won't say the worst, because that singles out one player and makes him feel bad. Let's talk about one that maybe didn't pan out.

PLAYBOY: OK.

STEINBRENNER: Hmmm. Let me think. In 1982, we traded Dave Collins, Mike Morgan, Fred McGriff and some cash to the Blue Jays for Dale Murray. That didn't work out. Dale was a nice young man, but I guess he'd passed his best days when we got him.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to Reggie Jackson, in 1982, after he went to the Angels, he came to New York and hit a home run against the Yankees. That was the day fans rose and began chanting——

STEINBRENNER: "George sucks."

PLAYBOY: "Steinbrenner sucks."

STEINBRENNER: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: In their recent book *Damned Yankees*, authors Bill Madden and Moss Klein say that you convened your coaches in a meeting afterward and were "literally hysterical." True?

STEINBRENNER: No. Absolutely not. I left the stadium.

PLAYBOY: They said you were ranting and rambling.

STEINBRENNER: Let me tell you what they don't know: I didn't even stay. When they started the "Steinbrenner sucks," I said, "Come on, let's go, let's get out of here." I got in the car, went back into town and went to dinner. See how wrong they are? I didn't convene the coaches that night.

PLAYBOY: So you never had a tirade about the incident?

STEINBRENNER: No. Our batting coach, Charley Lau, had been telling me that Reggie was done, and the only thing I said—and I have sworn affidavits—was, "How can you tell me a guy's done, then he comes back in and buries us?" But no tirade at all.

PLAYBOY: Madden and Klein's book points to other strange behavior. Such as the story about your firing a secretary—from an airport telephone—simply because she mixed up your plane reservations.

STEINBRENNER: Yeah, that's true. It was in Cleveland. I was very rushed. I had to go on an important trip to New York and I had cautioned her for three days to make sure those reservations were in order, because I had meetings in both Cleveland and New York. I got out to the airport and they said, "Geez, Mr. Steinbrenner, we don't have you on that

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For a summary of product information, see adjoining page.

Rogaine®
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The only product proven to grow hair.

Rogaine®
TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

The only product proven to grow hair.

What is ROGAINE?

ROGAINE Topical Solution, discovered and made by The Upjohn Company, is a standardized topical (for use only on the skin) prescription medication proved effective for the long-term treatment of male pattern baldness of the crown.

ROGAINE is the only topical solution of minoxidil. Minoxidil in tablet form has been used since 1980 to lower blood pressure. The use of *minoxidil tablets* is limited to treatment of patients with severe high blood pressure. When a high enough dosage in tablet form is used to lower blood pressure, certain effects that merit your attention may occur. These effects appear to be dose related.

Persons who use ROGAINE Topical Solution have a low level of absorption of minoxidil, much lower than that of persons being treated with *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure. Therefore, the likelihood that a person using ROGAINE Topical Solution will develop the effects associated with *minoxidil tablets* is very small. In fact, none of these effects has been directly attributed to ROGAINE in clinical studies.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?

Studies have shown that the response to treatment with ROGAINE may vary widely.

Some men receiving ROGAINE may see faster results than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair growth. You should not expect visible growth in less than four months.

If I respond to ROGAINE, what will the hair look like?

If you have very little hair and respond to treatment, your first hair growth may be soft, downy, colorless hair that is barely visible. After further treatment the new hair should be the same color and thickness as the other hair on your scalp. If you start with substantial hair, the new hair should be of the same color and thickness as the rest of your hair.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?

ROGAINE is a treatment, not a cure. If you respond to treatment, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to maintain or increase hair growth. If you do not begin to show a response to treatment with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least four months or more), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?

If you stop using ROGAINE, you will probably shed the new hair within a few months after stopping treatment.

What is the dosage of ROGAINE?

You should apply a 1 mL dose of ROGAINE two times a day, once in the morning and once at night, before bedtime. Each bottle should last about 30 days (one month). The applicators in each package of ROGAINE are designed to apply the correct amount of ROGAINE with each application. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use.*

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?

If you miss one or two daily applications of ROGAINE, you should restart your twice-daily application and return to your usual schedule. You should not attempt to make up for missed applications.

Can I use ROGAINE more than twice a day? Will it work faster?

No. Studies by The Upjohn Company have been carefully conducted to determine the correct amount of ROGAINE to use to obtain the most satisfactory results. More frequent applications or use of larger doses (more than one mL twice a day) have not been shown to speed up the process of hair growth and may increase the possibility of side effects.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?

Studies of patients using ROGAINE have shown that the most common adverse effects directly attributable to ROGAINE Topical Solution were itching and other skin irritations of the treated area of the scalp. About 5% of patients had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches were reported by patients using ROGAINE or placebo (a similar solution without the active medication).

What are some of the side effects people have reported?

The frequency of side effects listed below was similar, except for dermatologic reactions, in the ROGAINE and placebo groups: *Respiratory* (bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis); *Dermatologic* (irritant or allergic contact dermatitis, eczema, hypertrichosis, local erythema, pruritus, dry skin/scalp flaking, exacerbation of hair loss, alopecia); *Gastrointestinal* (diarrhea, nausea, vomiting); *Neurology* (headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness); *Musculoskeletal* (fractures, back pain, tendinitis); *Cardiovascular* (edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitation, pulse rate increases/decreases); *Allergy* (nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling and sensitivity); *Special Senses* (conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo, visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity); *Metabolic-Nutritional* (edema, weight gain); *Urinary Tract* (urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis); *Genital Tract* (prostatitis, epididymitis, sexual dysfunction); *Psychiatric* (anxiety, depression, fatigue); *Hematology* (lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia); *Endocrine*.

Individuals who are hypersensitive to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol must not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes, mucous membranes, or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, bathe the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if irritation persists.

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?

Although serious side effects have not been attributed to ROGAINE in clinical studies, there is a possibility that they could occur because the active ingredient in ROGAINE Topical Solution is the same as in *minoxidil tablets*.

Minoxidil tablets are used to treat high blood pressure. *Minoxidil tablets* lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to retention of fluid and increased heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate—some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute. Rapid weight gain of more than 5 pounds or swelling (edema) of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area. Difficulty in breathing, especially when lying down, a result of an increase in body fluids or fluid around the heart. Worsening of, or new onset of, angina pectoris.

When ROGAINE Topical Solution is used on normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed and the possible effects attributed to minoxidil tablets are not expected with the use of ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed, discontinue use of ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Presumably, such effects would be most likely if greater absorption occurred, e.g., because ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in doses higher than would be obtained from topical use in people, has caused important heart structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?

Individuals with known or suspected underlying coronary artery disease or the presence of or predisposition to heart failure would be at particular risk if systemic effects (that is, increased heart rate or fluid retention) of minoxidil were to occur. Physicians, and patients with these kinds of underlying diseases, should be conscious of the potential risk of treatment if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be applied only to the scalp and should not be used on other parts of the body, because absorption of minoxidil may be increased and the risk of side effects may become greater. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp becomes irritated or is sunburned, and you should not use it along with other topical treatment medication on your scalp.

Can men with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?

Individuals with hypertension, including those under treatment with antihypertensive agents, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking guanethidine for high blood pressure should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?

Individuals using ROGAINE should be monitored by their physician one month after starting ROGAINE and at least every six months afterward. Discontinue ROGAINE if systemic effects occur.

Do not use it in conjunction with other topical agents such as corticosteroids, retinoids and petrolatum or agents that enhance percutaneous absorption. ROGAINE is for topical use only. Each mL contains 20 mg minoxidil and accidental ingestion could cause adverse systemic effects.

No carcinogenicity was found with topical application. ROGAINE should not be used by pregnant women or by nursing mothers. The effects on labor and delivery are not known. Pediatric use: Safety and effectiveness has not been established under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

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flight. It's sold out." Well, I was madder than hell.

PLAYBOY: So you called her up and fired her?

STEINBRENNER: Yes, and she said, "All right, I quit." But the next day, I called back and said to one of my right-hand men, "Charley, hasn't this secretary got a kid going to college?" And he says, "Well, they're hoping to send him. He graduates from high school this year." I said, "OK, pay for it." A few days later, I got back to the office in Tampa and she was sitting there at her desk. I said, "You and I had an agreement. You're gone." She said, "You didn't have to pay for my son's college education. I don't expect that." I said, "I don't care what you expect. I did it for the kid, not for you. Now, you're supposed to be out of here." She said, "I'm not leaving." I said, "I'm the boss. I can fire you." She said, "Try. I won't leave." And she's still with me today. Been with me seventeen years.

PLAYBOY: You seem to have a history of strike-and-stroke leadership: Chewing people out or firing them, then turning around and making amends. Part bully, part Saint George.

STEINBRENNER: I don't say I'm Saint George. And I don't think that's the image I have. I'm a strong-image boss. The problem is, the press generally wanted to create *only* that image of me; they nail you on the first strike and you're out. They don't look at the good stuff.

For instance, just today, I read where the United Appeal charity in Florida had its budget cut by twelve thousand dollars, and that money was supposed to go for care centers for our military personnel. So I called one of my guys and said, "Get ahold of the United Appeal and tell them they've got their twelve thousand dollars." The check will be in their hands tomorrow. I do this kind of thing, but the press doesn't want to know about it, because it doesn't sell newspapers. It sells newspapers when Steinbrenner fires Billy but not when Steinbrenner keeps Billy on his payroll for life, brings him back each time, tries to help him get himself going. I know that sometimes I make mistakes; I'm dead wrong. But then I go back and try to make it right.

Look, I'm not saying that I'm a calm, peaceful guy. I'm not Marian the Librarian. I'm a hard-driving guy, and sometimes I get upset.

PLAYBOY: And is that when you become a bully?

STEINBRENNER: I think at times that word could be aptly applied. But just as many times you could apply another word: compassionate.

PLAYBOY: Or eccentric: According to another story in *Damned Yankees*, you occasionally dropped your pants at Yankees executive meetings to receive a shot of vitamin B-12 from Gene Monahan, the team trainer.

STEINBRENNER: I did do that on one or

two occasions. I would get these shots, but I didn't want to go down to the locker room, because then somebody would write, "Oh, he's down there telling Piniella what to do." So Gene Monahan would come up with a vitamin shot and, you know, I'm a man, I've been in locker rooms all my life and, shit, those guys walk around with nothing on. I'm not your typical owner. I mean, I've worn a jockstrap myself. Now, if I'm standing there and I've got my guys around me and we're talking, and Gene Monahan comes in and says, "Boss, I got your shot," I'd say, "Fine. Come on over." I'd stand up, go behind the chair, drop my drawers, he'd stick a needle in and—boom! I mean, what the fuck am I *going* to say? [*Affects a coquettish tone*] "Oh, fellows, you have to get out, he's going to give me a shot." Fuck that! Call it *macho*, call it what you like, I don't give a shit. Besides, I think he kind of enjoyed sticking the needle in. The guys loved to see if I would grimace. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Just the same, all of these stories portray you as either off center or out of control.

STEINBRENNER: Yeah, see? Fuck that stuff. Don't believe it; they lied. Sportswriters have to create sensationalism to sell their damn books. You can't sell a book unless you stretch a point. If it doesn't make Steinbrenner out to be a big ogre—if it makes him a nice guy—they don't want that, because it doesn't sell.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like you're not very comfortable with the media.

STEINBRENNER: Well, you can't always talk to the press. One of the things you people in the media do is take things out of context. The press loves to do that. To me, that's a violation of trust. I'll say a sentence and they'll pick four words and make it sound like they want it to sound. It happens over and over again.

We were in Cleveland once, and a writer comes rushing down to me and says, "What do you think about Don Mattingly? He's not doing well. He's only hitting so-so." I said, "Let me tell you something. We tend to expect miracles from Don Mattingly. He's not having a good season at this point, because we put him on such a pedestal that it makes him almost superhuman. Well, you can't expect that out of a guy every time. So, to answer your question, No, he's not having a good year." You know what the headline was? "STEINBRENNER: MATTINGLY HAVING BAD YEAR." Nothing about what was around it. A perfect example of taking things out of context to create a sensational story.

PLAYBOY: Of course, a lot of people say that you use the media more than the media use you. Did you ever leak information to the press and ask to be quoted as a "top Yankees official"?

STEINBRENNER: I won't comment on that, because there were times when I probably did. I said, "I won't have this

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attributed to me, but. . . ." But I don't do that anymore, because I don't agree with it. It's wrong. I'm tired of "informed sources"; I'm tired of "sources close to the Yankees." I'm tired of the bullshit.

PLAYBOY: What about the charges that you manipulated the press with your firings? The Mets are in first place, the Yankees are in fourth, so George fires a manager to get the headlines.

STEINBRENNER: I did not fire managers to get the headlines. Never did. The thing is, New York's a very demanding city. You've got three tabloids battling with one another: the *Post*, the *Daily News* and *Newsday*—all good papers. All you have to do is walk into New York on any given day, look at the newsstand and see the headlines. All sensationalism. Some of it accurate, some of it not, but *all* of it meant to do one thing: sell those papers. Why do you think Darryl Strawberry left New York? Come on! The media drove him out. He's one of the great ballplayers playing the game today and he left New York because he was fed up. And I don't blame him.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Bill Gallo, the *Daily News* cartoonist who draws you as a World War One German general?

STEINBRENNER: Bill is a friend of mine; I like him very much. He whacks me—I love "General Steingrabber." I take it with a sense of humor. I think it's fun, it's funny. He can be tough, but he's fair, and I consider him a friend.

PLAYBOY: When you appeared on *Saturday Night Live*, you wore the Steingrabber helmet in one sketch.

STEINBRENNER: Right; that was my idea. The *Saturday Night* people said, "All the other guys are wearing hats and stuff, so how can we portray you? We want to portray you as Adolf Hitler." I said no to that. Then we started talking about the Steingrabber outfit and I said, "If that will help the act, good."

PLAYBOY: One sportswriter who has been very tough on you is Mike Lupica, who was with the *Daily News* and is now with the *National*. How do you feel about him?

STEINBRENNER: Mike Lupica is very hateful toward me, but I think that's because he saw it as a way to take on the biggest man he could find—and that gets you a name. As far as I could tell, he wasn't around the ball park that much, yet he wrote like he was an authority on everything that took place. I always resented that. The beat writers are guys who are around all the time, not like the guys who come only for the old-timers' game and the All-Star game—I don't put much credibility in *them*.

Mike is talented, and he's a good writer, but I think he made a bad mistake [leaving the *Daily News*]. He's not read anywhere. Nobody knows him anymore. People have forgotten Mike Lupica and, in that business, you fade in a hurry.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to baseball *on* the field. You've been involved in the sport for close to a generation and met some of the greats. For instance, tell us about Earl Weaver.

STEINBRENNER: Love him. Great. One of the great managers in my seventeen years in the sport. Colorful, controversial, but a hell of a baseball man and a hell of a manager.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever try to woo him to the Yankees?

STEINBRENNER: After he retired? I don't know; we may have talked to him at one point. I don't recall that. Ask me Lasorda; I'll tell you another great manager.

PLAYBOY: Tommy Lasorda.

STEINBRENNER: Great manager. Great for the game. That's the important thing about Lasorda: He's tremendous for the game—a living ambassador. He lives, eats, drinks and sleeps baseball. And he *sells* baseball, too.

PLAYBOY: Jose Canseco.

STEINBRENNER: I don't know much about Jose Canseco. I've heard the accusations that he used steroids, but I can't comment on that. He's awesome, though.

PLAYBOY: Do you think twenty-three-and-a-half million dollars was too much to pay him?

STEINBRENNER: I can't judge for other people. Some people are now asking me the same thing about the Dodgers' signing Darryl Strawberry. Let me say this: The Dodgers are a smart organization; I think they know what they're doing with Strawberry. It was probably a good move for them, though I'm sorry to see New York lose Darryl.

PLAYBOY: Davey Johnson.

STEINBRENNER: I like Davey Johnson as a manager. He did great things for the Mets; he manages with his own style.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you bring him over to the Yankees after he left the Mets?

STEINBRENNER: We chose to go within our own organization, though I think Davey would certainly have to be high on anybody's candidate list.

PLAYBOY: If you could put together an all-star Yankees team made up only of players from the Steinbrenner era, whom would you pick?

STEINBRENNER: I wouldn't do it, because I'd hurt some people's feelings.

PLAYBOY: What about just first base?

STEINBRENNER: No. No. Couldn't do it.

PLAYBOY: Second.

STEINBRENNER: No, couldn't do it. Wouldn't do it.

PLAYBOY: How about just the manager?

STEINBRENNER: I wouldn't do that, either.

PLAYBOY: One player you probably *wouldn't* choose is Dave Winfield—the man with whom all your recent troubles began. In 1980, Winfield joined the Yankees as a twenty-three-million-dollar free agent. Was there friction between you two from the start?

STEINBRENNER: Yes, there *was* friction. Because, in my mind, I wasn't sure that Dave Winfield was a team player. And I think if you talk to athletes and they're honest with you, they'll probably tell you he wasn't. If Winfield went three for four and we lost the game, he would go into the locker room and say, "Hey, I did my part, man. What more can I do?" If Don Mattingly went three for four, went into the locker room and had the press question him, he'd say, "I don't care if I went three for four, we lost the ball game. That's the only thing that counts." See?

Let me ask you something: Do you think Dave Winfield was liked by his teammates?

PLAYBOY: We wouldn't really know, but he certainly *seems* like the kind of guy who would be well liked.

STEINBRENNER: You're nuts, if that's what you think.

PLAYBOY: He wasn't well liked?

STEINBRENNER: No.

PLAYBOY: Can you give some specifics?

STEINBRENNER: Look at the book he wrote about the Yankees toward the end of his career with them. That was a turning point. He wrote that book and Willie Randolph came to me and said, "I never said those things in the book. Those were Winfield's interpretations of something we had talked about." I said, "Hey, Willie, don't tell me. Tell those newspaper guys out there."

PLAYBOY: Did any players besides Randolph complain?

STEINBRENNER: Plenty, but I'm not going to get into that.

PLAYBOY: So here you have this guy you're paying twenty-three million dollars, you don't consider him a team player, and in his first full year with you—1981—the Yankees go to the World Series and he bats .045.

STEINBRENNER: One for twenty-two.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction?

STEINBRENNER: Well, I thought it was kind of bush when he called a time out to ask for the ball after his first hit. But the morning after the series, he did come up to my office and say, "I owe you one. I didn't do very well." I said, "Hey, we'll get 'em next year." And then he left.

PLAYBOY: But over the next few years, you continued to take shots at him in the press. In 1982, you said, "Winfield's a good athlete, but he's no Reggie." And in 1985, you said Reggie was "Mr. October" but Winfield was "Mr. May."

STEINBRENNER: In sports, you've got to be truthful, you've got to face your performance. And the truth is, Reggie always delivered in the World Series. Mr. October. Dave didn't. That doesn't mean Dave is a bad guy. He just didn't deliver.

PLAYBOY: OK, so if Winfield's playing wasn't the real problem, what *was*?

STEINBRENNER: Two things: Winfield's agent, Al Frohman, and the way the Winfield Foundation was being run. I had been warned about both by Winfield's former team, the San Diego Padres. [Playboy *contacted the Padres and they said that they "don't recall" any such*

conversations.] I attributed those warnings to sour grapes, because Dave was coming over to the Yankees; but today, we regret not having listened to them.

PLAYBOY: *Were* there problems with the foundation?

STEINBRENNER: Well, things started to pop up that led me to believe that it wasn't being operated for the purpose that it was supposed to be: to benefit kids in New York. We had reason to believe that the money was being spent in ways that were ludicrous by any standards of a charitable foundation.

PLAYBOY: And a lot of that money was coming from you. According to your original contract with Winfield, you were supposed to donate three hundred thousand dollars per year to the foundation, but after a while, you resisted making your contribution.

STEINBRENNER: That's correct. When we started to talk about the annual contribution, the deal was that a fellow from another foundation was going to come in and run the Winfield Foundation. Then, one day, Frohman, Dave and I were meeting over coffee and I said, "Well, where is this guy? When is he coming?" And Frohman said, "He's *not* coming. He wanted too much money." Then I got very uneasy. I said, "What the hell do you mean, he's not coming? He's got to run the foundation." Frohman said, "Don't worry about it. We'll get somebody." I didn't like that. Ultimately, on the advice of attorneys, I started to put my contribution in escrow.

So this is the reason I don't care when people write that I was picking on Dave. I wasn't picking on Dave the ballplayer, I was picking on Dave and his agent and a foundation where funds were, in my opinion, totally, seriously misused.

PLAYBOY: So now we come to 1986: You get an unexpected call from a man called Howard Spira. What did you know about Spira at the time?

STEINBRENNER: I didn't know much about him at all. He said he'd been with [public relations at] NBC Sports, and that he was with the Winfield Foundation.

PLAYBOY: What else did he say on the phone?

STEINBRENNER: He said he had information for me concerning wrongdoing at the foundation—particularly by Al Frohman—and he wanted to see me.

PLAYBOY: Did you agree to see him?

STEINBRENNER: There was no big rush. I think the first time he called me [in Tampa], I just said, "Fine, I'll get with you sometime later on when I'm in New York." But I didn't do that and ultimately told him, "If you want to come down here, OK." It wasn't like I said, "Get down here in fifteen minutes and tell me everything you know."

PLAYBOY: Did he tell you on the phone that he was a gambler?

STEINBRENNER: When he first came in, he told me he was a former gambler.

PLAYBOY: Spira was in the habit of taping his phone calls. According to *The New York Times*, on one tape, you said, "I'm anxious about what you have to tell me." Why were you?

STEINBRENNER: I'm a businessman! Any time a guy tells me that something I'm putting three hundred thousand dollars a year into is possibly being ripped off—and I'd always had those suspicions, anyway—I want to know. And I defy any businessman to tell you that isn't good practice. It's perfectly legal.

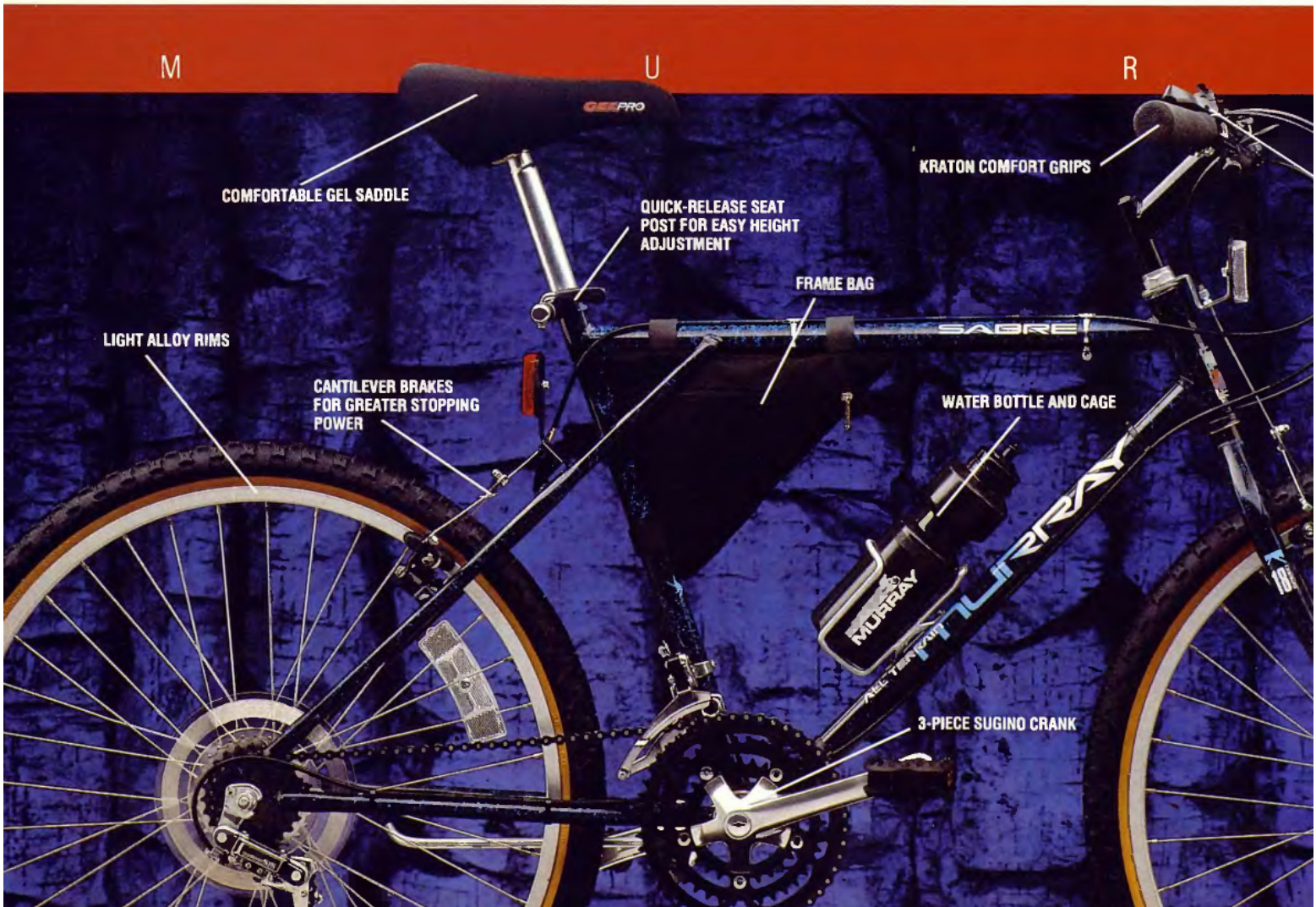
PLAYBOY: In another conversation, Spira reportedly said, "I want to get even with [Winfield]. If anyone can use the information, you can." And you responded——

STEINBRENNER: I said, "I know enough about Winfield. You don't have to tell me anything."

PLAYBOY: Actually, you responded, "Yeah." Now, that's a little word, but it has a big meaning.

STEINBRENNER: When you're talking on the phone, you don't say every single word. I don't know what that conversation was. I said, "I'll listen to what you've got to say."

PLAYBOY: So in December 1986, you met



with him. Once he told you he was a gambler——

STEINBRENNER: Former. Former.

PLAYBOY: OK, once you had this former gambler in your office, talking about irregularities at the foundation, what did you do?

STEINBRENNER: Spira came in, he sat down for about three minutes. And I said, "Wait. Don't tell me any more." I called [Steinbrenner's aide and former FBI agent] Phil McNiff, and I said, "Phil, I'm leaving this in your hands. I've got a meeting to go to. You handle it from here on."

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you go straight to the commissioner, Peter Ueberroth?

STEINBRENNER: Before going to the commissioner, I wanted to have my facts and McNiff was the best guy to handle it. I didn't *have* to turn it over to anybody.

PLAYBOY: Did you meet with Spira again?

STEINBRENNER: Yes. The Christmas holidays came and went and he's calling over and over again, wanting to meet with me. But I didn't want to. So in April, Spira shows up in Tampa and Phil says to me, "Will you please see him? He's down here because he wants money"—or something to that effect. I said, "Bring him in." So he comes in and I say, "Now, look, Mr. Spira, you have no promise from me. None at all. You understand that?" And he says, "I understand that, but you've got to understand my problems. My mother's sick . . ." and on and on and on. I say, "When this is over, I'll sit down and listen to your problems." Period.

PLAYBOY: What did you mean, "When this is over"?

STEINBRENNER: When this whole mess was over with the foundation.

PLAYBOY: Did you offer to pay his expenses for his trip to Tampa?

STEINBRENNER: One trip when he came down, we did. I think we paid him.

PLAYBOY: According to Spira, there was an understanding that you'd pay for his trip even before he came down.

STEINBRENNER: Not that I can recall. Oh, he said a lot of things. He said I had dinner with him at the hotel. He even remembers that he had blueberry pie. I never had dinner with him there in my life. Ever.

PLAYBOY: Still, once you found out that Spira wasn't the most savory fellow——

STEINBRENNER: I'm not going to be a character judge.

PLAYBOY: He had a history of gambling.

STEINBRENNER: Yeah, and I was worried about that.

PLAYBOY: So why didn't you stop having anything to do with him?

STEINBRENNER: Because I was worried. You know why? Here was a guy who said he was gambling more than a million dollars. Even if it was one or two or three or five hundred thousand dollars, you don't run up a tab like that with gamblers, do you? Why would the gamblers let him get away with that kind of debt? I'll tell you. What's the biggest thing gamblers need? Information. And Spira's in the locker room all the time, and I'm beginning to think, Is someone telling him things? Besides, I *did* tell the commissioner's office what was going on. I told 'em on numerous occasions in '87 and '88. I've got the times and dates of those meetings. And [the commissioner] told me, "Good. Just keep at it. Just keep us posted." I kept them apprised. They got everything I had. And they did nothing—they didn't warn me off of him.

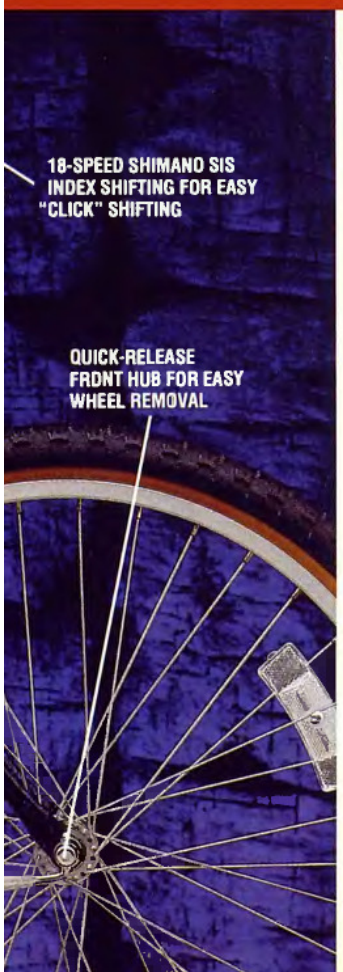
PLAYBOY: So you insist that there were no deals between you and Spira.

STEINBRENNER: Nothing. In fact, the second time I met with him, I said, "Now, look! Understand one thing, Howard: No deal! I'll sit down and listen to what your problems are, but we have no deals." He asked for my advice; he wasn't asking me for money. Listen to one of my tapes where I tell him, "No job, no nothing." And in another one, he calls me and says, "Well, I'm waiting," and I say, "Waiting for what, Howard? Waiting for what? You got nothing." Now, if that isn't telling the guy off, I don't know what is.

PLAYBOY: But you ultimately paid him forty thousand dollars.

STEINBRENNER: I wanted Howard Spira

R A Y



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to go away! Somewhere! To get away from the Yankees and get away from me! He was harassing my family; my daughters were scared; he was harassing people who were close to me. I talked to Spira eight or nine times on the phone, and some of those talks were just to tell him, "Get lost!" The idea that Dave Winfield told him to get lost and I didn't is pure bullshit!

PLAYBOY: The evidence does suggest harassment. In May 1989, Spira wrote to McNiff saying that his mother was sick. He then wrote, "If anything happens to my mother, George and Dave had better hire a lot of extra security."

STEINBRENNER: Yeah. That's a threat.

PLAYBOY: Were you afraid?

STEINBRENNER: You're damn right I was! And after that, there was a death threat at my hotel. You would be afraid, too. Now, everybody says, "Yeah, but look at Howard Spira. He's a little guy." But Sirhan Sirhan was a little guy. Lee Harvey Oswald was a little guy. Size doesn't matter when a guy's making statements like "I'll go out of control." I was scared stiff. I added extra security in my own house and my kids' houses. I even had cops driving me around. I wanted Spira out! Gone!

PLAYBOY: Didn't you think that the money you gave Spira would just go to finance his gambling?

STEINBRENNER: No. It wasn't for gambling. I told him, "Take this money, get out and start a new life for yourself."

PLAYBOY: But you're a realistic man. You give this guy forty thousand dollars and he's either going to pay off those gamblers or gamble more.

STEINBRENNER: No. No. No. Let me tell you something: He said he owed more than a million dollars. You think forty thousand dollars was going to make a difference? I told him to take the forty thousand dollars, go West and get the hell away! Start a new life. That's what I told him.

PLAYBOY: Another troubling question is why the forty thousand dollars wasn't drawn on George Steinbrenner's checking account. [The money was first given to the law firm of Gold & Wachtel in New York, and then two checks were issued to Spira.]

STEINBRENNER: It was done legally and properly. With a paper trail.

PLAYBOY: But it was done surreptitiously.

STEINBRENNER: No, not surreptitiously. Absolutely not.

PLAYBOY: The money was first given to Gold and——

STEINBRENNER: Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Just be quiet a minute, because this is the *last* question! I said to my lawyers, "Handle it, but make sure there's a paper trail, and make sure it's done legally and properly." And it *was* done legally and properly!

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you just write a check on your own?

STEINBRENNER: I was in Tampa and he was in New York. I wanted it done with a paper trail so that he would have to pay his taxes. He didn't want to pay his taxes!

OK, that's all. I don't have any more time.

PLAYBOY: There are a couple of other details we'd like to get into——

STEINBRENNER: I don't think we can.

PLAYBOY: We still didn't get into the *Sports Illustrated* stuff.

STEINBRENNER: Well, I'll do *Sports Illustrated* now and nothing else.

PLAYBOY: All right. Last October, *Sports Illustrated* published an extensive story casting real doubt on how baseball conducted its investigation of you. The article maintained that while Fay Vincent's ruling was justified, his office overlooked serious evidence of wrongdoing on the part of Frohman and Winfield.

STEINBRENNER: This *S.I.* article was devastating, yet all the commissioner has said is that it was irrelevant and that the magazine was being used. Now, *Sports Illustrated* is not one of George Steinbrenner's friends—they've taken good chunks out of me—but they've brought up an awful lot of charges that the commissioner is going to have to answer.

PLAYBOY: Such as that the commissioner's office supposedly knew that Spira and Albert Whitton, Frohman's

chauffeur, were allegedly associated with Mobsters Joe Caridi and Al Grecco.

STEINBRENNER: And they did nothing.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STEINBRENNER: I don't know. They won't answer the question. Why doesn't some enterprising reporter ask Fay Vincent, "Why won't you answer these questions? Why do you keep covering up and saying it's irrelevant, it's imbecilic? *Why don't you answer the questions, Commissioner?*"

[*The commissioner's office told* Playboy *that it had "no intention of commenting further" on the Steinbrenner case.*]

PLAYBOY: What about the allegations that Winfield himself lent Spira fifteen thousand dollars?

STEINBRENNER: I don't think they would print that if they didn't know it to be true. The fifteen thousand dollars was a strange thing. According to *Sports Illustrated*, Winfield said, "I never gave Spira any money," but then [Spira] went public with the check with Winfield's signature on it. So then Winfield said something like, "Oh, yeah. Well, I don't know about that. I may have signed it. I sign a lot of checks." Now, come on! You don't sign a fifteen-thousand-dollar check to some guy if you don't know what it's for!

What strikes me about the *Sports Illustrated* article is how they insist they stand by their story. As if they're inviting someone to come out and challenge them. Pretty soon, somebody's got to say, "Commissioner, did you or did you not know all of this? And, if so, why didn't you do something about it?"

PLAYBOY: Do the people in the commissioner's office just want you to go away?

STEINBRENNER: I don't know. Maybe. I have no way of knowing what's in their minds, but it certainly appears that way. You've got media that don't like George Steinbrenner, but why aren't they looking into some of these things? Reporters like Murray Chass of the *Times*, who say they're so holy and cover all the news that's fit to print—why don't the Murray Chasses out there make Fay Vincent answer some of those questions raised by *Sports Illustrated*?

PLAYBOY: OK, let's move on. You often speak about your professional relationships in a very paternal way. Lou Piniella, you said, was like a son to you. And when Gene Michael was managing the Yankees, and he criticized you in the press, you said, "I feel like a father being scorned."

STEINBRENNER: Yeah, that's true.

PLAYBOY: And in talking about Billy Martin, you once said you would "make a better man out of him."

STEINBRENNER: And Billy was older than I was.

PLAYBOY: Right. Overall, do you think this is the best way for an employer to speak of his employees?

STEINBRENNER: No, not always; but what I was trying to say is that I cared about them like a father would for a son. I wanted to see them do well. Maybe that wasn't the best approach, but I can't change the way I am. I mean, you can't create the perfect race horse, you can't create the perfect athlete, the perfect politician, the perfect teacher or the perfect businessman or boss. That's why we're human. I'm nowhere near perfect. So, OK, I did feel paternal toward those guys. And I think they must have known it.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a good relationship with your father?

STEINBRENNER: Oh, I loved my father. He was a tough boss, a tough guy, a tough businessman. He was a difficult perfectionist, in a way, who always sought excellence. And he so often achieved it that it put added pressure on the kids. Of course, being the only son, a lot of that pressure fell on me. He was very demanding and he left an indelible mark on me.

PLAYBOY: One of your Williams College classmates said, "The key to George's desire to succeed is that he's driven to exceed his father's successes."

STEINBRENNER: I don't think I ever could exceed my father's successes. He was a completely satisfied man, he knew what he wanted to accomplish and he accomplished it. I did do a lot, though,

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to try to please him.

PLAYBOY: There's the story about how you were at a college track-and-field event and won two races——

STEINBRENNER: And the first thing my father wanted to know was why I didn't win the third one. "How did you let that last guy beat you?"

PLAYBOY: True story?

STEINBRENNER: Yeah, it's true. It was a big meet and he came up to me and said, "Now, when you made that turn, you should have . . ." so-and-so. But he was that way. He believed that you learn more from your failures than from your successes. And it's a great lesson to carry, because if you're smart, you *do* learn more from your failures.

PLAYBOY: Is it also true that your father made you tend chickens and sell their eggs to get your pocket money?

STEINBRENNER: Yeah, I raised chickens. My dad wanted to teach me the value of a dollar. I came from a fairly affluent family, but he was a strong believer that, no matter what you had, you had to be taught to work hard. So I raised chickens and sold the eggs on a daily basis. I'd look in the paper, just as he taught me, to see what the price of eggs per dozen was that day—triple-A's, double-A's, single-A's. I'd gather the eggs and deliver them the next morning; then I'd shower and get ready to go to school. I remember one time I went to school accidentally carrying two eggs in my jacket and they squashed in my pockets. I can remember little things like that.

PLAYBOY: In 1957, you went to work for your father in the family shipping business. How was that?

STEINBRENNER: Tough working for your father. Tough for *anybody* who works for his father, because your father tends to be more demanding. He put me to work on the ships like an ordinary deck hand. I'm sure he told the first mate, "Give him every tough job you've got; there is no sacred cow here"—because I *did* get every tough job they had on the ship. If somebody had to paint in the forepeak, it was me. If somebody had to crawl in the inner bottoms, it was me. In the winter, the ships would go in dry dock because the lakes would freeze, and I'd have to go under the ships and count the loose rivets. If I was ten rivets off, I'd have to go back and do it again, no matter how cold it was. And I had to keep my mouth shut. But I learned the business from the bottom up.

PLAYBOY: While you were working for your father, you bought the Cleveland Pipers, an industrial-league basketball team. Supposedly, you kept a secret phone in your desk drawer to conduct Pipers business.

STEINBRENNER: Yeah, I did, because my father thought I should concentrate on the ship business. And he was right. I was working for him.

PLAYBOY: The Pipers gave you your first athletic championship but also your first business failure. How did your father react when the team folded?

STEINBRENNER: He was tough. He said, "Now you learn. You fail financially, so you get yourself out of it." He could have helped, but he said, "Get yourself out." That taught me a great lesson. I paid back every single person who was owed in that bankruptcy. You can go back to Cleveland and ask around; even a guy who had a little bill for a hundred dollars—*he* was paid off.

PLAYBOY: Where did you get the money?

STEINBRENNER: I went out and bought a ship called La Belle and told all the creditors, "You'll have to wait, but if you do, you're not going to get just five cents or ten cents on the dollar, you're going to get a hundred cents on the dollar." And I took La Belle's earnings and did pay off every one of those debts.

PLAYBOY: Ultimately, your father retired, you bought up the company and lured him back out of retirement to work for you. Was that a comfortable situation?

STEINBRENNER: He was the type of man who never worked for you. He was your father. I never went in and said, "Dad, do this" or "Do that." I'd go in and say, "Dad, what do you think about this? What can we do?" I really needed him.

PLAYBOY: When you bought the Yankees in 1973, your father was quoted as saying, "It's the first smart thing he's ever done."

STEINBRENNER: I'm not sure he said that. But he did say it was a very smart move.

PLAYBOY: There's a big difference between "a very smart move" and "the first smart thing."

STEINBRENNER: I never heard him say it that way. Maybe he said, "It's one of the smart moves he's made." Something like that. But not the other way.

No, when I bought the Yankees, he had a real sense of pride. Hell, he was all over the place in the Seventies when the Yankees started winning. And certainly, when we won that first championship in '77—*that* was one of the high points of his life. He told me that.

PLAYBOY: Let's wrap up with a few of the current issues facing major-league baseball today. How do you feel about expansion?

STEINBRENNER: There is a need to bring baseball to more people if they want it. Now, if somebody says, "Well, we want to bring another team into New York," no way. It's crazy. There are two teams here already. But at the same time, you've got Arizona and Florida sitting out there with no teams at all. And I've always felt that Washington, D.C., should have a team, too. It seems strange to me that the nation's capital doesn't have the American sport anymore.

Of course, expansion does water down your talent a little bit.

PLAYBOY: Should baseball implement a wild-card-team play-off system?

STEINBRENNER: Yes, I would like to see that. Look at the interest it stirs up in football. Sure, from an aesthetic standpoint, you can say that it's not right for a four-and-seven football team to even have a shot at the play-offs, but think about what it does for the sport. It keeps people in Green Bay excited about their team. But in baseball, by the Fourth of July, eighty percent of the teams don't have a chance. That's not what the American public wants. That's not what they'll buy. Don't talk to me about aesthetics or tradition. Talk to me about what sells and what's good right now. And what the American people like is to think the underdog still has a chance.

PLAYBOY: Even if he is under .500.

STEINBRENNER: Right.

PLAYBOY: What about the designated hitter?

STEINBRENNER: It's important. I think it keeps people in the game who would otherwise be gone—guys like Reggie Jackson, who can play productively for an extra two or three years. Lots of people go to ball games to see players like Jackson. Those guys are more apt to put asses in the seats—fannies in the seats—than the newcomers.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to see the D.H. extended to the National League?

STEINBRENNER: Sure. But the National League has to run its own show and the traditionalists are against it.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about women in the locker room?

STEINBRENNER: Janie Gross from *The New York Times* was one of the first female sportswriters, and we handled it. We told our people, "Look, these ladies are trying to make a living. I might not want my own daughter doing it, but if this is what they want to do, then try to behave like gentlemen. Try to keep wrapped with a towel; don't make it uncomfortable for them." But, by the same token, if a guy is trying to get dressed and she's standing right there, he can certainly say, "Would you excuse me for just a few minutes while I get my pants on?"

Of course, another question is why women's tennis and golf don't allow men in the locker room. They don't allow *anybody* in the locker room, because they don't want to be faced with that problem. I'd like to be the first male reporter who tries to get into the women's-tennis locker room. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: What about minority recruitment in the front office and on the coaching staffs?

STEINBRENNER: Well, the Yankees have never paid any attention to quotas or to whether an athlete is black, white, yellow or what. Elston Howard was a coach for me, as you know. And back when I owned the Pipers, I hired John McClendon, the first black professional basketball coach. As far as the front office is concerned, if people apply and they're

(concluded on page 171)

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TROUBLE IN LITTLE SAIGON

in orange county, of all places, the children of vietnam's boat people roam our streets in gangs, living a life of fast cars, easy violence and terrifying freedom

article **By JIM GOAD**

THE HEAD of the Asian gang unit pops a video cassette into his police-issue VCR. The screen erupts. In slo-mo black and white, showers of smoke and glass spray a windowside booth. The patrons scramble for cover. Two waiters root under a counter for shotguns and pistols. One, wearing a ruffled shirt and bow tie, lets the buckshot rip, and the gun's kick knocks him backward. Diners grab their weapons and file outside like a trained SWAT team. A woman straggles behind, swiping a tip from an evacuated table. Seems like they've run through this fire drill plenty of times.

We're watching a drive-by shooting at the Tu Hai restaurant in Garden Grove, California, as recorded by a security camera. A patron, or maybe the owner, has an enemy among Orange County's Vietnamese gangs, and in this neighborhood, this is how you have an argument.

"Shooting? What shooting? We've never had any shootings," insists a Tu Hai waiter during a visit a few weeks later. The restaurant's shattered windows have been replaced and reinforced with thick Plexiglas slabs. A protective shield rims the cash register. The waiter titters, shifting his weight. "We never have any problems."

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Roughly 800,000 Vietnamese now live in the U.S., and two of every five live in California. As new immigrants pour in, they're drawn to the more entrenched communities, especially the *nuevo*-deco business centers of Orange County.

Considered the nation's most conservative turf, it is home to Disneyland, Robert Schuller's Crystal Cathedral and the Nixon Library. Evangelists and

ILLUSTRATION BY MEL ODOM

pro-lifers are celebrities here. Planes fly into John Wayne Airport. In the heart of Orange County is the largest Vietnamese ghetto this side of the Pacific Ocean. An estimated 130,000 Vietnamese now call this home. Nearly all are refugees, "boat people" who fled after Saigon's fall in 1975. Orange County's Vietnamese are concentrated in the formerly quiet towns of Garden Grove, Westminster and Santa Ana. Most of these households speak primarily Vietnamese. They funnel their money into Vietnamese-owned shops. It is a self-contained world.

Commercial activity is strongest in Westminster's Little Saigon, an explosion of jewelry stores, herbal pharmacies and Parisian cafés. Here, immigration lawyers share office space with acupuncturists. Monks with shaved heads use the laundromat and Asian girls zip by in subcompacts with ARE WE HAVING FUN YET? bumper stickers.

As their culture struggles with the new society around them, the Vietnamese are haunted by enemies within. Many came to America looking for sanctuary, only to trade one form of terror for another. Vietnamese street gangs routinely extort, assault and rob their own people in this sealed society, focusing their violence against Vietnamese families and business owners, frightening them into silence. In a recent *Los Angeles Times* poll, 41 percent of Orange County's Vietnamese respondents offered gang crime as their community's number-one problem.

Police have identified as many as 74 Vietnamese gangs based in or passing through Orange County. Most members are mere boys, ranging in age from 12 to 20. They call themselves Cheap Boyz, Scar Boyz, Orange Boyz, Natoma Boyz, Mohawk Boyz, Oriental Boyz and Lonely Boyz Only. There are girlz, too, among them Dirty Punks, South Side Scissors, Banana Girlz and IBK—Innocent Bitch Killers.

"The Vietnamese youth get into trouble because they come to this country without parents," says Tony Doan, gang counselor for the Vietnamese Community of Orange County, Inc. Doan slipped out of Vietnam on a boat in 1980. He has been working with street gangs for four years. "They live with their sponsors, relatives, but so many problems. No one to take care of them. Lonely. They have empty time."

•

Randy (names of most gang members have been changed) sits disconsolately in a chair, washed in the sterile lights of a police substation. One forearm bears the tattooed initials of family members who remain in Vietnam. On the other arm, a dragon slithers from the inner wrist to the crease in his elbow. He speaks softly and smiles a lot, which disrupts his skinny Wayne Newton mustache.

Randy has been in the U.S. ten years, five and a half of them spent behind bars. His memories of Vietnam are faint, though he holds a grudge against America for invading his country. "I remember my mom would take me, you know, hold my hand and step over people dead. That's all I know . . . in Saigon," he says. "I lived there and I come over here, and see, like, feel lonely over here, you know, because I have no family. All I got is my uncle, my brother. I always alone." His eyes sink.

"I made friends in school. I went to their house, and I see the whole family sittin' down at the table at dinnertime, when they got Dad, Mom, sister, brother, and I think, How come their family is so happy? I don't have it. Whenever I feel like eating, I have to cook it myself. Eat it myself. It make me sad."

He met some gangsters during a trip to Texas. A buddy invited Randy home, got him drunk and asked for his help in a burglary. "They told me, 'Let's go do something,' you know? I said, 'Let's go do it. I'm on the move.'"

Randy started rolling with a Texas gang based south of Houston, sharing a house with about ten other gang members. "I made friends. These guys care for me more than my family. So I cared for the gang. Whatever they do, I do. Especially, I don't want to look bad, be called chicken. You know, I want to be *some*body."

Randy's gang began living in motel rooms. They'd make a hit and return to the rooms, ready for a criminals' pajama party. That suited Randy's teenaged gonads fine, because he could take girls to his room, something *verboten* by his brother back in Orange County.

When asked what he liked about America, he answered with the same word every other Viet used: "Freedom. You can go anywhere, you can eat anyplace, and nobody gonna bother you. In Vietnam—I just got a letter from my mom not too long ago, and she told me if you got a chicken and you want to eat one, you have to let the Communists know before you can kill it."

Granted freedom—and Government approval for all the Chicken McNuggets he could eat—Randy went wild. His first crimes were puny—stealing car radios or breaking cash boxes on video games. "It's fun, you know? It's more exciting when you go and steal with about four or five guys, driving around, looking for a car that's got a stereo. You have to pick the lock to get in there. Sometimes people chasing you. When you get back, you get high and talk about it and laugh. It's more fun than to stay home."

Free-falling through America, Randy plunged from petty crime to armed robbery. He targeted Vietnamese because they usually kept their gold, cash and jewelry at home. "When I go into a house, I go through the window or knock on the door. See, if they open the door, I'm gonna put a gun on 'em. Tell 'em to be quiet."

Like most Vietnamese gangs, Randy's crew cared about money, not turf. They were startlingly mobile, able to pull jobs on both coasts within 48 hours, driving or plane hopping from scene to scene. Randy hit the road in a stolen Trans Am, breaking the law at each pit stop. "Long as I make the money today, I live for today," he says. "I don't believe in nothing."

In each new city, Randy and his friends hooked up with what police call the Vietnamese Underground Railroad, a continent-wide network of cafés, pool halls and restaurants sympathetic to Viet criminals. Through word of mouth (and via fax, modem and cellular phone), they knew the "safe houses" from L.A. to Boston, Vancouver to Tijuana. If the law busted a gangsters' coffee shop in Orange County, Randy's gang in Houston knew about it the next day.

Texas lawmen eventually nailed Randy for armed robbery. He served two years in prison, locked in a segregated wing with 13 other Vietnamese. He says that many of his friends were killed in prison riots. "When I was young, I was crazy," he says, his right leg bobbing up and down. "When I was going out, I didn't like people lookin' at me. If the guy got a heart, I'd start fighting him. That's the way I am. I got pulled a gun on my head once, right here on Brookhurst. I told him to go ahead and shoot. I think I was bad, OK? Bad-*ass*. Especially when I got the gun with me." He bursts into laughter.

Set loose from a Texas prison, Randy fluttered back to Orange County. When he botched an armed robbery in Westminster, a Vietnamese homeowner planted two lead caps in his abdomen. At the time, Randy wished he'd died.

"When I got shot, I don't want to live. I'd give up my life, you know; I don't even care anymore. And I passed out. After I woke up, I thought I was no more. I don't know nothing."

Randy's now on parole, and he's not eager to get back with his old friends. He says gang life is getting too hairy. When he started moving with gangs in 1983, the worst weapon he saw was a knife, maybe an occasional revolver. Now it's high-tech ballistic warfare.

But it's not for Randy. Not anymore.

(continued on page 154)

"Would you believe I'm really her husband in a parallel universe?"

MERTENS
Law of
Federal
Income
Taxation

FREE AGENT

liz pasko, late of the irs, makes april fifteenth less taxing

Former Internal Revenue Service agent Liz Pasko figures that her old employers get a bum rap, so she's shedding her wraps to make sure you get the message: An income-tax audit needn't be torture, and all auditors aren't ogres.

Pasko contacted *Playboy* through its Tax Department, naturally enough. It was the only time in history that our corporate accountants were happy to hear from an IRS agent, which is what Liz was for five and a half years. After a big jurisdictional battle, our tax guys passed her on to the Photo Department, where editors carefully reviewed her four-page typed application. It included the following tidbits: Liz's proposed title for this feature (*Tits and Tips for Taxes*), her turn-on (being "kissed all over my body while blindfolded") and her photo suggestions ("agent with calculator tape over shoulders, around her neck, draped over breasts and meeting between her legs"). The photo editors immediately realized that this was one civil servant our readers would like to get to know better.

"The audit is the most valuable source of information the Internal Revenue Service has. It shows exactly which items taxpayers cheat on."

Liz is a Skokie, Illinois, girl, raised and educated in the Chicago suburb. She moved on to Loyola University on the city's North Side, where she studied accounting. That's when the nation's tax-collection agency caught her attention. "A lot of people were scared of the IRS," she says. "I thought that if it had such impact on people, it would be a great place to work."

She first tackled corporate pension and profit-sharing plans, then moved on to audit individual and corporate taxpayers. Right from the start, Liz believed in bringing the personal touch to her work. "When I went out on audits," she says, "I knew that people were intimidated already, so I would try to make them feel as comfortable as I possibly could." Evidently, the approach was appreciated. Liz admits that one smitten auditee sent her two dozen roses and that attorneys with whom she worked often tried to fix her up with their sons.

Working for the IRS might sound like the kiss of death for a woman's social life, but Liz reports that "most men found it interesting. Some, though, would think, Now she knows me. I'm a target for an audit." Liz treated that problem by reveling in her power. "I'd say to a guy, 'What did you say your Social Security number was?'"

Like any IRS agent, Liz feels as though she has seen it all: from the golfing periodontist who deducted his country-club membership as a business expense to the elderly women who claimed cats as dependents. Liz has some advice for you: The riskier your deductions, the better your documentation had better be, especially in that cheater's haven—the travel and entertainment line items. Take that periodontist. Because most of his patients were referrals, and his club was overrun with dentists, and because he had documentation, Liz let him take the

"Believe me, travel and entertainment expenses are almost always audited on your return, so if you are hiding anything, don't put it there."

"The more you violate the norms for your income, the higher the audit score. If you are too greedy, the computer may spit out your return."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

deduction. The lesson: If you can prove it and conform to regulations, you can take it.

If you want to avoid an audit in the first place, be careful to keep all your tax-form entries as unremarkable as possible. There is a computer in Kansas City that reads every form in the country, and whenever the numbers get out of whack for your region and income, it assigns points that can add up to "audit potential" for your return. Too many points and your personal voyage to tax hell has begun. Still, she says not to worry: "Everybody is a human being, even at the IRS."

Sadly, you won't have a shot at getting Liz Pasko as your agent. She quit the IRS a year and a half ago and is now operating as a private accountant. She has also done modeling work, but—*ahem*—she's still filing *singly*. In other words, she's not closing herself off to anything, professionally or personally. Whatever happens, we're sure she'll keep really good records, just in case.

Liz's former workmates at the IRS had a uniform reaction to her plan to pose for *Playboy*: "Shock, with mouth hanging open," she says. "A lot of it was positive." Since leaving the IRS, she has been working the other side of the fence, preparing income-tax returns and keeping the Government's nose out of her clients' business.

gay bashing
is out of the closet. again

article By Nat Hentoff

A Case of Loathing

ROD JOHNSON, a waiter in Georgetown, was walking home one night through a park and passed an area known as a contact place for homosexuals. Suddenly, he was surrounded.

"They came out of the shadows," Johnson told *The Washington Post*. "They weren't waiting for me, just for someone." Someone gay. Beaten with baseball bats, Johnson didn't fully recover physically for months. His fingers were smashed and his arm and shoulder were broken in three places. It will be much longer before he will be able to control the memories of that ambush. He can no longer stand being alone in the dark, his windows are always locked and in his nightmares—always the same—he is brutally beaten. It is always the same nightmare.

Three 18-year-olds were arrested for the assault. One of them, Mark Hyder, explained that he and his friends had gone to the park that night specifically looking for gays to beat up. "I have a hatred for gays," Hyder said.

Johnson is one of a rising number of gays throughout the country who are considered fair game by roving bands of brutal homophobes. It is the conventional wisdom that the most vicious hate crimes are racist, but the mounting evidence indicates that violence against gays is more ferocious

ILLUSTRATION BY GUY BILLOUT

than any other form of bigotry.

A 1988 study by the New York Governor's Task Force on Bias-Related Violence noted that attacks against gays and lesbians are more severely damaging than assaults against any other group. And case histories gathered by the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force (N.G.L.T.F.), San Francisco's Community United Against Violence and other groups give a vivid sense of how fierce many of these attacks are. There are also corollary newspaper accounts such as this story in the September 17, 1989, *Washington Post*:

> In Doylestown, Pennsylvania, two men were sentenced to death for driving a homosexual man they had met in a bar to an open field and slashing his throat. "There's no question that they killed him only and solely because he was gay," said Bucks County district attorney Alan M. Rubenstein, who prosecuted the case.

But killing is not nearly satisfying enough. The ecstatic prelude—whether or not it results in death—is what especially turns on the gangs of righteous homophobes. In an article in the September 1990 *Journal of Interpersonal Violence*, Kevin T. Berrill, director of the antiviolence project of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force and its expert on pogroms against gays and lesbians, writes:

> Recalling victims of murder and other attacks that she has seen, Melissa Mertz, director of victim services at Bellevue hospital . . . observed that "attacks against gay men were the most heinous and brutal I encountered. They frequently involved torture, cutting, mutilation and beating, and showed the absolute intent to rub out the human being because of his [sexual] preference."

Also contrary to conventional belief, gays—more than any other group—are "probably the most frequent victims" of violent bigotry. That was the conclusion of a 1987 report by P. Finn and T. McNeil sponsored by the Department of Justice. They note that the other frequent victims of violence because they're "different" are "blacks, Hispanics, Southeast Asians and Jews."

What pass for documentaries about bigotry on national television do not directly address many viewers' most cherished prejudices—such as the one that holds that gays and lesbians are perverts, predatory, probably child molesters, the original source of AIDS and, therefore, get what's coming to them. A prime-time program, however, that would begin to reveal the extent and horror of unleashed homophobia might awaken more of the populace to the savagery that explodes when homophobia is no longer limited to taunts and other verbal onslaughts. Typical, for instance, is this catalog of attacks from the June 1989 *American Psychologist*, compiled by the N.G.L.T.F. and recounted by Dr. Gregory M. Herek, a social psychologist on the Davis campus of the University of California:

> In Portland, Maine, three women were assaulted after their assailant directed antilesbian epithets at them; all three women required medical attention, and one of them suffered a fractured jaw, several broken teeth and bruised ribs. . . . In Boston, a gay man leaving a bar was attacked by three assailants who raped him with bottles, lighted matches and other implements while repeatedly stating that "this is what faggots deserve." . . . In Stockton, California, a well-known gay minister was found dead in the trunk of his car; his skull was crushed, his throat was slashed and there were multiple stab wounds in his chest.

Yet the indomitable Representative William Dannemeyer stated on the floor of the House when opposing the inclusion of homosexuals in a hate-crimes-statistics bill: "Sexual preference has no business being elevated to the same status as race, color, religion or national origin."

On the other hand, Berrill is hardly engaging in hyperbole when he says, "Although we have made remarkable strides toward freedom [during the past twenty years], we remain a community under siege, battling an epidemic of bigotry and violence."

Writing in *The Village Voice*, an anonymous gay or lesbian struck a similar grim note: "I hate having to convince straight people that lesbians and gays live in a war zone, that we're surrounded by bomb blasts only we seem to hear."

A recent study by the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force reports that "83 percent of the [gay] men and women believed they might be victimized in the future, and 62 percent said they feared for their safety."

But we do not know precisely how many gays and lesbians have been the targets of sadistic violence. Nearly all the reports I've seen say that those figures are incomplete. As Berrill, author of the most recent N.G.L.T.F. violence report, puts it: "Nor does this report measure the *full* extent of antigay violence and victimization. . . . Because of underreporting by the victims and a lack of systematic data collection throughout most of the U.S., we estimate that the vast majority of antigay episodes . . . were not documented."

The experience of one victim provides a sense of why much of the violence against gays and lesbians is underreported. As noted in *The Washington Post*, in 1983, two high school students met Ed Hassell in a local gay bar. He was taken to a deserted park, where they beat and tried to castrate him. The assailants pleaded guilty to assault with a deadly weapon. Their punishment: probation.

"I would never file any charges again," Hassell told the newspaper.

According to a 1989 study reported in the *Journal of Interpersonal Violence*, a startling 73 percent of the victims of antigay violence never said a word to the police about what had happened to them. One primary reason is fear of being a victim for the second time—a victim of the police. In that 1989 study, for instance, 67 percent of those who had not reported being victims of violence had experienced or perceived the police themselves as homophobic. And 14 percent were afraid that the *police* would bash them.

Also, 40 percent were fearful that reporting the incident and thereby being in a police file might disclose their sexual orientation to the public at large.

So it is fear of the police that, to a great extent, discourages reporting of physical attacks. Cops are not particularly empathetic to gays and lesbians. And they often tend to blame the gay or lesbian for having been attacked. (If they were normal, they wouldn't "provoke" all this hostility.) Judges, juries and prosecutors also sometimes blame this kind of victim for being a victim.

In the *Journal of Interpersonal Violence*, there is a story of a Broward County, Florida, circuit-court judge who "jokingly asked the prosecuting attorney, 'That's a crime now, to beat up a homosexual?' The prosecutor answered, 'Yes, sir. And it's also a crime to kill them.' To this, the judge replied, 'Times have really changed.'"

Somewhat. Just somewhat.

The question of who the perpetrators of this violence are must be preceded by illuminating the social context in which they feel emboldened—and, indeed, justified—in their attacks.

The New York Times has written of a study of homophobic attitudes by the New York Governor's Task Force on

"Be patient with him. He's deciding if he's comfortable posing with you."

Bias-Related Violence: "In 'one of the most alarming findings,' the report found that while teenagers surveyed were reluctant to advocate open bias against racial and ethnic groups, they were emphatic about disliking homosexual men and women. They are perceived '*as legitimate targets that can be openly attacked*,' the report said."

"In a survey of 2823 students from eighth to 12th grade," the *Times* wrote, "three quarters of the boys and half the girls said it would be bad to have a homosexual neighbor. The feelings were as strong among 12-year-olds as among 17-year-olds. Many students added gratuitous vicious comments about homosexuals; that was not the case with other groups."

Why do these students regard gays and lesbians as such permissible targets? Because they are far from full members of the society. Despite the widespread discrimination against gays and lesbians in jobs and housing, only two states—Wisconsin and Massachusetts—have civil rights laws protecting them against discrimination. A few dozen cities—including Chicago, San Francisco and New York—also have antidiscrimination statutes. But in the rest of the country, homosexuals are fair game for discrimination.

Knowing that gays and lesbians are societal outcasts, their attackers feel that they are acting on behalf of society in punishing them for the behavior that makes them outcasts.

And the political leaders of city, state and nation also largely ignore the state of siege under which gays and lesbians live. These leaders routinely excoriate those bigots who intimidate and attack blacks and Jews, but they seldom say anything about the state of danger in which homosexuals live.

An index to the defensive state of mind of many gays was a description in the Connecticut newspaper *Fairpress* of the opening of Norwalk, Connecticut's, first gay community center. A reporter for *Fairpress* was at times given only the first names of those attending the center's opening. They feared reprisals, they said, from clients or bosses or, in the case of a high school student, parents. One lesbian was afraid of being identified in a general-circulation publication. For some gays and lesbians, the more widely they are known not to be straight, the more possible is an attack. And not only a verbal attack. And not only a single attack. Many gays and lesbians have been victimized often.

Furthermore, contributing to their pariah status is the fact that, unlike any other nonmainstream group, homosexuals are not allowed to be part of the Armed Services. If they're found out while in uniform, they will be discharged and, in some cases, subject to prison time. And the Supreme Court has declared (in *Bowers vs. Hardwick*) that "there was no fundamental right to engage in homosexual sodomy," implying, as Tom Stoddard, executive director of Lambda Legal Defense, explains, "that there might be a fundamental right to engage in heterosexual sodomy."

That Supreme Court decision officially so diminished gays' and lesbians' right of privacy that it has been called the *Dred Scott* ruling of this century. (Just before the Civil War, the Supreme Court ruled in *Scott vs. Sandford* that blacks, those free or those in slavery, had no rights under the Constitution.) *Bowers*, while hardly as drastic as *Dred Scott*, ruled that under the Constitution, homosexuals, in their bedrooms, have decidedly fewer rights than heterosexuals.

So all in all, many Americans believe that homosexuals are not equal in any way to straight Americans. Kids hear it from their parents over the dinner table, the very font of prejudice. And adults' homophobia is strengthened by the confirmation of other adults at bars, in the office, at poker, at sports events.

A continuing foundation, therefore, is laid for the chronic violence against gays and lesbians. But the feral nature of the perpetrators is shored up in other ways. According to the University of California's Dr. Herek, many of the gay bashers "see hating gay men and lesbians as a litmus test for being a moral person." The homosexual is "a proxy for all that is evil," and so those who batter him are attacking evil.

Another explanation that Herek makes is that many of the assaults on gays are by teenagers. These attacks, he says, "may provide a means for such male youths to affirm their masculinity by attacking someone who symbolizes, consciously or not, an unacceptable aspect of their own personalities (e.g., homoerotic attractions or a perception that they are not sufficiently masculine)."

Also, since the homosexual is so manifestly the outsider—the outcast—beating him up reinforces the attacker's sense of solidarity with the inside group, the no-longer Silent Majority.

A somewhat more cosmic rationalization for this brutality is advanced by Bob Altemeyer, a psychologist at the University of Manitoba, who has studied this perilous phenomenon for some time. According to him, many of the attackers believe that they are, in a sense, doing great good for generations to come.

"They see," Altemeyer told *The New York Times*, "homosexuality as a sign that society is disintegrating and as a threat to their sense of morality. Their self-righteousness makes them feel they are acting morally when they attack homosexuals. It overcomes the normal inhibitions against aggression."

This messianic lust for destroying the inferior but infectious "other" is akin to the attitudes of those young whites, and not only in the South, who have beaten up and sometimes lynched and castrated blacks to prevent "race mixing" that would poison the purity of the white race. (Germans were not the only people with a violent craving for eugenics.)

A significant piece of evidence about attacks on homosexuals is that attackers usually leave their own turf to hunt down gays or lesbians. Most other bias attacks, on the other hand, take place when the victim makes the mistake of entering alien territory—as in the murders of blacks in Howard Beach and Bensonhurst, New York.

The need, then, to "purify" oneself of any doubts of one's sexuality or the need to save the world from creeping homoeroticism drives the avenger to seek out the homosexual rather than to wait for him to come into the neighborhood.

There is general agreement among analysts of violence against gays that AIDS is not a primary cause of the increase in this violence during recent years. According to Herek, while the epidemic has focused more attention on gays and has, indeed, led to more attacks on them, the disease has not so much made antigay feelings more aggressive as it has provided "a convenient hook" on which the bashers "can hang their pre-existing prejudices."

Those prejudices have deep historical roots. Not that most of the attackers know much about our history of discrimination and violence against gays. But certain highly charged prejudices last longer than people's specific memories of their grim antecedents.

In the *Journal of Interpersonal Violence*, Berrill and Herek have distilled the American ways of dealing with gays:

> In Colonial New England, executions for sodomy occurred as early as 1646. A statute passed in 1655 by the New Haven colony mandated the death penalty for lesbianism as well as male homosexuality. . . . During the late 19th Century, the medical profession joined the religious and legal

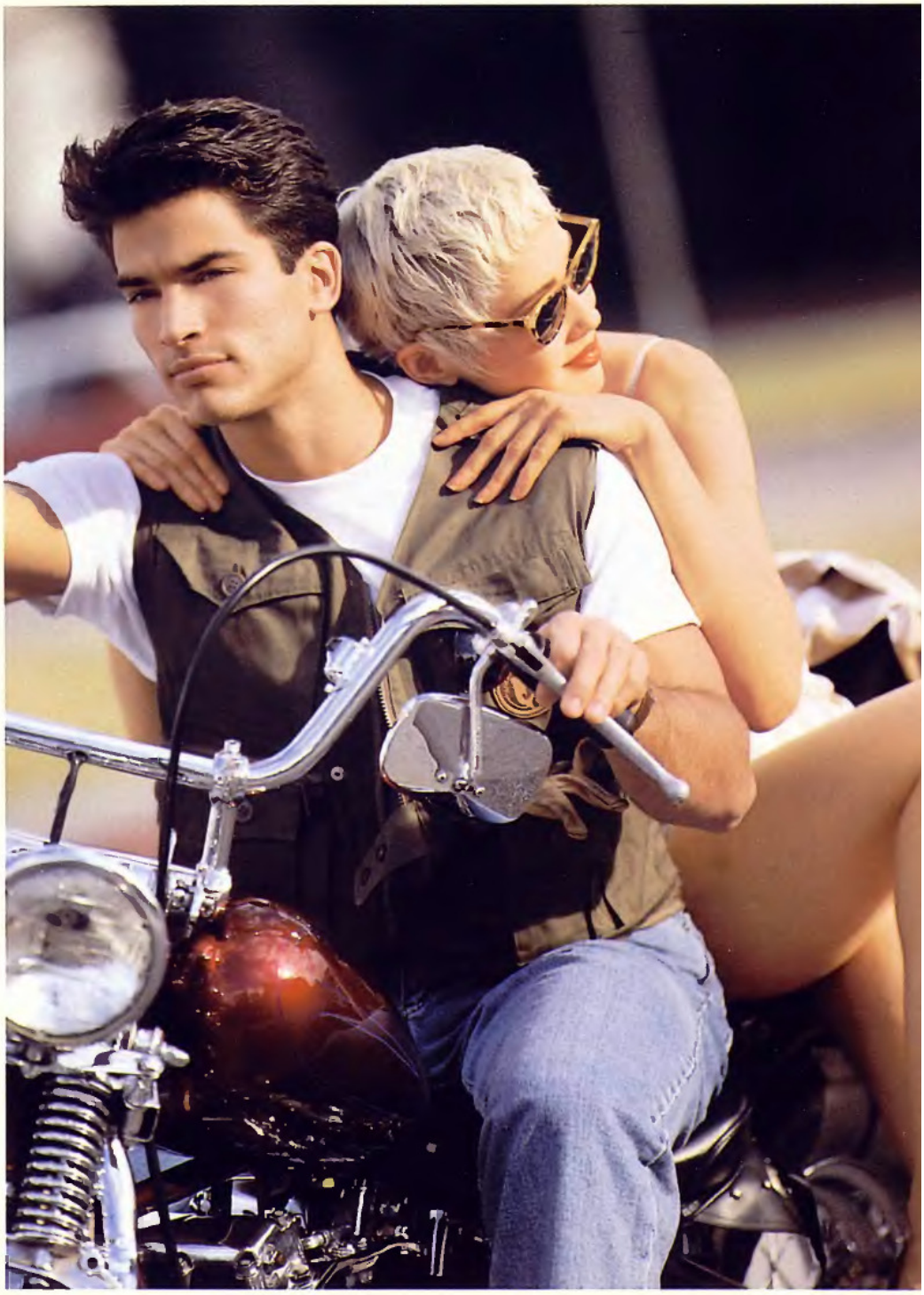
(continued on page 164)

THIS SPORTING LIFE

thank god it's the weekend—here's what to wear

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

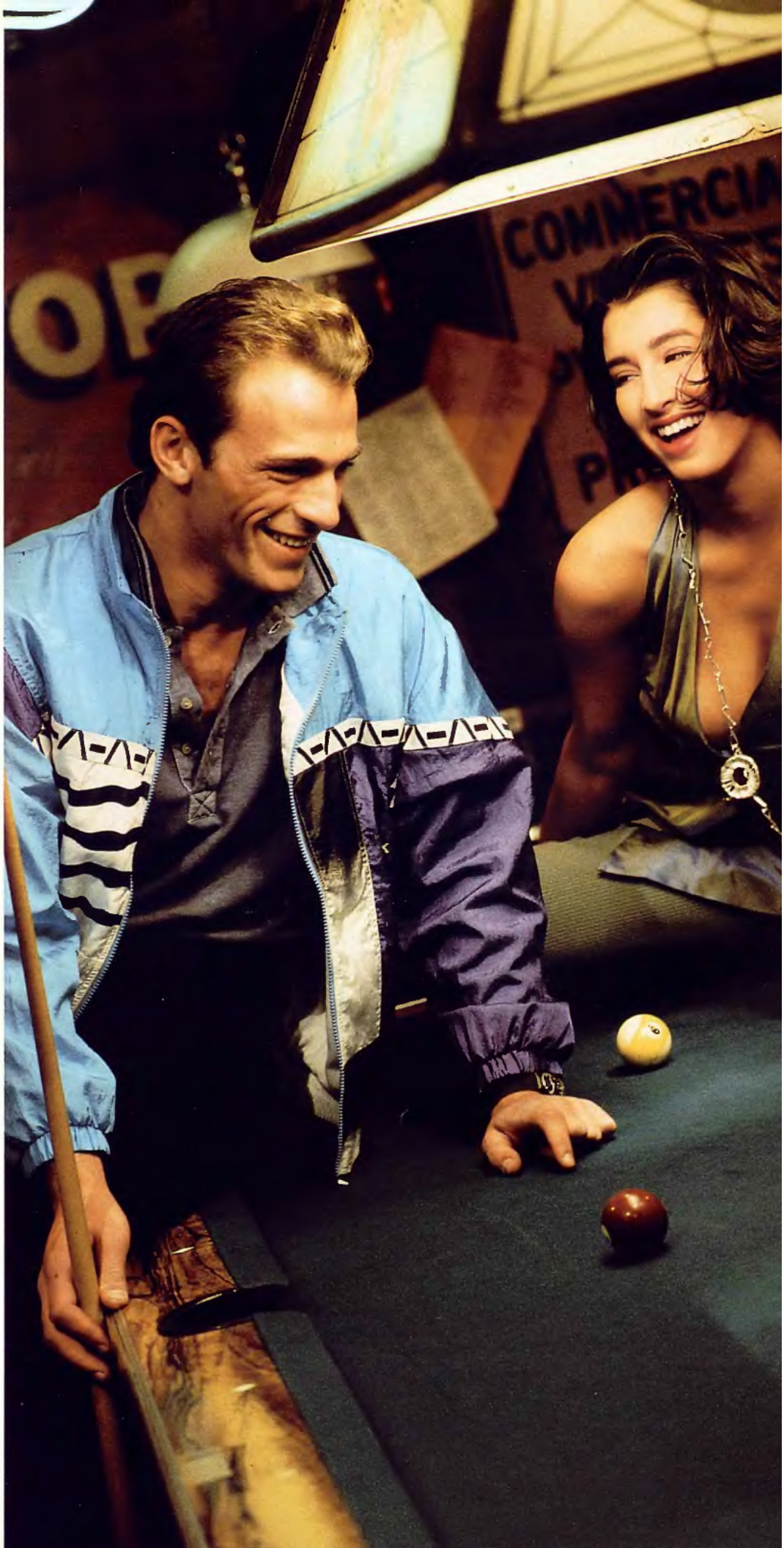
IT'S ONE of the weekend's most vexing questions. How do you go out and play a hard set of tennis, and then show up looking great for brunch? Well, designers have finally figured out what we all knew: Men look great in athletic clothes. So now we have the best of both worlds: stylish clothes with actual sports benefits. Cycling jackets, for instance, have double-layered fabrics to draw moisture from the body, as well as stretchable spandex side panels to ensure smooth turns. These clothes have inspired a revolution in how we plan our day. Take the fishing vest—very popular this year. Wear it at dawn in a trout stream, then on top of a T-shirt and jeans the rest of the day. Besides looking mighty sharp, it has plenty of pockets to stash keys, wallet, pens and even a bottle of killer cologne in.

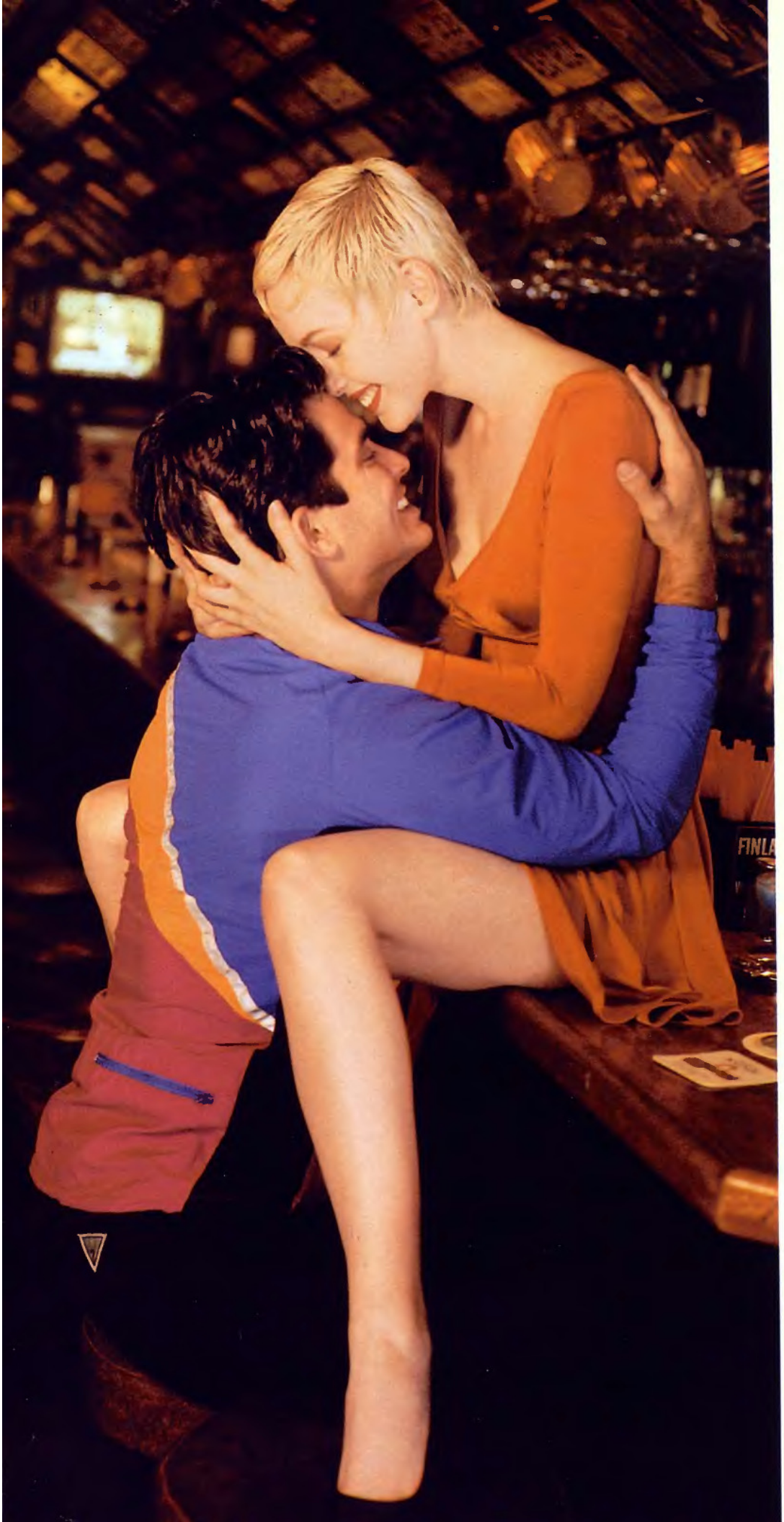


Right: When you want more than a largemouthed bass to bite, set aside your black-leather jacket and do your urban trolling in a fisherman's vest. Here, we've paired an olive-green cotton one with a multi-zip-pocket front and a zipper storage pocket in back, by Hunting World, $125; with cotton/denim stone-washed jeans, by Rifle, about $55; and a white cotton T-shirt, by Calvin Klein Underwear for Men, $10.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALBERTO TOLOT

Left: Park your pony in the stable and horse around in this wool/silk three-button equestrian jacket, about $600, worn with cotton-chino jodhpurs, $175, rayon/gabardine sport shirt, $95, silk ascot, $85, and tortoise-shell sunglasses, $88, all by Polo/Ralph Lauren; plus silver-plated horse-head pin, by Sentimenta, about $110. Right: This Fast Eddie's easygoing game is no fashion hustle. His outfit includes an IXSPA 2000 multicolored crinkled-nylon warm-up jacket with poly/cotton lining (sold with warm-up pants), by Jamie Sadock, $170; cotton double-pleated trousers, by Z. Cavaricci, about $70; and cotton stone-washed shirt, by Marina Yachting/Simint USA, $85.





Where & How
to Buy on page 179.

Left: Whatever this sharp bicycle jockey is peddling, his date is obviously going along for the ride. His outfit features a geometric-patterned transit-shell cycling jacket with storage pocket in back and Tactel/nylon/spandex mesh, by Hind, $100; and black stone-washed five-pocket jeans, by Guess?, about $58. Right: It's smooth sailing through the weekend in this sarbet-colored nylon water-resistant anorak-style sailing jacket with two-flap pocket, drawstring waist and pale-green convertible hood, by Calvin Klein Sport, $140; worn with cotton T-shirt, by Jockey, about $6; plus movable-lug chrome watch with white-enamel dial and a hefty leather strap, by Fossil, about $55.

RNEY'S
1920 AD

GIVING GOOD VOICE

commercial voice-overs are a blockbuster business. spend a day with a chap who has talked, barked and flushed his way into the hearts and living rooms of America

article By CHIP BOLCIK

OK GRANDMA, I'm going to explain it to you one more time. You know when you're watching TV and the commercial comes on? Well, in the commercial, I'm the dog's voice. The dog that says, "Pet Fresh. *Wooooorks* till the cows come home. *Pet Fresh!*"

"But I don't see you in that commercial. When do I see you? It's a commercial with animals dressed like people, right?"

"Right."

"But where are you?"

"You don't *see* me. You *hear* me."

"Are you the one knocking on the door?"

"No, that's a pig. I'm the one who talks. Over the music? You know, the voice-over."

"I didn't see you in that commercial."

"Grandma, *nobody* sees me in that commercial. You *hear* me. I'm the guy who's talking while the dog vacuums the rug. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"I don't see you?"

"Right. You *hear* me."

"Ohhh. . . . [*She thinks about it a bit.*] Well, when *am* I going to see you?"

I try to think of some word that will make her understand. "You'll never see me. I *read* the commercial."

By a stroke of luck, Pet Fresh comes on the TV a few minutes later. In my grandmother's apartment, the TV is on constantly.

"See, Grandma! That's me! That voice. *That's my voice you're hearing!*"

"Where? Where are you? I don't see you. Damn it! Where?"

Oh, dear God.

•

I talk for a living. One of an elite clique of voice-over artists throughout the country, I pull in a decent yearly salary by being invisible. I am the words behind the close-up of the chewing gum on your television, the goofy growl in the throat of the cartoon animal your kids adore, the English dialog coming from the mouths of foreign film stars. I've played a hamburger, a toilet and a spleen. I'm having the time of my life.

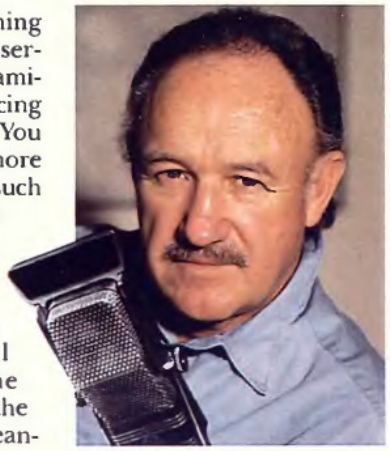
Admittedly, explaining this unique career choice to my grandmother is a challenge, but it's nothing compared with the real problem I face these days: My professional turf is being invaded. Every celebrity in Hollywood, it seems, is clamoring to get into voice-overs. Why? According to Jeff Danis, a talent agent at International Creative Management in Los Angeles, stars want to do voice-overs for two simple reasons: "It's great money and it's minimal work. I get calls every day from big names who are suddenly realizing how lucrative these jobs can be. Then again," he adds, "not all stars can *do* voice-overs. They're tough to pull off—it takes a certain way of talking, a special ability."

I discovered I had this "special ability" ten years ago, when I bought a telephone answering machine. I was performing in a play at the Folger Theater in Washington, D.C., and once a week, for no particular reason, I would record a different funny message on the machine—one day I was a Southern redneck, the next I was Dracula. My friends loved calling my home (I once counted 200 calls in one day), but then something bigger began to happen: Professional people started calling—people in a position to pay me for my voice. One of those calls came from a woman at an ad agency who wanted to know if I did voice-overs. "Sure I do," I said, not having the slightest idea what a voice-over was but fully aware that actors never turn work down. Eventually, the ad woman hired me, and I began my career selling Chevrolets in the nation's capital. Since then,

ILLUSTRATION BY JANET WOOLLEY

Bourgeoisie
Soup
Power
Poverty
Bourgeoisie
Soup
Power
Poverty
Bourgeoisie
Soup
Power
Poverty

GUESS WHO'S TALKING



Moses pitching beer for Anheuser-Busch? Our steamiest siren romancing an Arrow shirt? You bet. Today, more and more stars such as Charlton Heston and Kathleen Turner are flocking to do commercial voice-overs—the work's easy and the pay's great. Meanwhile, advertisers continue to hire the celebs, banking on the notion that you'll recognize the voice, trust it and become an instant consumer. But is Madison Avenue getting its money's worth? How many of these famous voices actually ring a bell?

1. He was a Yuppie in *Wall Street*, a grunt in *Platoon* and went on to tout "a new day at Sears."

2. The Great Santini went A.W.O.L. a few years back to announce, "Packed with peanuts, Snickers really satisfies."

3. He once beamed down from Vulcan to address such earthly matters as "The Real Thing, Coke."

4. As *Washington Post* editor Ben Bradlee in *All the President's Men*, it's unlikely he would have run a headline shouting, "YOU'RE IN GOOD HANDS WITH ALLSTATE." (Hint: He also announced for Xerox.)

5. He was once known as Our Man Flint. Then he became Our Man Acura, Our Man Century 21, Our Man Coke and Our Man U.P.S.

6. As Hot Lips in the movie *M*A*S*H*, she was short on rations. Now Revlon has her color, Woolite's in her machine, Hidden Valley Ranch serves her half the calories and Stouffer's got it *all* right.

7. Although this feisty actor played a feisty actor in *The Goodbye Girl* and a feisty actor in *Moon over Parador*, he mellowed as the voice of Hewlett-Packard.

8. The *Jaws* shark just missed getting a piece of him. That's probably why he got "a piece of the [Prudential] Rock."

9. Brando called him "an errand boy" in *Apocalypse Now*; Pepsi made him the voice of "a new generation."

10. As commander of the Enterprise, he was big on space travel, but in 1989, he slowed down to pitch the Transamerica Corporation.

11. He lived at 1313 Mockingbird Lane with his spooky wife, Lily—then he moved to Hyundai, Maytag, Colgate and, now, Hostess cupcakes.

12. Thirty-six years ago, he made Oscar-winning waves in *Mister Roberts*. These days, he *is* Mister Honda.

13. As TV's Lou Grant, he was practically an overnight success; now he's jawing about overnight deliveries for Federal Express.

14. He was once The Penguin on TV's *Batman*; then he squawked for United Airlines (for 11 years), Honda (ten years), Busch Gardens, Sargento cheese, Shady Brook Farms, the Florida Citrus Organization, the Donnelley Yellow Pages. . . .

15. As Maxwell Smart's partner, Agent 99, she kept her missions quiet. Then she started yakking away for N'ice throat lozenges.

16. Her greetings in *Fatal Attraction* were ghastly. They became more cheerful for Hallmark cards.

17. Her sexy, husky voice seduced the likes of Bogey—then captured hearts at Welch's juices and Christian Dior mascara.

18. His gig for Campbell's Home Cookin' Soup undoubtedly made his a more *Wonderful Life*.

19. Back in 1971, he was plugged into *The French Connection*; now he's plugging G.T.E.

20. After playing Barney Miller, he got a call from U.S. Sprint—"the company with one hundred percent fiber-optic sound quality and lower rates than AT&T."

ANSWERS

1. Charlie Sheen. 2. Robert Duvall. 3. Leonard Nimoy. 4. Jason Robards. 5. James Coburn. 6. Sally Kellerman. 7. Richard Dreyfuss. 8. Roy Scheider. 9. Martin Sheen. 10. William Shatner. 11. Fred Gwynne. 12. Jack Lemmon. 13. Ed Asner. 14. Burgess Meredith. 15. Barbara Feldon. 16. Glenn Close. 17. Lauren Bacall. 18. James Stewart. 19. Gene Hackman. 20. Hal Linden.

I've worked nonstop.

So, how decent a living *do* I make? you ask. Well, let's just say I haul in more than some lawyers but not as much as my plumber.

But enough about money. Follow me through my day and see if you can absorb what Grandma can't—or won't.

•

8 A.M.: Get up. Head for the bathroom. Turn on *Good Morning, America*. Nice show, network commercials. When a spot runs on a network, you make a little money each time it plays. This morning, I hear myself on a Drāno spot. My line: "Drāno. It clears *and* deodorizes!" It's not even breakfast and I've made my lunch money.

8:40 A.M.: Finished in the bathroom. Into the bedroom to get dressed. Turn on the TV. My wife, Laura (also an actor), wakes up. We continue to watch *G.M.A.* No more of my spots air. Bummer.

9:11 A.M.: Get on the bus to Manhattan. I'm the only nonsuit. I'm the only one smiling.

10 A.M.: Get off the bus, head for my first job of the day, at Eastside Film and Video. It's a TV commercial for Pizza Hut. I usually do three or four spots a month for Pizza Hut through its ad agency, B.B.D.O. I say good morning to the producer, Dale Bramwell. We've worked together on this account for a while, so I know the session will go pretty smoothly.

Bramwell sits in a large control room with the account rep, Adina Wachtel. The room is well appointed—soft couches, telephones, a filled candy jar and a huge TV screen. Dennis Meiners, the film editor, is there; so is Glenn Laredo, the recording engineer. He sits behind a huge console and manipulates a sea of knobs and buttons. His work area looks like the cockpit of a jetliner. I have no idea what any of the buttons do except three—RECORD, STOP and PLAY.

In contrast to the control room, the area I'm in—the booth—reminds me of a small meat locker with a picture window. I have a stool, a music stand, a script, a microphone and a small TV monitor before me. Over the headphones, I hear Laredo "slate" the spot: "Pizza Hut, five-minute guarantee," he drones. "February nineteenth. Take one!" Suddenly, my TV monitor lights up; images of pizzas and happy faces dance across the screen.

My job is to talk when Bramwell tells me to. He informs me that I have four and a half seconds to say, "So come in and get a Personal Pan Pizza in just five minutes, guaranteed, or your next one's free." Four and a half seconds is not a lot of time, but I'll fit the words

(continued on page 167)

"I think the safe-sex program is working—judging by the number of condoms I find amongst my delphiniums."

DRINKS FOR THE DESIGNATED DRIVER

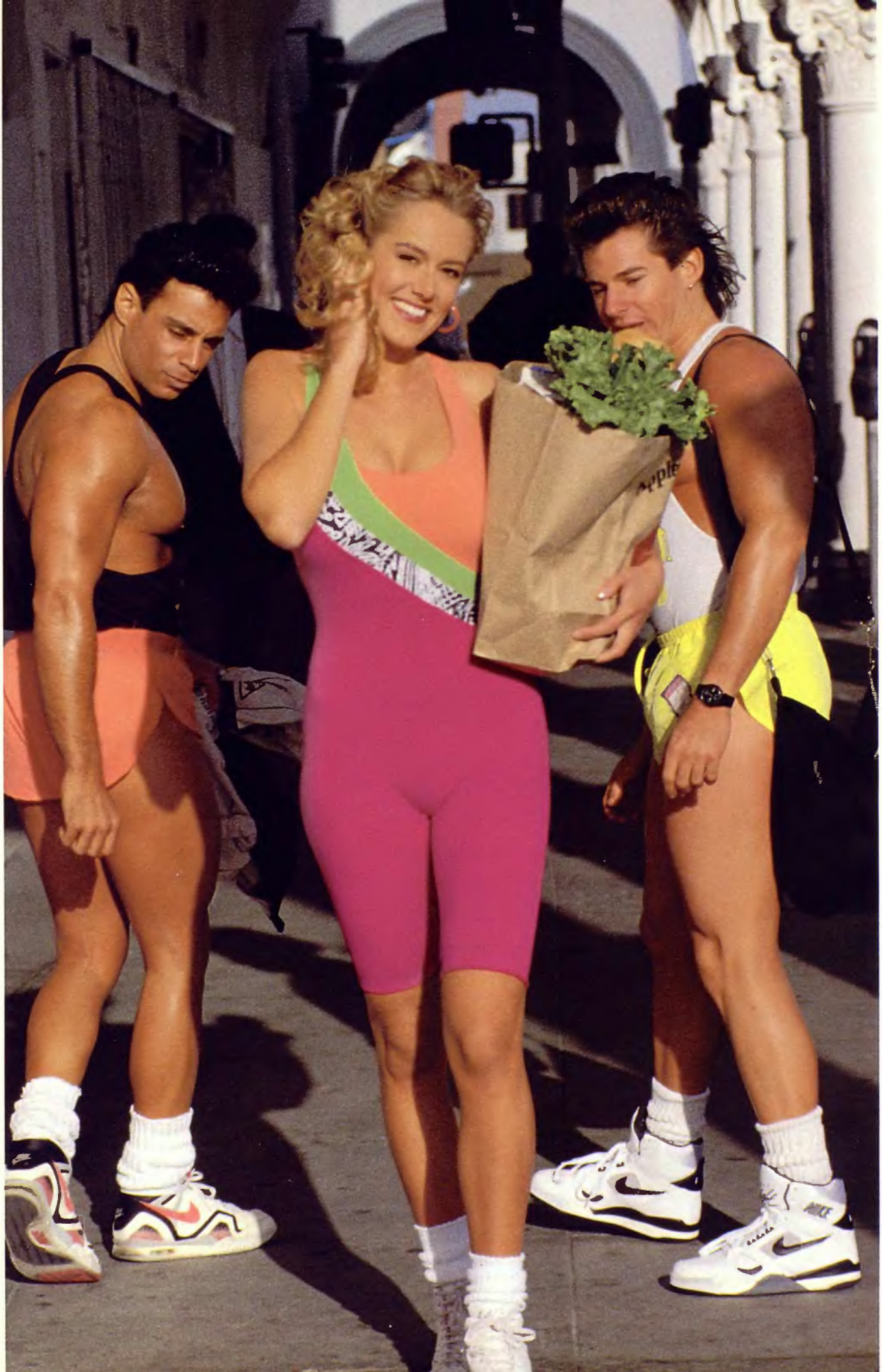
the party has
just begun—and you're
the one with the car

article By RICHARD LALICH

You brake for cocktails. Your friends order drinks, and you sit there nursing your exclusion from the fun. But these days, there's no reason to feel glum. You're certainly not alone in watching what you drink—the bartender who serves you and the passengers in your car all appreciate your awareness of the hazards of driving under the influence. And fortunately, the alternatives to alcohol are no longer as dull as club soda. Restaurants and bars are offering a more appealing selection of nonalcoholic drinks to the driver who chooses to have none for the road. A few years ago, the only recourse for a guy with his car keys splayed on a cocktail napkin was to curse Shirley Temple or to fidget while his tablemates savored the serendipitous encounters of sour and sweet in a rocks glass. The new options deliver a kick, and they remove the hardship from responsible drinking.

Remember, there's no law that says liquorless drinks must be tame. Coffee, soft drinks and water will get you through in a pinch, but they won't slake your taste for adult drinks—drinks that look and taste like real cocktails. You do, after all, deserve to enjoy yourself: You're exercising self-discipline and *(continued on page 169)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE JORDANO



miss may's wish comes true—
right before our eyes

YAZEL DAZZLE

WHEN THE LOS GATOS HIGH SCHOOL newspaper asked students where they wanted to be in ten years, Carrie Jean Yazel, class of '88, answered, "In the pages of *Playboy*." Seven years ahead of schedule, Miss May comes to us as a wish fulfilled. Since prom night, she has moved from Northern California to San Diego, worked as a model, fallen in and out of love and dazzled the registrar at a local junior college. "I keep changing majors," she says with a giggle. "First it was hotel management, then catering. Then, well, there was my FBI thing." Carrie grins. "I always thought it would be so cool to go undercover and find out all this stuff about perfect strangers!" No stranger to quick changes, Carrie has recently been refurbishing her new apartment in a historic section of San Diego. She has another passion, too: "I loooove to

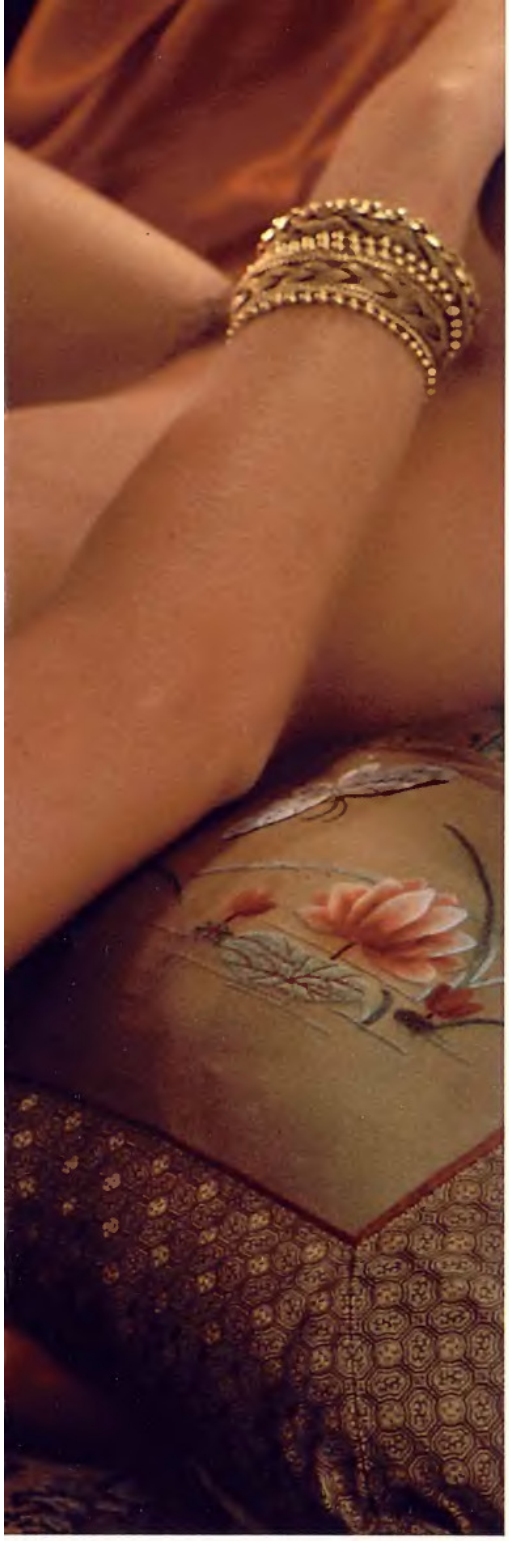
Strolling the promenade ot Venice Beoch, Miss Moy turns the heods of the beefcoke brigode (left). "I love the beoch," soys the towny Colifornion. "I know it's not reolly good for me, but I'll lie out until I've got o deep, deep tan. It mokes me feel like I belong there."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA

read." This semester, school assignments have drawn her into books on philosophy, sociology and ("Yuck!") algebra. Private moments find her curled up in a big black chair in her living room, deep into Dickens or Hardy while Beatles tunes play softly in the background. In fact, her Beatlemania ("I could listen to them twenty-four hours a day") doesn't always seem so fab to her beau, a 32-year-old film student and aspiring screenwriter. "He likes classical music, and I haven't quite acquired the taste," she admits. "We're always switching back and forth between radio stations." With the home fires smoldering nicely, Carrie has been pondering her future. Yes, she still models and, yes, she has thought about acting, "but that doesn't really excite me much. There was a joke when I was growing up—everyone in my family would

"My parents were always very free about nudity," says Carrie. "I love to sun-bathe nude. I love to walk around nude. I've never felt inhibited about my body and I've never understood why people do." Carrie's body beautiful is not the work of a health club or a fitness trainer; she manages to look like this without working out. "Guess I'm lucky," she says.

say, 'Oh, Carrie—you'll just get married, have kids and be a mommy!' And the thing is, they were probably right!" Sunny Southern California suits this homemaker-to-be just fine for now, but Carrie sees herself planting roots in a calmer clime—Seattle, maybe, or Spokane. "I'd like to have a bunch of kids and a big house somewhere we could spread out, somewhere the seasons change." Carrie's love of the Pacific Northwest harks back to a childhood spent there. Her drive to raise kids may reflect a desire to be just like her folks; this is a young girl who says her parents are "cool. They're down-to-earth, have-a-good-time people. They party more than I do." She gave Mom and Dad a customized version of her centerfold—with Miss May making a goofy face just for them. And while that was a kick, Carrie takes her new role seriously. "Being in *Playboy*—it's really the ultimate compliment." She remembers with perfect clarity the moment she learned that her schoolgirl dream was coming true. Soon after test-posing for us, she was visiting—who else?—her parents, who were entertaining some friends at a rented beach house in San Diego. "My dad was in the kitchen, making margaritas," she says. "The phone rang. I answered . . . and about a second later, I was jumping up and down, yelling, 'I got it, I *got* it!' We all had margaritas to celebrate."



"I like the feeling of being overpowered," soys statuesque Miss May. Corrie describes the perfect man os toll ond thin, "but strong. He's not o wimp. I don't like to feel like I con just get away. To me, there's something sexy about feeling that *he's* in control."

MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Carrie Jean Yazel

BUST: 36 D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 11-30-69 BIRTHPLACE: Huntington Beach, Cal.

AMBITIONS: My top priority is getting married and having at least two children soon!

TURN-ONS: A man who is gorgeous and creative but not afraid to act like a geek!

TURN-OFFS: Flashy guys who wear gold chains and think they're real cool talking on their car phones.

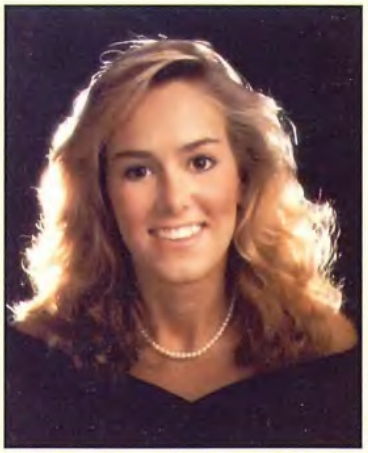
I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL: The boys I had crushes on in high school - the ones who didn't know I existed - see me now. See what you guys missed out on??

BLONDES HAVE MORE: Fun! (The ad was right.)

MAY DAYDREAM: A tropical vacation on the beach with a good book, a strong drink, hot sunshine and a hotter man!

Me and my teeth

professional bench warmer



Kiss those high school days goodbye!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

While trying to persuade his new girlfriend to come over, the young man had finally led the phone conversation in a romantic direction.

"Yes, I do like a dry white wine," she said.

"Great. I have two bottles chilling now."

"And I just love Janet Jackson."

"Just got her new CD."

"My fantasy is making love on a fur rug in front of a fireplace."

"No problem," he said instantly. "I'll shoot the dog."

An Indian diplomat from Calcutta assigned to duty at the United Nations was having difficulty adapting to the New Yorkers' habitual rudeness, accustomed as he was to the traditional courtesy of the East.

One day, he approached a nicely dressed woman and said, "Pardon me, madam. Can you direct me to the Guggenheim Museum—or shall I just go fuck myself?"

Washington wags report that Dan Quayle went so far as to fill out enlistment papers. He thought our *golf* interests were at stake.

At the height of the French Revolution's Reign of Terror, two aristocrats and a blacksmith were waiting their turn to be executed. Their executioner told them they could either face up or face down, and if the guillotine malfunctioned, they would be pardoned for their crimes and set free.

The first aristocrat was led to the guillotine. "I don't want zis contraption to be zee last thing I see," he said, "I want to be face down."

His head was placed on the block, the blade was released, but, miraculously, it stopped inches away from his neck. True to his word, the executioner let him go.

The second blue blood was next. Sneering at the bloodthirsty crowd, he said, "I don't want my last sight to be of zees feelthy swine. I will face down." Again, the blade stopped short of its mark and the fellow was set free.

The blacksmith was led up the steps. The crowd roared its approval as he positioned himself face up. "Ooo la la! I've never really seen one of zees close up. Zis is a marvelous contraption!" he gushed, looking up at the machine. "But, *alors*, I think I see zee problem."

Sign spotted in a Planned Parenthood parking lot: BE CAREFUL PULLING OUT.

A salesman stopped for a beer at a remote hillbilly bar. Just as he lifted the brew to his lips, the bartender shouted, "Showtime!" and a wrinkled old man stepped into the spotlight, dropped his trousers, pulled out his huge dong, smashed three walnuts with it, bowed and disappeared.

Thirty years later, the salesman happened to stop at the same bar. The cry of "Showtime!" went up and out came the same old man. The salesman was astounded as the fellow dropped his trousers, dragged out his dong and shattered three coconuts with it.

"That's amazing," the salesman said to the bartender, "but why the switch from walnuts to coconuts?"

"Hey, the old guy's eyes are failing."

How many bureaucrats does it take to change a light bulb? Seven—one to supervise, one to arrange for the electricity to be shut off, one to make sure that safety and quality standards are maintained, one to monitor compliance with local, state and Federal regulations, one to manage personnel relations, one to fill out the paperwork and one to screw the light bulb into the water faucet.

After spending a vigorous night with a hooker, the Senator took $300 out of his wallet and set it on the motel night stand.

"Thanks, but I charge only twenty dollars," the woman said.

"Twenty dollars for the entire night?" the incredulous politician asked. "You can't make a living on that."

"Oh, don't worry," she purred. "I do a little blackmail on the side."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"It's a novelty T-shirt me and the boys designed, Mrs. Patterson!"

WHO DAT

"if you don't cooperate, we'll use your wife as a wedge—if you catch my meaning"

fiction by

GEORGE ALEC EFFINGER

BEFORE MY PROMOTION, I was a contract agent for the Company, and at the time, there didn't seem to be much hope of advancement. I had been assigned to Operation Orchid, one of the loonier of the Company's projects. The reports I sent back to the Director had green covers stamped EXDIS, which meant that they couldn't be distributed wantonly back at the Company. If Orchid had been a vital assignment that decided the fate of the free world, the reports would have been stamped NODIS, meaning No Distribution. "Burn before reading," if you know what I mean.

Anyway, the Deputy Director for Information patted his computer one day in 1985, asked it nicely to mull over all the information crammed into it, and a few hours later, it spat out a watch list of only one name. This target lived in Kansas City, Missouri.

I initiated a covert intelligence-gathering operation in Kansas City. I proceeded slowly and carefully, because I'd been told by my case officer that we could not tolerate any sort of negative blowback from my investigation. Therefore, the entire project had to remain undercover, but it left me with four equally effective options: harassment, intimidation, deception and disinformation.

I'm not really the *(continued on page 132)*

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BENNY

C
UTAH

1991 PLAYBOY MUSIC

IT WAS A GREAT YEAR FOR CENSORS, CYNICS AND CASH

MADONNA wasn't the only musician to face the censors in 1990, but she turned the controversy into money faster than anyone else. Almost as soon as her video *Justify My Love* was banned from MTV, she slapped a $9.98 price tag on it and sold the five-minute opus to her fans. Madonna's not called the Material Girl for nothing. She also has stature as an artist. The critics liked her Blond Ambition tour, her album *I'm Breathless* and her work in *Dick Tracy*. New Kids on the Block, who made all the top bucks in 1990, are still looking for critical acclaim, and quotes from their mentor Maurice Starr haven't helped. Said Starr, "Anybody, everybody can be a star. . . . The most important thing you need to make a hit band is promotion. . . . The second thing you need is a pretty good song. . . . Third—last and least—what you need to have is talent." Pretty cynical, especially when you look at the New

1991 MUSIC

Ozzy Osborne (top) was one of the first metol men forced into court to defend his lyrics and is currently facing suits over his song *Suicide Solution*. Metal is under ottack. The New Kids on the Block (center) were attacked, too, by the critics. Rap artists fought back against newspaper editorials and voluntary stickering by nervous record companies by supporting one another and rallying their fans. Flavor Flav (bottom) of Public Enemy was vocal and provocative—just like rap itself.

Kids' stats: $74,100,000 in concert-ticket sales, $800,000,000 in retail paraphernalia, the top-grossing music video, *Hangin' Tough—Live*, and five albums on the *Billboard* charts in January. They busted their butts 154 days last year to make Starr's marketing dreams come true. It's no wonder they're looking for a little respect—from Starr, at the very least.

The New Kids do know how to sing. That can't be said of Milli Vanilli, who are now a running gag on *The Tonight Show*. This is a perfect example of a year's worth of greed and cynicism. Two guys with the right hair and dance steps made their producer a rich man, won a Grammy and bilked their fans out of concert-ticket money, all under false pretenses. If you attended one of their concerts, you paid money to see two impostors lip-sync. The antics of the marketing guys who created Milli Vanilli make Maurice Starr's methods seem low-key. Well, almost.

Marketing and promotion ended up fueling the censorship stories of the year, too. Ask yourself, Would Luther Campbell of 2 Live Crew be a rich man today if his troubles hadn't made a very public First Amendment issue out of his music? No doubt Public Enemy and KRS-One would have been successful even without all the controversy, but ponder the cases of the Geto Boys and Bitches with Problems. Without the negative publicity, would we know them? The bottom line is this: Who gets to decide what we hear? Tipper Gore? Self-styled anti-smut attorney Jack Thompson? State legislators? We'd be more likely to agree with Kate Pierson of the B-52's, who said, "As a woman, I find 2 Live Crew to be offensive, but as an American, I feel everyone has the right to be stupid." What motivated parents to take metal musicians Judas Priest and Ozzy Osborne to court? The distraught families tried to make a connection between heavy metal and the death of their sons. It's a big stretch to link metal lyrics with suicide, and the courts couldn't bring themselves to do it. Osborne said grief makes people blame "the artists when they should take a look in the bloody mirror."

So far, the only person convicted of anything is a Fort Lauderdale record-store owner, Charles Freeman, who sold 2 Live Crew's *Nasty As They Wanna Be* to someone over 21. The prosecution successfully argued that the right to free speech was not absolute. To us, the two loudest messages of the year are that cynicism pays and you shouldn't assume your rights. Don't sneer at little girls who bought New Kids on the Block merchandise if you spent your money on an Aerosmith tour jacket. And never assume that your music belongs to you. You may have to fight for your right to listen to it.

MOVIE SOUND TRACK

Pretty Woman

When Julia Roberts donned miniskirt and boots on the cover of the *Pretty Woman* sound-track album, she wasn't smiling for nothing. The disc has since gone triple platinum in the U.S. and has sold 6,000,000 copies world-wide.

MUSIC VIDEO

Opposites Attract
Paula Abdul

ALBUMS OF THE YEAR

ROCK

Wilson Phillips
Wilson Phillips

R&B

Please Hammer Don't Hurt 'Em
M. C. Hammer

JAZZ

Live
Kenny G

COUNTRY

Lone Wolf
Hank Williams, Jr.

CONCERT OF THE YEAR

Aerosmith

Hard-pumping facts about Aerosmith's yearlong Pump tour: The group provided 326 hours of live music for nearly 3,000,000 people in 15 countries, 38 states and six Canadian provinces, traveling 46,422 miles in its private jet, Aeroforce One. Way to go, guys!

VEEJAY

MTV's Martha Quinn

HALL OF FAME

Sammy Davis Jr.

This legendary performer, whose name is synonymous with entertainment, began his career in vaudeville at the age of four. Hoofing his way from Harlem with the Will Mastin Trio to Hollywood and the Rat Pack, Sammy regularly dazzled audiences with his signature style and songs, including *I've Gotta Be Me*, *What Kind of Fool Am I?* and *Candy Man*. Thanks, Sammy, for having given us more than 60 toe-tapping, bojanglin' years.

1991 TOP PERFORMERS

PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL WINNERS

ERIC CLAPTON
Instrumentalist/Rock

AEROSMITH
Group/Rock

WAS (NOT WAS)
Group/R&B

PHIL COLLINS
Male Vocalist/Rock

PAULA ABDUL
Female Vocalist/R&B

BONNIE RAITT
Female Vocalist/Rock

M. C. HAMMER
Male Vocalist/R&B

ILLUSTRATION BY ALFREDO SABAT

KENNY G
Instrumentalist/Jazz

K. D. LANG
Female Vocalist/Country

RAY CHARLES
Male Vocalist/Jazz

RANDY TRAVIS
Male Vocalist/Country

SPYRO GYRA
Group/Jazz

ALABAMA
Group/Country

DIONNE WARWICK
Female Vocalist/Jazz

WHO DAT *(continued from page 124)*

"The new target was Sheila Giff, a white female, 22, with brown eyes and brown hair subject to change."

harassment-and-intimidation type, so in Kansas City, I went with deception.

The target's name was Nick Ginsberg. When I began, all I knew about him was that he worked at Middleton Lanes, unjamming pin spotters and polishing the alleys. I began casually, not even looking at Ginsberg on the three nights a week that I bowled. When I started, I averaged about 140. Weeks later, when I felt it was time to initiate direct activity, my average had climbed to 185, which is pretty respectable, if you ask me. The secret to bowling is consistency, and the secret to consistency is practice. I mentioned this improvement to my case officer once, and he responded with a complete lack of interest.

One evening, after bowling four lines—including an exhilarating game of 220—I casually asked Ginsberg how I'd go about joining one of the weekly leagues that tied up most of the lanes every night. We talked about a few other things after that, and then I steered the conversation to the topic of the lanes themselves. I told Ginsberg that they were maintained better than any other bowling alley I'd ever seen.

He smiled. "Thank you," he said. "It's a heavy responsibility. You'll notice in most bowling alleys, the left-handers have a distinct advantage, because there's fewer of them, and so the wax on their side of the lane doesn't get worn away as quickly as the right-handers'. I've created a method of waxing that automatically compensates for that."

I raised my eyebrows. "That's wonderful," I said. I feigned admiration. That was part of the process.

I cultivated Ginsberg's friendship over the next few months. My average settled at the 185 level, but sometimes I turned in scores of 240 or better.

We'd reached phase three, and I was now having a few beers in the lounge with my subject, gradually extracting the relevant data, when disaster struck: The Kansas City Royals made it into the World Series against the St. Louis Cardinals. The so-called I-70 Series. It became immediately clear to me that Kansas City was a dead end. I packed my belongings, sent terminal reports on the Kansas City intrusion to my case officer and the director of Operation Orchid and got on the next plane to Virginia. It took almost four years for the DDI's computer to select another target, and in the meantime, I worked on a few other top-secret operations. Finally, though, the computer came up with a name and address in Detroit.

I'd never been excited about the Motor City as a place to spend a few months, but my preferences weren't at all important. The new target was Sheila Giff, a white female, aged 22, with brown eyes and naturally brown hair subject to change, who worked as an image coordinator in a beauty shop called The Hairport in Royal Oak.

The Hairport was in a large mall, and so, initially, I browsed through the bookstores and software shops for half an hour, making a few small purchases. Then I went into The Hairport and asked for a cut and style.

While Sheila Giff cut and styled my hair, she kept up a running conversation. I couldn't hear a word above the obnoxious whine of her blow drier. A television was on in the shop, and the Detroit Pistons were playing the San Antonio Spurs. I watched for a while, and then I began to feel a warning prickling at the back of my neck. When she turned the drier off, Sheila Giff said, "Are you a basketball fan?"

"Not really," I said.

"Well," said Giff, "you must be excited by how well the Pistons are doing this year."

I laughed. "Lions and Tigers and Pistons, oh, my. They'll fold. They always fold."

She just raised her eyebrows and shot some spray at me. By the time I came back from the men's room, having combed my hair back the way I usually wear it, the Pistons had won, 102–99. And that season, they went all the way, defeating the Los Angeles Lakers for the N.B.A. championship. It was a good thing I hadn't wasted time getting to know Sheila Giff. I went back to the office a few days later and caught up on paperwork while the DDI's computer considered its next choice.

•

It took the computer a year to identify the next target. His name was Earl P. Lasson and he lived in New Orleans. New Orleans! The Big Easy! The City that Care Forgot! I had a good feeling about Lasson from the very beginning.

I landed at New Orleans International Airport. It was overcast and windy, and the shock of the damp air hit me as soon as I crossed from the plane to the walkway. I felt as if I'd been squeezed from a tube into a pot of water at the simmer. Near 90 degrees, near 90 percent humidity.

I grabbed a cab and gave the driver the address of the safe house the New Orleans section had booked me into. It took about 25 minutes to get there and, in the meantime, I removed my suit coat, then my tie, then I rolled up my sleeves, and then I grumpily squirmed in the back seat, trying to unstick the sodden shirt from my back. There was a peculiar smell in the air; it took me a while to identify it, but when I did, I added a new nickname to New Orleans' collection. The Mildew Capital of the World.

The house was on Prytania Street, near the intersection of Napoleon Avenue. It was a beautiful part of town, quiet and peaceful, with many wonderful old houses and plenty of tall, arching palm trees. The New Orleans section had thoughtfully left me a Ford LTD in the driveway. The keys were in the cookie jar, as usual.

I unfolded a large map of the New Orleans area and found Esteban Street in a suburb called Arabi. All the way to Lasson's house, the same tune kept running through my head: "I'm the sheik of Arabi. I'm as weird as weird can be." And so forth. My future as a lyricist appeared dim, but my covert agent's sixth sense predicted that I'd soon find what Operation Orchid was looking for. If so, I was in for rewards and citations and pats on the back from all sorts of anonymous middle-echelon file clerks.

The Earl P. Lasson estate was a comfortable one-story white house with green trim and green shutters. There was a young palm tree on the lawn and sharp Spanish-dagger plants like a skirt around the house. I followed a flagstone walk leading to a three-step stoop, where I pressed the doorbell and waited.

In a little while, a harried-looking woman came to the door, with a little boy clutching one of her legs and a pretty blonde girl with chocolate streaked all over her face clutching the other. "Yes," said the woman warily.

"Hello," I said. "Is this the Earl P. Lasson residence?"

"Yes, it is, but he's not here right now."

I nodded. "When do you expect him home?"

The woman gave a sad sniffle. "Not for months," she said. "Maybe not for years." A single tear rolled slowly from the corner of her left eye.

Well, you can bet that wasn't an answer I was prepared for. Quickly, I reviewed my options. Neither harassment nor intimidation was indicated

(continued on page 142)

"Good night, Cyrano, and thanks for the nose job."

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

"It was like getting voice lessons from Elvis," soid one student of Phil Ritson, guru of golf instruction who offers the Ritson Golden Laddie GLR Irons, with cambered and radiused soles, mirror-finish stainless-steel heads, True Temper shafts and Golf Pride grips, $180 for a set of eight.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

The Kanpai sound-sensitive 35mm camera takes the pictures while you enjoy the party. Just make some noise and it automatically shaoots and turns, by Konica, $220.

Three hundred steps are required to produce Sheaffer's White Dot fountain pens, which feature gold nibs with ruthenium tips and lifetime guarantees, from $75 to $550.

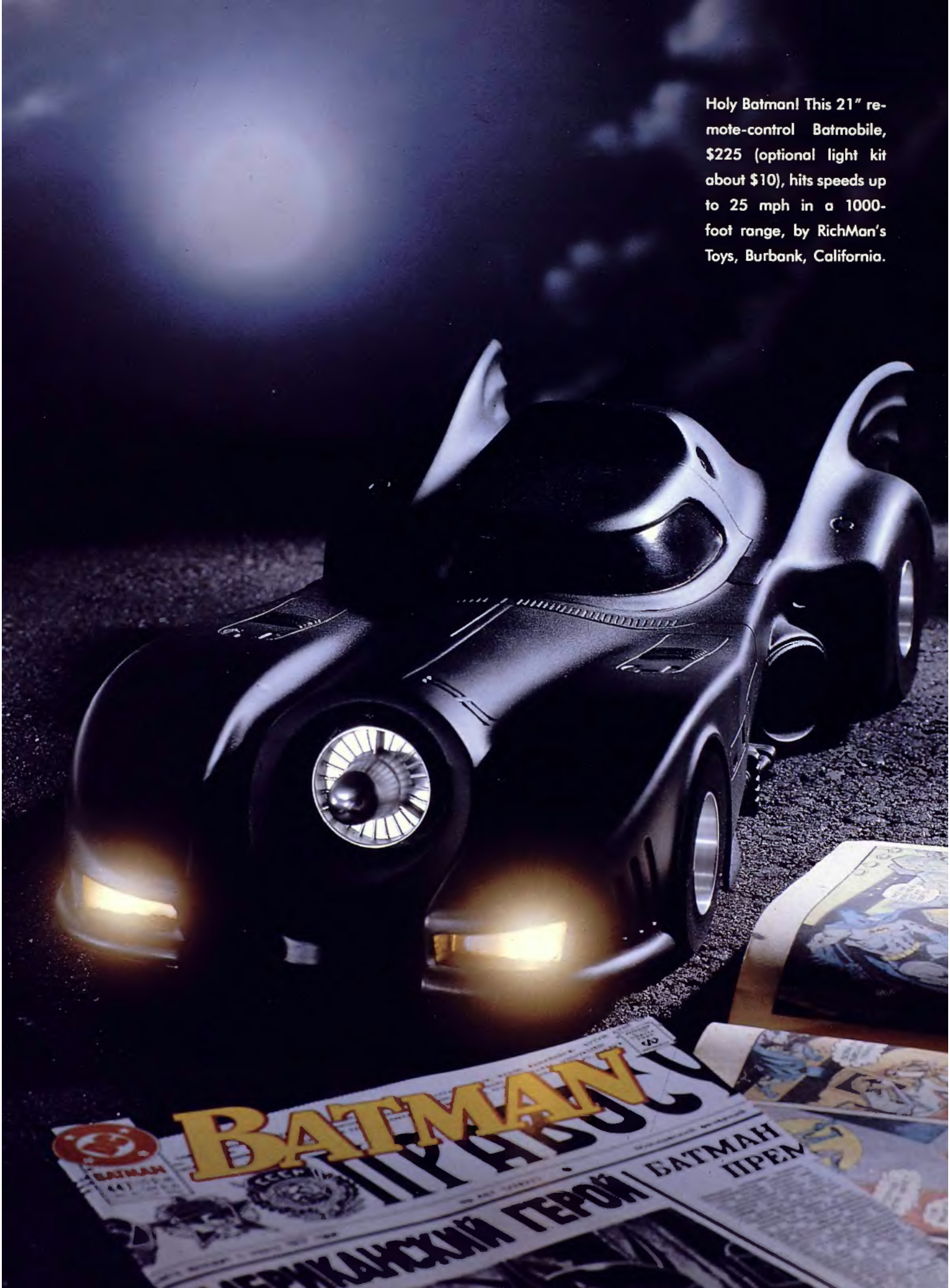
Don't stash this ane in your drawer. The Jacob Jensen titanium-and-sapphire-crystal Swiss watch features hands that seem to disappear and a sculptured case, about $1400.

Enjoy your Surround Sound from a TV, VCR or laser-disc player in private with Memorex' VHS-100 Video Headphone System, including earpieces with two drivers, about $100.

The Countdown toaster features four programmable channels, digital time display and a slot that elevates, descends and adjusts automatically, by St. Gallen, about $130.

On the road again? Pack Michel Perrenoud's elegant traveling Solitaire game, with a rich high-gloss African-mahogany tray and polished solid-brass balls, about $480.

Where & How to Buy on page 179.



Holy Batman! This 21" remote-control Batmobile, $225 (optional light kit about $10), hits speeds up to 25 mph in a 1000-foot range, by RichMan's Toys, Burbank, California.

PLAYBOY'S ◆ 1991 ◆ BASEBALL PREVIEW

the players drink owners' blood, nasty boys proliferate and the a's seek revenge in the scariest season ever

sports By KEVIN COOK

IT BEGAN with the echo of padlocks. Baseball's bosses, who had long conspired against the workers, faced a mob that was hungry for its pound of flesh. So the owners, like the cast of *Night of the Living Dead*, locked the gates and boarded up the ticket windows. The players stormed in and ate them alive. Labor beat management in the lockout wars by $280,000,000—the price of the collusion finding against the owners.

Baseball 1990 started late. The Cincinnati Reds, who as the first pro club own the right to open each season at home, began the season blasphemously, in Houston. They unveiled their Nasty Boy bull pen that night. Norm Charlton, Rob Dibble and Randy Myers struck out ten Astros in six innings. Cincinnati seized first place and never let go. But the Reds' dome opener stirred baseball spirits. Someone spotted three old Baseball Annies stirring a caldron, chanting "Fair is foul, and foul is fair," rules to live by in the season of the witch.

Toronto's Glenallen Hill mauled himself trying to escape a horde of spiders that attacked him in a nightmare. Hill became the first player ever to go on the disabled list for arachnophobia. The White Sox' Steve "Psycho" Lyons dropped his pants at first base. We learned even more about infield flakes at doomed Comiskey Park when grounds-keepers revealed that the ashes of a few die-hard fans were scattered there. Atlanta slugger Jim Presley reportedly slugged his own mother (but charges were dropped), while his teammate Nick Esasky lost his season to a vertigo attack. In San Diego, a hideous blob profaned the national anthem. Pirates skipper Jim Leyland, a man given to sudden spells of sobbing, said his team was "scared" in September. And why not? That's the kind of Stephen King season it was. As the Bucs paddled toward the sunset, a huge Saint Bernard, rabid with pennant fever, pounced.

Cujo—a.k.a. Schottzie, the Cincinnati mascot—was a shaggy-dog shaman whose powers repulsed the best of both leagues. Reds owner Marge Schott, who charges players' wives to fly on the team charter, dotes on her dog. Last fall, she urged her players to wear funny "Schottzie hats" on the field. The Reds suggested other uses for the hats, so the Red Queen talked manager Lou Piniella into dropping locks of Cujo's fur down his jersey before games. In the unholiest season, the ritual worked.

But magic fades, and now a dozen teams have a clear shot at Cujo. The 11 others will catch the Reds only in their dreams. Even so, all 26 clubs are tied for first place through April seventh; hope, like a zombie, springs eternal.

The Reds, the Dodgers and the Giants should play hand over hand over hand in the National League West. In the East, the Cubs have scary power to put to work in Wrigley Field, last year's Met Sematary. New York died at Wrigley in September; the Mets will avenge themselves, holding off the Cubs and the fast-rising Expos. In the American League East, strong man Glenn Davis plays *Kindergarten Bop* as leader of a talented cast of young O's; Boston has Jack Clark ripping at the Green Monster; Toronto has Joe Carter and 1991 Comeback of the Year Devon White in the same outfield. The Jays should face Oakland in the playoffs. The A's are not invincible, as the Reds proved, but they *are* the team of the late 20th Century. Ryan's Rangers and Kansas City's Royals will chase them in the West.

Revenge will mend Oakland's rep as a World Series failure. The A's are better than the challengers in their own division. They are better than Toronto, Baltimore and Boston, the best of the East. They are better than any National League club. Still, all that was true last season, when the mighty A's were supposed to treat Cincinnati the way Godzilla treats Tokyo.

Cincinnati repelled a late challenge from the Dodgers and met Pittsburgh in the National League Championship Series. Schott welcomed the Pirates to Riverfront Stadium by giving their wives nosebleed seats. "Bob Uecker had better seats," said a Pirates wife. With their women griping and their manager breaking into tears, the distracted N.L. East champs sank in six. Cincinnati won, as it had all year, with its bull pen.

The Nasties—Charlton, Dibble and Myers—look scary, even without the whiskers they'd sport if they were free men. (Schott allows facial hair only on Cujo.) But what is most daunting about them is the way they loom over the second half of a game. Premiere closers Dennis Eckersley and Bobby Thigpen pitch just an inning, sometimes two. Dibble and Myers, even without Charlton, can hold a lead from the sixth or seventh inning on, forcing opponents to score early or not at all. They are the nasty shape of pens to come. The Giants, Cubs, Padres, Jays and Twins may all try double-closer combos in 1991, though no one else will match Cincinnati's.

After Myers nailed down a final save in the play-offs, the Reds partied soberly. Commissioner Fay Vincent had banned clubhouse champagne—another of 1990's blasphemies. Then they set their sights on the best team in the game.

The A's have won 323 games in three years. They are the closest thing to a dynasty the modern game allows. They swept the Red Sox, the closest thing to human sacrifice the game allows, in the American League Champion Series. Boston was both blessed and cursed last season. On their march to the

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN E. COBER

.260
HITTER

◆ OCTOBER ◆

N.L. EAST	N.L. WEST
1. METS	1. REDS
2. EXPOS	2. GIANTS
3. CUBS	3. DODGERS
4. PIRATES	4. PADRES
5. CARDINALS	5. BRAVES
6. PHILLIES	6. ASTROS

A.L. EAST	A.L. WEST
1. BLUE JAYS	1. A'S
2. ORIOLES	2. RANGERS
3. RED SOX	3. ROYALS
4. TIGERS	4. MARINERS
5. INDIANS	5. WHITE SOX
6. BREWERS	6. ANGELS
7. YANKEES	7. TWINS

A.L. CHAMPS
A'S

◆

N.L. CHAMPS
METS

◆

WORLD CHAMPS
A'S

play-offs, the Red Sox had unraveled 18–0 and 13–0 to Milwaukee and 16–0 to Minnesota. In July, they hit into two triple plays in one game, a major-league record, but won the game. Next day, they hit into a league-record six double plays but won again. Those two wins moved them from a half game behind the Blue Jays to one and a half ahead. Boston won the East by two, then faced the monsters from Oakland.

Roger Clemens doesn't have the soul, brains or police record of a hero, just the *cojones*. Tossed out of the last play-off game against Oakland by umpire Terry Cooney, Clemens' face turned the color of the B on his cap. He couldn't keep the Bosox from falling in four straight.

The Shocker Series matched Godzilla against Cujo, and the pup was given no chance. Even the Reds admitted that Oakland was better. The A's were 3–1 favorites, football odds. Good as they were, the A's couldn't beat the bumbling Braves 75 percent of the time. Anyone who knew how oddly the ball can hop in a week of baseball rushed to Vegas and put big bucks on the dog—or at least thought about doing so and kicked his dumb self all winter for thinking it and not doing it.

Chubby speedster Billy Hatcher went double-double in game one, blowing bubbles all the way. Dave Stewart toiled in trouble and gave up four quick runs. Cincinnati got three in the fifth and coasted, 7–0, behind eventual series M.V.P. Jose Rijo. Oakland's nightmare on Pete Rose Way continued in game two. The untouchable Eckersley was touched for three singles and a run in the tenth; baseball's best closer had now eaten tin cans twice in three Octobers. Cujo drooled over his two-game lead; cast and crew flew to Oakland, where the A's were supposed to wake up. The opposite happened. They blinked, the Nasties finished spinning eight and two thirds blistering shutout innings and the Reds were bubbling in the visitors' clubhouse, this time with real champagne.

●

From now to doomsday, when some soccer fan says that baseball is boring, pop a cork and salute 1990. When curmudgeons gripe that the game was better in the old days, point to Barry Bonds, Rickey Henderson, Eric Davis, Bo, Darryl, Kirby, Hojo and a dozen others—there are more dashing, multi-talented players than ever before. Naturally, since rare talent commands big bucks in a capitalist system, they and other stars are rich men. Also naturally, that doesn't please the collusion constituency, the team owners.

"We may have found the way to destroy baseball," says Al Rosen, the Giants' shrewd president and general manager. He means the current salary boom, triggered by labor's victory in the lockout war of 1990. Rosen knows all about it: He recently signed three players for $33,000,000. "The general manager had the hammer when I played. Today, the player is in charge," he says, "and we can't continue on this road. Too many teams will lose money." Rosen sees revenue sharing, perhaps with an N.B.A.-style salary cap, as the way to head off disaster.

"That's so much PR eyewash," says Don Fehr, executive director of the Major League Players Association. "The sky has been falling since baseball was created." In 1975, Fehr helped win the court case that enabled players to market their skills as free agents. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn had said the A.L. would fold if Fehr's side won that fight. Instead, the game prospered. "In '76, total revenues were less than two

hundred million dollars," Fehr says. "In 1991, they'll be more than four point one billion dollars." In short, baseball has never been richer. Fehr bristles when management complains about players' salaries: "I don't have sympathy for them, not after so many years of collusion."

The standard owner's argument goes like this: Salaries will ruin the game—the rich big-city teams will buy up all the talent and win every year. But recall that in 1990, the Yankees, the richest team, finished last. Ditto the Braves, whose owner has spent zillions trying to buy a winner but whose ladyfriend has more Oscars than his team has pennants. Remember that 23 of the 26 clubs have won at least one division flag since 1980. In the past 13 years, twelve teams have earned the right to spray champagne after the World Series, and in 1990, the Reds—representing the smallest big-league town—got the big gulp.

Now comes the sequel, *Godzilla's Revenge*.

•

Cito Gaston's **Blue Jays** went neck and neck, choke and choke, down the stretch with Boston last summer, until they were downed by a sore-armed Rocket on the final weekend. Now the Jays have redone the nest. In the biggest trade of its 15-year history, Toronto shipped surly stars Tony Fernandez and Fred McGriff to San Diego for outfielder Joe Carter and second baseman Roberto Alomar. McGriff, whose disappearing-bat trick often lasted for weeks at a time, won't be missed the way most .300-hitting 35-homer men would be. His successor at first base is John Olerud, who survived a life-threatening brain aneurysm and jumped straight from college to the majors. Olerud's textbook swing is so fine he has an outside shot at the batting title, and in an emergency, he can even pitch.

Carter will love the cozy SkyDome after seven seasons in the caverns of Cleveland and San Diego. Seeing National League pitching for the first time since 1983, he hit just .232 but drove in 115 runs, third in the league. Back home in the American League, he will drive in even more and make a run at the 30–30 club. If the Jays win the East, Carter will be the league's M.V.P. The other half of G.M. Pat Gillick's big gamble is Alomar. He'll back up Julio Franco on the 1991 All-Star team, then start for the next decade. Gillick let starter Bud Black and sometime slugger George Bell go, but Carter is better than Bell and there's a promising lefty, Denis Boucher, coming from Syracuse to take Black's spot. Gillick also landed "Devo" White to play a golden center field and hit 50 points better than his .217 last year, plus Ken Dayley to caddie for closer Tom Henke. As the most improved club in the game, the Jays are ready to take off.

After paying Houston G.M. "Crazy" Bill Wood's low, low price for cleanup man Glenn Davis, the **Orioles** are a year ahead in their five-year plan to rule the world. Manager Frank Robinson's staff features the East's top two young pitchers, starter Ben McDonald and finisher Gregg Olson. Another tandem, Bob Milacki and Jeff Ballard, won't be a combined 7–19 twice in a row. The Os will find at-bats for kid hitters Leo Gomez and David Segui but will go only as far as Davis, ironman shortstop Cal Ripken, Jr., and D.H./role model Dwight Evans lead them. That means all the way—but not until 1992, when they open a new ball park that will set the standard for a century and host a World Series in it.

Jack "the Ripper" Clark may keep the **Red Sox** on top by ripping holes in the netting over Fenway's Green Monster, but don't count on it. Clark throws out his back, strains his wrist or pulls his attitude about once a week. He could hit 40 home runs or get hurt and hit ten. Wade Boggs, meanwhile, is certain to bat 25 points better than last year's .302. Mike Greenwell will drive home 100 runs. Ellis Burks will earn some M.V.P. votes. Rookie power plant Phil Plantier will swat some big flies and strike out the rest of the time. Roger Clemens won't match his 1990 performance. No one will do that for a few years. The other hurlers will reek, and if the Sox are still afloat in September, manager Joe Morgan's antediluvian tactics will sink them. It never fails—the Boston strangler is also the stranglee.

First, the **Tigers** banned chaw in the clubhouse. Ballplayers hate prude rules like that. Next, they pink-slipped sainted announcer Ernie Harwell, effective in 1992, and the fans hated the team. The Tigers aren't popular, but I like them for three reasons. First, Cecil Fielder may be a sessile fielder, but he is a whale of a hitter. No fluke, he's likely to hit 50 homers again. Another reason Detroit is cool is that Sparky Anderson has a 670-pound wind machine in the middle of his order: Last year, Fielder, Rob Deer and Mickey Tettleton fanned 489 times. (In 1941, Joe DiMaggio struck out 13 times all year.) The third reason to like the Tigers is Travis Fryman. After Fryman, 21, got his first major-league hit, he sneered at pitcher Jeff Montgomery: "Get that weak shit out of here."

Last winter, Cleveland traded Joe Carter to San Diego. Now he's back East, playing for the Jays, but when they see him, the **Indians** will still pat themselves on the back. They got Sandy Alomar, Jr., for him. Already a superb defensive catcher, Alomar surprised even the Tribe by batting .290 his rookie year. He and little bro Roberto will meet this year at Municipal Stadium and the SkyDome, and one day at Cooperstown if they stay healthy. Outfielder Alex Cole will lead a quicker attack: Called up in late July, he swiped 40 bases in a heartbeat. But G.M. Hank Peters has Scrooged the fans again—he made stopper Doug Jones settle for a one-year contract, meaning that Jones will skip town in 1992, and Peters made no effort at all to keep Candy Maldonado's 22 home runs and 95 R.B.I.s. In Peters' plan, a few rotten moves had to follow the great one to land Alomar, lest Tribe fans start expecting wins.

Milwaukee's **Brewers,** in need of defense, signed Franklin Stubbs, whose fielding is as smooth as his name. With a quartet of incumbent starting pitchers who went 33–35, they signed a trio of middle relievers. Something is brewing in Beertown, but it's flat.

After their worst performance in 78 years, the **Yankees,** those Bronx Bummers, will have a better show for their new boss, stage king Robert Nederlander. Don Mattingly earns raves as the gimpy vet who puts his career back together. Hensley "Bam Bam" Meulens, long miscast as a third baseman, shines in left. But the showstopper is Mel Hall, as he styles endlessly around the bases after one of his infrequent homers.

•

Losing Carney Lansford to a snowmobile crash is bound to hurt the **A's.** Although he slumped from .336 in 1989 to .268, Lansford hit .355 in the post-season last year. The accident that demolished his left knee will keep him on the side lines all season, though

(continued on page 175)

WHO DAT *(continued from page 132)*

"'Where are the bottomless dancers?' I asked. 'That's us,' she said. She asked me for champagne."

here. Deception and disinformation were likewise unattractive choices. This looked like the time for that most terrifying option of all: individual initiative. It was something I'd never before tried.

I gave Mrs. Lasson one of my Company cards and waited a few seconds. Finally, she looked up at me in confusion. "No need to worry, Mrs. Lasson," I said. "I'm a covert agent looking for your husband."

Her eyes opened wide. "Why do you want Earl?" she said fearfully.

I chuckled in a friendly way. "We think Earl might be able to help us. I assure you, if he decides to go along with our plan, he will be a great hero and a defender of the American Way."

"Won't . . . won't you come in, Mr. Smith?" That's the name I had on my card. John Smith.

I smiled again and plucked the card out of her hand. "Could you just tell me where I could find Earl?" I asked.

Mrs. Lasson just shrugged. "I suppose he's down by the Superdome. That's where he usually is this time of day."

"The Superdome," I said. It made a kind of sense. I thanked Mrs. Lasson for her help and went back to my car. Later, when I cabled my report back to the DDI, I was reprimanded for employing truth, but all demerits were suspended pending the outcome of my experiment.

I decided that I'd done enough work for one day. I drove myself back to the safe house on Prytania Street. Along the way, I stopped and got myself half a dozen of those little square hamburgers and a root-beer float. Some people call those burgers "sliders," but after I'd gulped down four of them, I recalled what we used to call them as kids—"deathballs." They were great going down, but then they'd wreak heavy vengeance on your digestive tract. I ate the last two burgers rather than throw them out, and then I stretched out on the bed and watched a couple of movies on cable. Tomorrow would be soon enough to search out Mr. Earl P. Lasson.

•

From late spring to late fall, New Orleans has the same weather report every day. It goes something like this: Highs in the 90s, humidity around 80 to 90 percent, a 50 percent chance of rain. Day after day after day. But I've gotten to like flat cities with palm trees. Except Phoenix. There's no excuse for Phoenix.

About noon, I got in the LTD and drove toward the Louisiana Superdome, the 2124th Wonder of the World, ranking just after some monstrous Islamic mosque that some sheik is building on some coast somewhere. I had to stop and get directions, but I found the Dome easily enough. It was hard to miss. The building's so big you could put the Houston Astrodome inside on the floor. Of course, you couldn't get the Astrodome through the doors, so you'd have to disassemble it first and rebuild it inside the Superdome, and then, after all that work, what would you have? Well, maybe the 2125th Wonder of the World.

Anyway, I spotted what I believed to be the target's vehicle, an elderly blue Chevy Vega with big dents in all of its doors and most of the external area covered with primer. A rear window had been broken and the space was now covered with gray duct tape. The bumpers were covered with stickers proclaiming the owner to be a fan of the Tulane Green Wave, as hapless a team as any. One corner of the rear window was covered by an orange sign that said, WHO DAT SAY DEY GONNA BEAT DEM SAINTS? The answer, apparently, was, "Most of the teams in the N.F.L."

The car was parked in the middle of a gigantic parking lot. It was all alone. There wouldn't be an event in the Superdome for at least three days. I drove into the lot and parked my car about 50 yards from my target. Then I got out, removed my suit coat, stretched and ambled in a friendly, helpful, confident way toward the Chevy.

When I was about ten yards from it, a man opened the driver's door and looked at me. "You a cop?" he asked me.

"Nope," I said, smiling. Well, I wasn't, not in the way he meant. "You Earl P. Lasson?"

"You a collection agent? You from the Superdome management again? Want to boot my car or tow it away?"

I waved a hand. "None of that," I said.

"Sure," said Lasson, shaking his head. He pulled his door shut, revved his engine and screamed out of the parking lot. I thought about his accent. All-American. *Real* New Orleans types sound as if they'd been born and raised in Brooklyn. But the computer had pegged Lasson as a Cleveland boy.

•

I decided to wait a few days before I confronted Lasson again, just to keep him off balance. I did some sight-seeing around New Orleans instead. The first evening, I strolled up and down Bourbon Street and listened to music blaring out of the night clubs. I went into a strip club that advertised topless and bottomless dancers. I didn't see any. One of the women came over and sat next to me. "Where are the topless and bottomless dancers?" I asked.

"That's us," she said. "Except for the pasties, we're topless, and except for the G strings, we're bottomless."

She asked me to buy her a champagne cocktail, and I bought her a Coke. She thanked me and moved away.

Two days later, I made the second approach. I parked my car in a lot on Poydras Street and walked a few blocks to the Superdome parking area. It was very hot and I took off my suit coat. I tried to look casual and nonthreatening as I walked up to my target's car. When I got there, I leaned down and rested one arm alongside his open window. "Sure is hot, isn't it?" As soon as I spoke the words, I realized I should've said, "Ain't it?"

"Plenty hot," said Lasson.

"You got air conditioning in this car?"

"Nope."

"What you doing in there, then?"

"Sufferin' like a stuck pig," said Lasson. "What you doin' out there?"

I gave him a well-controlled little chuckle. "See, when you zoomed off the other day, you never gave me the chance to explain myself. I'm from the census." I hated to lie. It was the part of my job that made me the most uneasy. I still remember Reverend Sawicki in my confirmation class telling us we should never lie under any circumstances.

"The census, huh?" said Lasson dubiously.

"Yes, sir," I said.

My target looked me over slowly. "Census, huh?" he said.

"You bet." My face was getting tired of smiling.

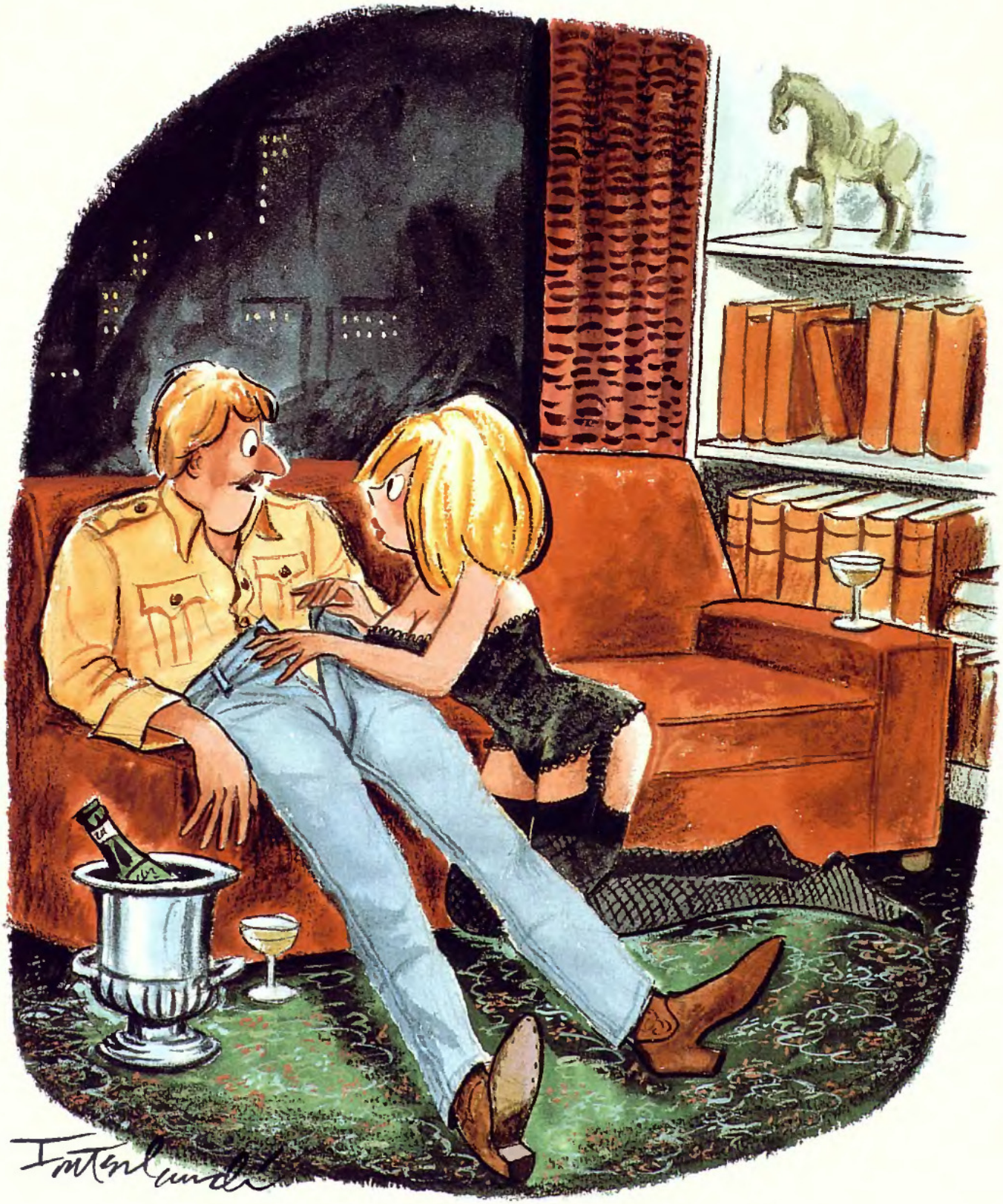
"So where's your clipboard?"

That came out of nowhere. "Huh?" I said.

"You ain't got a clipboard. I don't even see a pencil. How you gonna interview me, no clipboard and no pencil?"

"Well——" I didn't get to say anything more, because he put his car in

(continued on page 172)



"Er . . . I think you ought to know the name Big Mike was given to me by a short friend."

BOSS TWEEDS

shannon and tracy present an unbeatable sister act

DON'T TOUCH that dial. You could burn yourself. TV is hotter this year—there's something new between Johnny's golf swing and Arsenio's buzz cut: *Fly by Night*, planned for Tuesdays on CBS. Sally Monroe runs a charter airline, buzzes treetops, ducks creditors, nearly loses her shirt each week, contrives to survive and fly again. She's played by Shannon Tweed. You know Shannon (blonde, above). She has starred in 13 movies and five TV series since reigning as Playmate of the Year in 1982. Now meet sister Tracy, who co-stars in a *Fly by Night* episode. They're tall and talented.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Thank heaven for Canada. In 1957, a Newfoundland mink farmer and his wife brought forth Shannon Tweed (the hot blonde in the shades, above), who left home for California ten years ago. She capered with William Katt in a recent film, *Last Call* (below left), and now propels the world's least solvent airline, Slick Air, to ever-greater heights in TV's *Fly by Night*. Kid sis Tracy (peeking) made her mark as a model; her looks sold pricey products from Paris to Milan to London (below right) before she joined Shannon in Hollywood.

Smart, funny and immodestly sized—Tracy (left) is a six-footer; Shannan (above) is 5'10"—the Tweeds are Canada's twin towers of sex appeal. "We're weird, tao," says Shannan, referring to the Tweed talk they share. "Right," says Tracy, wha invented it when they were kids. Shannon was Big Bird. Tracy was Junior Bird. People hip to their humor were "Tweedle-ized." Others were left out in the cold.

Asked how she differs from big sis, Tracy grins slyly. "She's older." Big Bird is, indeed, no ingénue—not with starring roles in *Falcon Crest* and HBO's *1st & Ten* on her résumé—but she's just 34. "I started early," Shannon says with a wink. She now has a toddler of her own, Nicholas, whose dad is actor/musician Gene Simmons of heavy-metal Kiss fame ("Yes, Gene's tongue is as long as they say"). Of Tracy, who at 26 has already been a world-class *(text concluded on page 162)*

LITTLE SAIGON *(continued from page 84)*

"'Here, it's too easy to do crime. You have money, you can go anywhere. I like America. I like freedom.'"

He has a steady girlfriend and a job delivering furniture. It pays $1000 a month—the same amount he would make sacking just one house. But five months out of jail, Randy swears he'll never go back. "All my friends, most of them in jail right now. And some of them, if they not in jail, they die. And if they not die, they're married."

The kids coming up today are a different breed from Randy. They're relatively affluent and Americanized.

Spoiled by freedom, they come off like suburban brats on a joy ride. "I got one friend who just got out of jail," Randy says. "His parents have a jewelry store, and he get everything he asks them. New car? His parents buy him a new car. Everything he gets. But he still hangs around, goes off with people. I don't know why. I asked him, 'What do you do that for?' 'Just for fun,' that's what he tells me."

•

The Garden Grove Police Department keeps three albums of snapshots of Viet gangs. Some photos were confiscated from the gang members themselves, who like to document their exploits in glossy color. The subjects pose with reptilian grace. Leafing through, you see them hoisting machine guns, snarling like wolverines, lying in pools of blood. One proud crew surrounds a NEED HELP? PLEASE CALL POLICE sign. A gang member's bare shoulder shows red teeth marks made by a cop's attack dog. The Four Ts flex their tattooed logo—Vietnamese words, all starting with the letter T, meaning love, money, prison and crime.

Sergeant Frank Hauptmann, the man with the exploding-restaurant video, hands me a picture of a Vietnamese family, victims of a home-invasion robbery. They huddle outside their ransacked apartment like scared kittens. Garden Grove police traced clues to local gang members, who matched descriptions given by victims. The gang was carrying guns and a roll of duct tape identical to that used to bind and gag the family. "We knew—'We got 'em,'" Hauptmann says. "The sad part is, we went back, and [the victims] wouldn't identify 'em."

There are reasons for this. In a closed community, news and threats travel fast. And many Vietnamese are puzzled by the U.S. justice system. When they see gangsters back on the streets hours after being arrested, they figure that payoffs, not bail, are at work. Fearing reprisal, they clam up. Hauptmann also points out that the Vietnamese grew up dealing with corrupt secret police, so they assume that all American lawmen are corrupt as well. "They don't want to report anything unless they've been shot or stabbed and they can't move," he says with a sigh.

For similar reasons, the Vietnamese press in this country is virtually silent on the matter of gang violence. Garden Grove police officer Al Butler is investigating possible West Coast involvement in last September's murder of Triet Le, a Vietnamese magazine columnist who lived in Virginia. Triet lambasted the Vietnamese left and right with equal verve, and his boldness may have cost him his life. Since 1980, nine Viet editors and publishers have been targets of assassination attempts, including a Garden Grove publisher killed in a 1987 arson.

In Westminster, a dusty corridor leads to the cramped, waxy, coffee-stained offices of a Vietnamese tabloid. I meet the publisher, a man with an impeccable manner and a trimmed beard; all in all, a smashing guy—until gangs are mentioned. Suddenly, he's not so cooperative. He has never met any gang members? No, sir. Never written about them? No. Ever heard about the problem? I think I've heard of it. I wish I could help you, but I don't know anything about it. My secretary will show you the way out. Have a nice day.

As evasive as their victims, Viet gangsters almost always deny being gang members. They usually avoid external symbolism such as graffiti and "colors." Scars are the best visual tip-off. In half-psychotic displays of endurance, Viet gangsters sizzle their flesh with cigarettes. This practice may be related to the hot-coin scarification of Southeast Asian folk medicine, a technique for drawing "bad blood" and toxins from the body. The cigarette scar, typically on the hand or arm, now indicates a willingness to break the law. When gangsters cruise cafés and restaurants searching for accomplices, they look for dead, mottled flesh.

Kong has a big scar between the knuckles of his middle and index fingers. It looks like a chewed blob of bubble gum. He covers it with a pool cue and slams the 13 ball into the side pocket. He admits to running some car-insurance scams with gangsters, but he denies being a gang member.

Kong went to school in the highlands near Saigon during the Vietnam war. He remembers American soldiers: He says they gave some of his classmates poisoned candy, killing them. When the Communists took over, the U.S. began to look like the lesser of two evils. After 17 failed attempts, he escaped from Vietnam on a boat five years ago. He'll return next year to visit his family.

"I'll open a Disneyland in my country," he says, smiling. "In Vietnam, you know everybody. But all the money in America make one person fight against the other. They don't talk to each other. You don't know name, what they do. Americans don't even look in my eyes. They see who I am, they hate me."

Kong says he has more money and fewer friends than he did in Vietnam. "The kids see all the money here and they want it, too. Quick. Back in Vietnam, you have no money. No gangs, too. You do a crime and run, but you have no place to run. The police catch you, they beat you. Here, it's too easy to do crime. It's easy to get away. You have money, you can go anywhere. A hotel room, another state. I like America. I like freedom. Kids join gangs here because it's the American way."

•

Silk-shirted Vietnamese kids jerk arrhythmically on the dance floor, generating a cloud of designer cologne. Unlike L.A.'s black and Mexican gangs, the Vietnamese don't dress like tattered guerrillas. They prefer Vegas-style uniforms—call it *Saigon Vice*: moussed pompadours, loud polka dots, crisp disco suits and Italian shoes. Many wear beepers. Tonight, it's impossible to tell a dancing gangster from a dancing insurance salesman.

Johnny-O, the club owner, left Vietnam in 1975, ricocheting from Paris to Orange County. He wears pop-bottle glasses and a baggy olive suit. Policing the front door, he is flanked by two black security guards with metal detectors. Johnny's the exception, a Viet who reports everything to the police. He hates gangs, and the feeling is mutual. "They spread the rumor they will shoot the people who come here, to try to scare my customers," he says, as if biting into a lime. "When I resist, they tell me, 'You will see your time, man.'"

Johnny says that one gang vandalized his car three times. They tried to set it on fire on the fourth try, but they torched the wrong car. They stabbed someone outside his club a few months

(continued on page 162)

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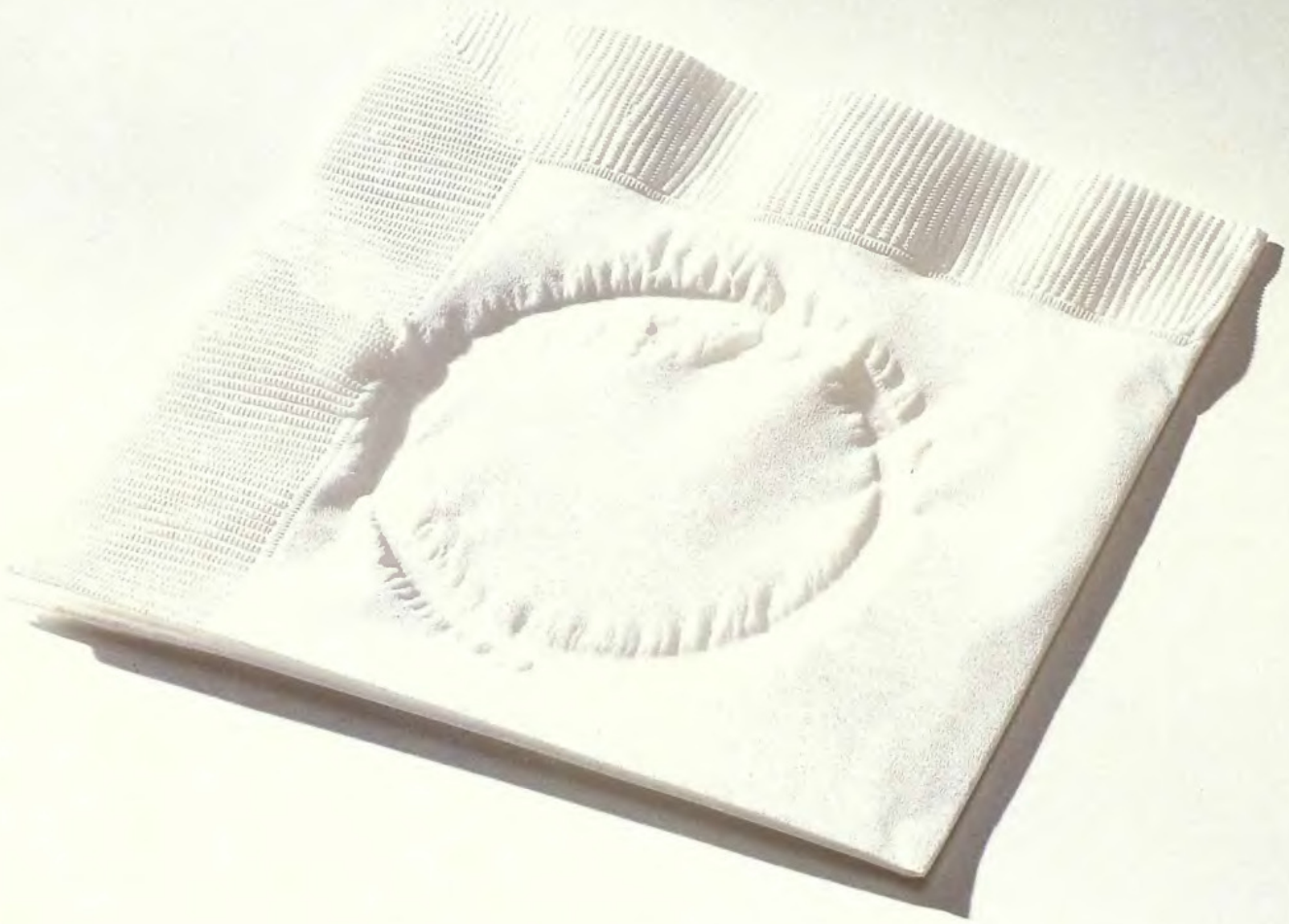

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WHITNEY HOUSTON

the tallest r&b queen hits the high notes on rap, race and her ongoing relationship with eddie murphy

Whitney Houston is the world's top-selling female recording artist. Her debut album, "Whitney Houston," sold a record-setting 15,000,000 copies. Together, her first two solo albums sold to more than 28,500,000 fans around the world. The title song of her third album, "I'm Your Baby Tonight," is already a number-one single and the album may challenge the sales of her first two releases. Despite her enormous commercial impact and sold-out concert tours, the 27-year-old New Jersey native, daughter of Gospel and soul great Cissy Houston, has been dogged by criticism and rumors. Some critics attack her music as being "whitewashed" and "bland." There are contradictory rumors about her sex life. Is she gay? Is she dating movie superstar Eddie Murphy or his buddy, television personality Arsenio Hall? Nelson George told us, "Ten years ago, when I interviewed the then-skinny seventeen-year-old Whitney, her chief desire was to meet Michael Jackson. Now Whitney is the star people aspire to meet. She seems determined to set the record straight about who she is, attempting to define herself as a public personality. Sitting in a big chair, her legs stretched out before her, 'Nippy'—as her family calls her—has grown and is still growing."

1.

PLAYBOY: What was the weirdest come-on you ever fielded?

HOUSTON: I was in an airport and my main man came over and said, "Yeah, aren't you Morticia who plays on *The Addams Family*?" Then I asked him, "Aren't you Pugsley? How's Uncle Fester and Cousin Itt?" We went through this whole thing before he broke down and said, "I just wanted to meet you." I said, "Why didn't you just say that in the first place, brother? What's the matter with you?" I guess he was trying to add some spice. You don't have to throw no lines at me. People think that they already know me when they meet me, so they already got their thing together on how they're going to approach me. When they finally do meet me, they go, "Oh, you're really down. I can talk to you."

2.

PLAYBOY: Were you tall in high school?

HOUSTON: Not always, but I got tall. I grew in one year. It was amazing. I'm a little uncomfortable with my body, because I'm usually taller than most of the fellas and it's kind of uncomfortable for them and it's really uncomfortable for me. So now I'm into wearing flats. I've always had long legs. I've been told that's a very sexy thing. I was talking to a friend of mine the other night and he was asking me, "Whitney, is there anything that you would like to change about yourself?" I said, "I wish I had shorter legs." I didn't mean that I wish I had shorter legs. I love the length of my legs, but it's hard for me to keep weight on rather than take it off. I know if my legs were a bit shorter, I could keep that weight on.

3.

PLAYBOY: Do you think of yourself as sexy?

HOUSTON: There are times when I am very sexual, when I'm just hungry, like a lion. But there are times when I can do without it. I don't need it. You know, it's not a necessity in my life. I swear to you, it has a lot to do with when the moon is full. The elements have a real deep effect on me and I respond to them.

4.

PLAYBOY: What's your idea of a romantic evening?

HOUSTON: Just being with the person I want to be with. Not doing much of anything. Maybe watching TV together or playing Nintendo. And, no, baby, I ain't cooking nothing. I'll make you a sandwich. I'll send out for some French fries.

5.

PLAYBOY: You live in New Jersey, just across the bridge from New York City, but you're not known for hanging out there.

HOUSTON: I've been to the "in" spots there. When I was sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, I partied my brains out. I was a partying monkey. But now what I find myself doing is sitting around looking at people. And, you know, that's kind of strange, because people are looking back at me. So, basically, when I go out, it's not like I can just hang. Most of the time, people want to talk to me. I hang with my family. They are the craziest people in the world. They just amaze me all the time. You know, they got new shit all the time, so we kind of entertain one another.

6.

PLAYBOY: How do you distinguish lust from love?

HOUSTON: Most men who are in lust with me are in awe of me. It's a certain way they talk and act. They ask other people about me and stuff like that. There's very few men I meet who aren't in lust with me. I know the men who truly want to get to know me, who like me genuinely, who really don't have any agendas. Those kinds of men are basically honest and like to laugh. See, the way to really get to me is to have a great sense of humor. You want to get to know me, you have to make me laugh.

In this life, you got to laugh at a lot of stuff that a lot of people don't find funny. You can't take things too seriously. So when I find a man who has a sense of humor, it means that he is sensitive and able not to take things to heart. People got a lot of drama. Oh, please, people got dramas for days.

7.

PLAYBOY: Who are sexier, singers or comedians? Do you get more guys than Marsha Warfield?

HOUSTON: The guy who tells jokes gets most of the women, because women want to let down their guard. Most people shield themselves from anything that may hurt them—like rejection and disappointment. Comedians get the most women because of that humorous quality. As for Marsha Warfield, you don't want me to answer that.

8.

PLAYBOY: What is your relationship with Eddie Murphy?

HOUSTON: You mean Edward Reagan Murphy? Mmm . . . mmm . . . [*laughs*] . . . Ed and I are friends. [*Blushes*] Yeah, it's a difficult one. It's funny when you try to explain a friend-and-lover situation. We're friends and we

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NORMAN SEEFF

respect each other. Time will reveal how serious Ed and I are about each other. We enjoy going out together. He likes to talk to me sometimes. I like to talk to him sometimes. It's not a constant thing. I've been talking to him a lot lately. He wants to know how I'm doing. How I'm feeling. How everything is going. It's that kind of relationship. We're like friends in love.

9.

PLAYBOY: What's your relationship with Arsenio Hall? He implied on his show that you two were dating.

HOUSTON: [*Laughs*] Now, that's cold, because, you know, Arsenio and Ed are like the best of friends. I do not have a relationship with Arsenio. I do have a relationship with Eddie. Arsenio and I are friends.

About that business on his show, I loved it. It brought me out. I had to go on his show to say, Now, come on, Arsenio, why are you lying like a dog? It let me know in a weird sort of way that Arsenio likes me and wants to be friends.

10.

PLAYBOY: Over the past few years, there have been innuendoes about your sex life—that you and Robyn Crawford, your executive assistant, are lovers. Why do you think people are saying that about you?

HOUSTON: How the hell do I know? What people really see is the closeness between Robyn and me. Even when we were kids growing up, people thought we were gay. I think it had a lot to do with Robyn's being athletic and playing basketball and being very much into fitness. Then she got me into it. That has followed us. People were like, "Yeah. Yeah. They're gay. They're lesbos." But I know part of the reason is that most men who say that want to jump into my pants. So they just think, Well, she's gay. She don't want to be bothered. So she must be gay. It's something that happens to people in my position. I don't know why. You're either gay or on drugs. Either your career's falling down or you're coming back. I'm tired of it. Now I just take it as a joke, because I don't make it a point of letting people know, or allowing them to know, who I'm sleeping with. People automatically want to know that about famous people. Who they doing it to. Who they ain't doing it to. They want to know all that mess, and for me, that's private. I don't think that has to be out on the streets.

11.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel pressure as a black woman in this country to maintain yourself in a certain way? Would you otherwise feel free to do the sort of things Madonna does?

HOUSTON: No. My mother raised me to be dignified. She said, "You're going to have to set an example." We all know wrong and right. And I'm not here to tell nobody what's right and what's wrong. I'm just going to try to be me. I wouldn't feel comfortable taking off my clothes, because I was taught that that's really undignified, that it's really tacky and uncool. And I don't think that black people can get away with too much. When you're white, you're right. It ain't nothing new.

12.

PLAYBOY: What other lessons did you learn from your parents?

HOUSTON: Whenever we had a disagreement in my family, my mother and father would allow us to call a meeting, and even if we had a problem with them, we could say, "Hey, Ma, I didn't like the way you did me the other day," or "Daddy, can't you talk a little better?" We got a lot of stuff out because we were able to be honest with one another. I would always call the meeting. It was always my brother who was picking on me or doing something I didn't like, and my mother would say, "Michael, why do you do that to your sister?" He'd say, "Because I love her and I have nothing else to do and she's my youngest sister." From that, I could understand how to deal with him. Just bring things to the table. Lay them out. Let's discuss them. That's the only way we get things done.

13.

PLAYBOY: At this point in your career, are you confronted with racism?

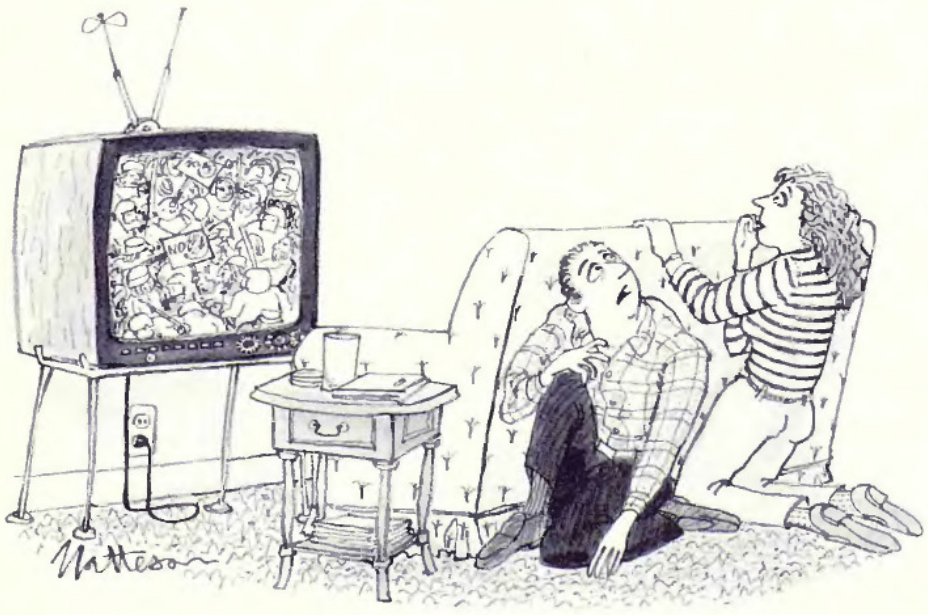
HOUSTON: Racism doesn't play a part in my life. See, the heavy part about racism for me is that it's just a word we use today. At one time, there was segregation. At one time, it was prejudice. And now it's just racism. Don't they all mean the same thing? Doesn't it mean one group of people discriminating against another group of people? Well, I've seen that happen in every country. I try not to take it personally. I will not be discriminated against—not this day and time, anyway. I think about the brothers and sisters who came before me. Talk about racism! Stories my momma and daddy used to tell me: My mother was the premiere act at a hotel in Vegas and she had to set up a trailer outside the back of the hotel because they didn't want black people staying in the hotel, and she had to walk through the kitchen to get on stage because she couldn't walk through the lobby like everybody else. My parents have crossed that path. They did that so that I wouldn't have to deal with it. So I really have no business sitting here talking about racism, because a lot of brothers and sisters have fought the fight so that we can stand here today and be judged not by skin color but by the content of our character.

14.

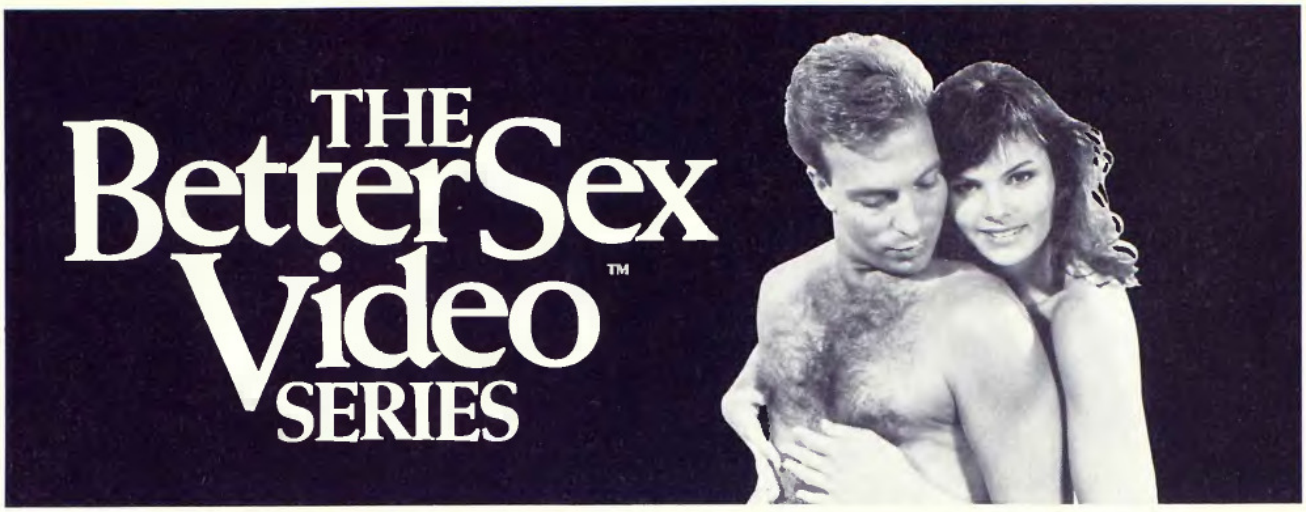
PLAYBOY: How do you think Louis Farrakhan is fighting the fight?

HOUSTON: I admire the man. Farrakhan has come a long way. There's a certain rage and anger about being black in this country. But now we must learn how to fight it. He has come to that point in his life where he understands that anger is not what it's about. It's about dealing with white people with our minds, because that's how they've been dealing with us.

I met Farrakhan when my mother was being honored in Chicago. He came to the ceremony and I noticed him staring at me. Constantly. It made me uncomfortable, but I smiled back. After that, I met his son Wallace at Eddie's house,



"They really make the news come alive, don't they?"



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and he was saying, "When my father looks at you, he sees the God in you That is compelled to do what you do. That God has blessed you with so many gifts. My father's looking at your soul." I said, "Deep. That's deep." It looked like he was looking through me, not at me. I could feel him at all points of the room.

15.

PLAYBOY: People have criticized you for not being black enough. Is that a form of black racism—as if you must conform to someone else's vision of what black is?
HOUSTON: I wasn't raised in a household where I was told I had to be this way: "You're black, this is how you have to act." I can do whatever I want to do. I think that it is an unjustified criticism. I could understand it if I were living white and acting white. What grants you not being black? I help as many black organizations as I can, because I'm concerned about my brothers and sisters. I try to do the best I can in showing that. I don't know what other way there is.

16.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Public Enemy's black nationalistic message?
HOUSTON: I like Public Enemy. I like their message. They give young black children a sense of self-esteem. You can be what you want to be. You can be a junkie. You can be a dope dealer, too, but that ain't going to take you nowhere. When rap is a message about something positive that encourages young people of all races—those are the rap records I like most of all.

Black nationalism? You know, it's funny; it seems like everything has turned three hundred sixty degrees. I didn't know that back in the Sixties, this is what black power was all about. Black nationalism is, like, don't let the white man in. When they have their meetings, we don't be sitting in on them, so why do they have to sit in on ours? But, again, it's still segregation.

17.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think that rappers are giving more important messages than R&B singers? Isn't it possible to listen to a million R&B records and not hear anything other than the word love?
HOUSTON: How can I put this? Rap has made a place in music young people can relate to, because it allows them to relate to their *own* situations. People like me, like Michael [Jackson], Luther [Vandross], we have a different approach to our music. Rap artists are dealing with the streets, because they just made it from the streets to the studio. I'll go back to my old neighborhood and it's the same shit. It ain't changed. The crack dealers are still on the corner. I like message music, but I like to deliver a message in a form of love. I understand the street situation, but it's better for me to do what I can do this way. I like to sing songs that make people happy. And that's what my songs do. People hear that hook and they'll be singing it for the rest of their lives. There's a time for seriousness and a time for being happy.

18.

PLAYBOY: Did you intend for your song *Miracle* to be an anti-abortion message or a pro-life message?
HOUSTON: It wasn't geared toward any of that mess. I'm serious as cancer. Birth and life are miracles. When I sang the song, I just went into my spirit and I said, "Father, give me the right spirit to sing this song." I try to stay as neutral as I can, because I don't want to be seen to be on this side or on that side.

19.

PLAYBOY: You're a Baptist who went to a Catholic high school. What kind of experience was that?
HOUSTON: Catholicism is a trip. I was serving a God of love, a God Who has compassion and is kind and loves His children unconditionally, Who sent His son here to die for our sins so we wouldn't be accountable for them. And these people are talking about damnation and purgatory and hell, and if you're good and you don't have any abortions and you don't take any birth-control pills, you're going to heaven. I went to confession one time in seventh grade; it totally turned me off. I sat behind the curtain and said, "Listen, I'm just here because I want to know what this is all about." The priest said, "Well, do you have any sins to confess?" I said, "I do, but God already knows what I've done. Why do I have to sit here and talk to you?" He said, "Really, you don't." We had a deep conversation within a couple of minutes. He was kicking it and I was kicking it back with him. At the end of the conversation, I said, "Well, I guess there's no need for me to be here." He said, "I guess not. I hope that you have found what you wanted to see." I said, "Yes, I did, and I won't be back."

20.

PLAYBOY: What do singers sit around and talk about?
HOUSTON: Nonsingers. [*Laughs*] We talk about people who can't sing. We try to be constructive about it, saying, "You know, if she just did so and so, she would be right." Some we like. Some we don't. Some we say, "A pretty good voice if she really worked at it." Not everybody can sing. I kid you not.

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BOSS INTERVIEWS

(continued from page 152)

fashion model and who now co-hosts cable's magazine show *Playboy 360*, she says, "Tracy's beautiful, smart and she can act. *Fly by Night* was nerve-racking for her, but she did a great job." Junior Bird is a good bet to land more screen roles soon, but for now, Tracy's busy with *Playboy 360*. As she says, "It's spontaneous. It's fun"—like its co-host, a talk-show natural. As a tot transplanted to Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Tracy accosted salesmen in local shoe stores, pretending to be a TV reporter: "Is *this* what you want to do with your life?" That irreverence now keeps *360* spinning. Tracy, a health-food fan, has taken the show to the streets and challenged junk-food munchers to defend their cuisine. Now she wants viewers to fax photos of their anatomies to the show. "We're putting together a fax of the perfect couple. So send Tracy your body parts, America!"

"She's a free spirit," Shannon says with approval. Nodding, Junior Bird adds that she had a good role model. "She's a great sister." Tracy shares Shannon's Tweedle-ized L.A. home with Gene and Nicholas, who can't wrap his two-year-old lips around the word Auntie and calls Tracy Eddie. "I may change my name to Eddie," she says.

Eleven feet, ten inches of smooth Canadian composure, the Tweeds are never inconspicuous. Shannon was first to learn that a tall beauty can intimidate men as well as attract them. Her regal bearing says simply, "I am what I am." It has helped her become a star—the kind who presents Emmy awards, as she did last year. Still, she and her even taller sister often deflect the size factor with humor. "I want to have children with a tall man," says Tracy. "Shannon and I will make our own tribe. Our kids' kids will be eight feet tall, and we'll shrink and be tiny grandmas."

This pictorial, a closer look at the Tweeds than you'll ever see on TV, was equal parts sexhibition and gabfest. Two of the world's best-looking women posed nude for *Playboy*'s Richard Fegley. Sultry scenes. But as the hours passed, what Fegley saw through his lens was a couple of girls goofing off at a slumber party. "We felt like kids again," Shannon recalls.

"Right," says Tracy. "Shannon's gorgeous, and I love her a lot, but she's still Big Bird to me."

"This is going to have a chilling effect on the national dialog."

LITTLE SAIGON

(continued from page 154)

back. They've followed him, his wife and his sister home, demanding protection money. "You cannot be polite to these people," he says. "If you are polite, they'll think you are afraid of them."

Johnny refuses entry to a snazzy pair of males wearing pointy, steel-tipped shoes. "One thing about American culture is violence," he says. "I tell my wife I don't want to buy toy guns for my kids. I think the Vietnamese are not a violent society. They see too many violent movies here, and they step a little bit into the movie. To get a gun is too easy. That's influenced them a lot." He has a point. The current street price in Orange County for Uzis and AK-47s is about $150, less than the cost of a cheap VCR. Why watch *Rambo* when you can live it, out on the street?

Johnny has seen a few movies himself. "I don't call people like these gangsters cold," he says. "I call them crazy. They try to chop-chop-*bang*! They try to beat people's families. But if they try to rob me at home, they'd better be fast. And if they try to hurt my baby, I will show them like Chuck Bronson in *Death Wish*."

One of Johnny's rejects sits near the club on a coin-operated kiddie ride. Johnny's not too popular, eh? "Yeah, he's popular," says the kid, rocking back and forth on a toy airplane. "He's the number-one man on the hit list."

•

Minh, 22, is a junkie. His right eye was permanently ruptured with a baseball bat years ago in a gang scuffle. It's a milky and motionless gray marble. His good eye looks straight into mine, but the other one's somewhere else, someplace far off.

Minh belongs to one of the "Boyz" clubs. A hyperkinetic chain smoker with a honking voice, he is scared of nothing. "A lot of people think that talking to Americans is talking to undercover FBI," he says, standing between two stone lions at the Asian Garden Mall. "I ain't worried about it, you know? I can take care of myself."

He's fresh out of the pen after clocking a sentence for a robbery in which the store owner was shot. Minh even did a little time in Vietnam. "Compared to jail over there, jail here ain't shit," he says. "I'd rather do ten years here than one year in a Vietnamese jail. Especially if you're under eighteen. You get a nice bed, three meals a day. It's easy."

Minh says gang members are cultural boat people floating in a cultural limbo. "They don't feel Vietnamese and they don't feel American. They're somewhere in between. They come over here with no parents, they try to go to work and to school, but they say, 'Fuck it,' you know?

'Let's play the American game.' So I came here, I met the wrong people and I slide down and down."

Pretend-bored Viet girls stroll by in lobster-colored make-up. Minh's good eye wanders. A pained woman scuttles across white linoleum, asking people if they've seen her runaway daughter. "The parents in Vietnam are very strict," Minh says. "They come over here and they want to be strict like in Vietnam. They want us to bow, to obey. But it's different over here. If the parents are too hard on them, they say, 'Fuck it. Fuck you,' and they go. This is America, so we don't listen. Freedom, you know?"

•

I stumble into a gaudy Westminster club through a wood-bead curtain, past a small Buddhist shrine. Rainbow lasers lacerate the smoky room. Beneath a spinning mirrored ball, a girl sings over recorded tracks. An m.c. follows with jokes in Vietnamese, then is displaced by a performer best described as Robert Goulet by way of the Ho Chi Minh Trail. A woman, her hair pulled and sprayed into a spiky black Hydra, slinks up to my table. She calls herself Madame Le and wants to know why I'm there. She summons a linebacker-sized white man, who grins cunningly and sits across the table, saying nothing. Madame Le rubs up against me. Uh, no squid tonight, thanks. I retreat.

Madame Le's business cards sit near the toothpick dispenser in a pastry shop down the road. In a color photo, she kneels beside flowers, looking as harmless as a pit viper can possibly look. She's an entertainer, perhaps? "No, she's the club owner," says the cashier, blushing like a schoolboy. "She knows how to do business. Hee, hee!"

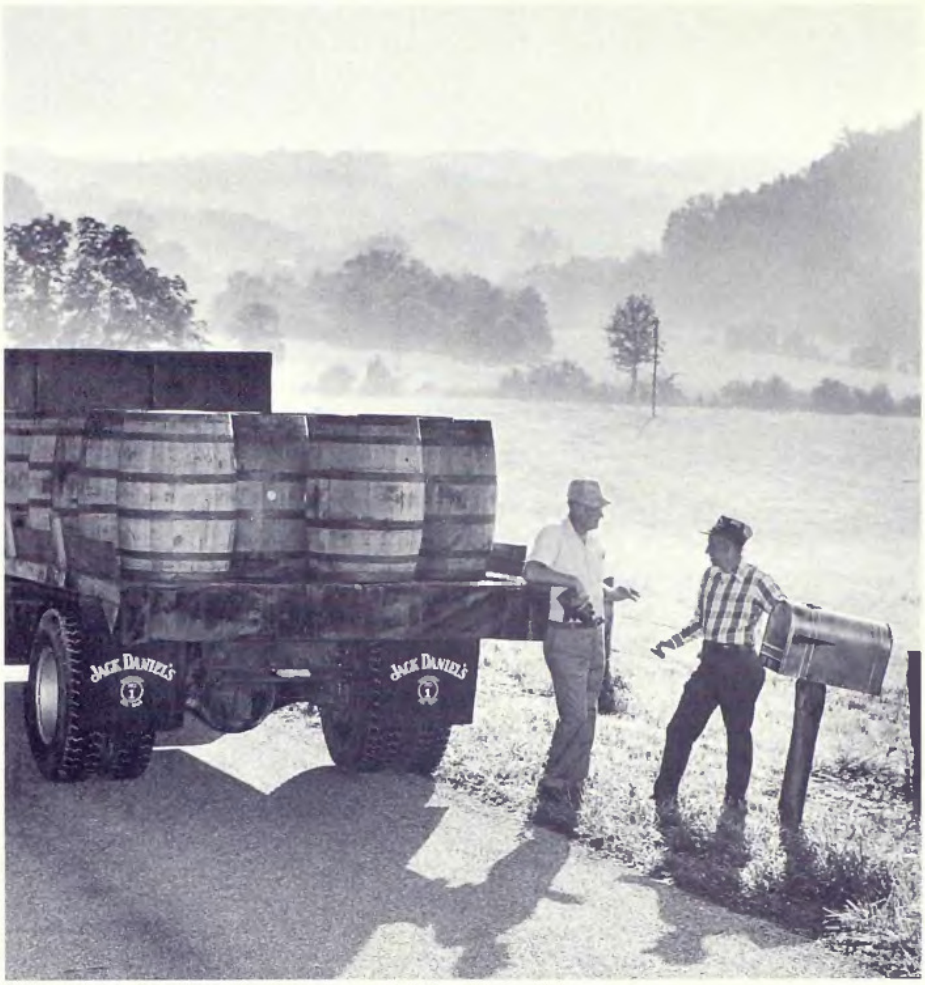
You can get anything you want at Madame Le's—prostitutes, heroin and firearms. It's the classic American outfit, giving the people what they want.

•

"Everything, basically, has increased: the numbers, the violence, the mobility," says Orange County deputy probation officer Robert Gates. "They're very good students with regard to criminal behavior. They tend not to make similar mistakes twice."

The current regime in Vietnam has complicity in those rising numbers. In January 1990, the government began releasing political prisoners from Communist "re-education camps." Thirty thousand ex-cons and their families, about 100,000 Vietnamese all told, are on a waiting list for American visas. An estimated 200,000 more are waiting to get on the waiting list. Experts guess that 40 percent of the new refugees will wind up in Orange County.

Tran, who is one of the first political



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prisoners to be released, has been here only nine months. His nose, like his homeland, swerves left and right in an S shape. Back in the late Seventies, when he had been jailed for being a member of the South Vietnamese army, a gang of Communist jail guards broke it.

Shortly after arriving in the U.S., Tran wrote a poem called *A Fairy Tale*, dedicated to boat people killed at sea. He gave me a copy, altered only by a thick crust of white-out covering his real name. This is an excerpt:

Millions of Vietnamese have passed by
Most of them died
Some in fishes' stomachs
Some tied in bags
Some scattered all around
Others' legs and hands bound
In many different positions, indeed
But only one purpose all together they meet
That is, fleeing for freedom.

A small fraction of American Vietnamese are Communists or Communist sympathizers. Tran, who has known violence all his life, is again ready for war. "We are setting up a big front," he says.

The kids on the streets are one generation removed from Tran's war. They speak better English than their parents. At school, they learn to view their ethnicity as a millstone. Aching to assimilate, they acquire a distaste for things Vietnamese. With sometimes alarming tackiness, they are becoming American. Orange County's Viet music industry begets Elvis impersonators, Madonna clones and clumsy versions of *Me So Horny*. Free tabloids and newspapers bear such headlines as "SAMMY DAVIS JR. KHONG THIEU NO" and "U TUOI 60, CLINT EASTWOOD HET CON NGAU." Parents desperately hang on to Vietnamese customs as their kids absorb *The Simpsons*.

The United States is a great place to run away from the past. It's easy to change your name and address, even your face. Minh the one-eyed gangster recently bought a new eyeball. He can't see any better, but people have stopped looking at him as though he were a freak. The kids here hang together and decipher America for themselves. They rent videos and watch thrill-a-minute combinations of Disneyland and Armageddon, a world where war and entertainment are synonymous. Gangs learn to solve their problems the way Chuck Bronson does.

"Because of the freedom of America—sometimes I feel it's crazy," Tran says. "Your Government, and newspapers, and TV, and cinema—it's so violent! I even watch TV sometimes and I feel something sucking me in. Sometimes even *I'm* affected by the violent films," he says, upper lip twitching. "Even my nephews, cousins, see films and go, 'That was a good film. The guns shot really fast.' They imitate. The violence is all around us."

"No, I don't think baseball is fucking poetry!"

Loathing

(continued from page 98)

establishment in victimizing gay people. Homosexuality was conceptualized as a mental illness and various "cures" included castration, hysterectomy, lobotomy, drug therapies and shock treatments. . . .

[In the McCarthy era,] homosexuals were branded as security risks and traitors . . . and were expelled from Government and military service. Inspired in part by antigay witch-hunts in Washington, police departments across the country routinely engaged in bar raids, blackmail, entrapment and other abuse.

Then came the gay rights movement, and while it has accomplished a great deal in terms of solidarity—the election of gays to public office in some parts of the country and much more visibility for homosexuals as knowledgeable and determined fighters for their own empowerment—there is still rampant antigay discrimination and violence.

Bigotry does not die easily—as blacks, Jews, Hispanics and Asian Americans know. But changes in the law can change practices, if not attitudes. Local, state and Federal civil rights laws should be expanded to include discrimination on the basis of sexual preference. (Only two states protect the civil rights of gays and lesbians; in Federal civil rights law, they are excluded.)

Consensual sexual behavior among adults—homosexuals and heterosexuals—should not be penalized. But this change can best be made under state constitutions and state courts (as in the recent decisions by state trial judges that laws in Kentucky, Michigan and Texas were unconstitutional). There is little hope of the United States Supreme Court giving equal treatment under the laws to gays in this regard, because the current Court is markedly more conservative than the Court that decided *Bowers vs. Hardwick*.

And the press can be of considerable use in exposing police departments, prosecutors and judges who turn into suspects gays who come to them as victims of violence.

Meanwhile, there are some signs of change. The National Gay and Lesbian Task Force reports the following at a sentencing hearing in November 1989:

For a defendant convicted of bludgeoning a gay man to death in Wethersfield, Connecticut, prosecuting attorney Kevin McMahon described the gay community as "the ultimate victim" of the crime

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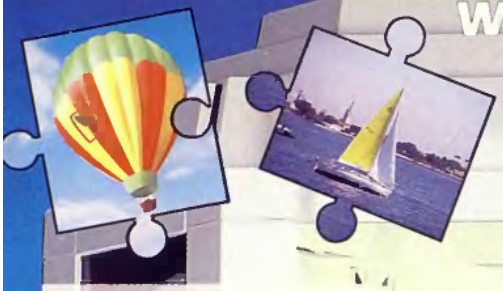

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and argued for the maximum prison penalty as a way to deter future antigay crimes.

In delivering a 40-year sentence for the murder, Superior Court Judge Raymond R. Norko said that "any crime against any person in our society must be treated equally. Otherwise, we lose our sense of civilization."

Still, in certain sectors—and not only among the thugs with baseball bats—the bigotry thrives. The rock group Guns n' Roses adds to the poisonous pollution when it sings: "Immigrants and faggots/They make no sense to me/They come to our country/And think they'll do as they please/Like start some mini-Iran or spread some fucking disease."

And Heavy D. and the Boyz celebrate cultural diversity with: "You'll be as happy as a faggot in jail."

It's all part of the atmosphere, helping frame attitudes and their consequences. When Stepin Fetchit was in vogue, most white Americans saw him as exemplifying most blacks.

Rap groups such as Heavy D. don't cause homophobia, but with some of their audience—young, unsure of their own sexuality—they nurture it. Ironically, considering their own sometimes outcast status, they legitimize antigay bigotry. (Audio Two: "Are you gay?/I hope that ain't the case 'cause gay mothers get punched in the face/I hate faggots/They're living in the Village like meat on some maggots.")

But because there are layers of hatred, sometimes intersecting among all of us, there is no sure way to be precise about the causes of specific tragedies caused by virulent homophobia.

Berrill writes:

> The extremes of antigay domestic violence were revealed in a recent trial in Chicago for the murder of a four-year-old boy by his mother and her live-in boyfriend.
>
> During the summer of 1987, the boy was starved, burned, stuck with pins and needles, beaten with various implements, scalded with steaming water, tied up and hung upside down and gagged for hours because he was perceived to be homosexual. His brother was also tortured for the same reason. The boy was eventually killed by a blow to his head.

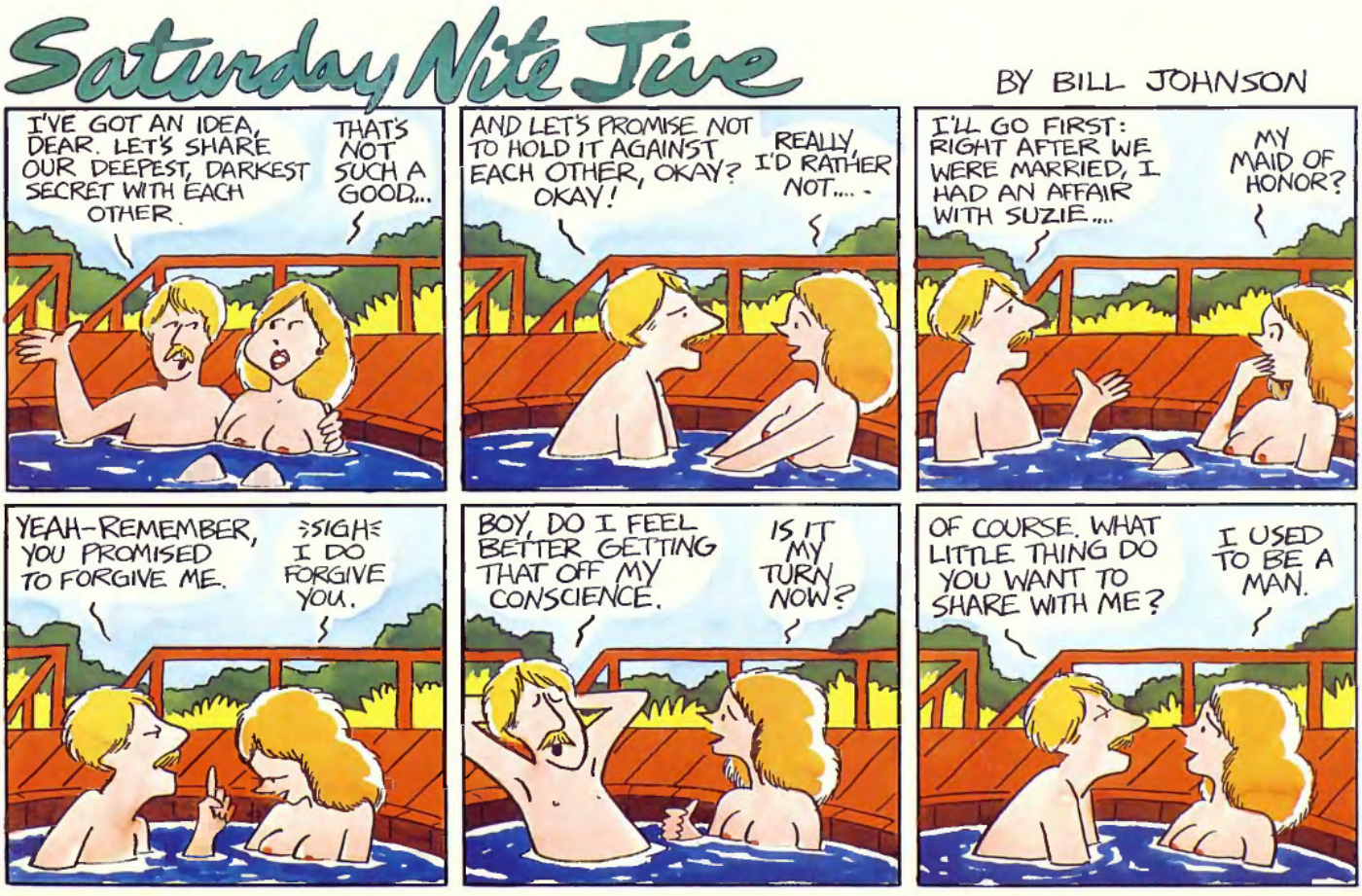
And in Greensboro, North Carolina:

> A high school student was beaten by his parents and thrown out of his home after they discovered gay literature and informational fliers in his bedroom. The boy suffered a broken arm as a result of his parents' attack.

Berrill, the man who has been most immersed in the compilation and analysis of these dark scenes of violence, spoke at a meeting at the University of Pennsylvania, sponsored by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith. Part of what he said gets to the core of homophobia and its relationship to other virulent, infectious phobias:

> As with racist, anti-Semitic, sexist and other bias-motivated crimes, these attacks are intended to violate and isolate not just the victim but an entire group. Unlike opportunistic crimes, these attacks are motivated less by the desire to rip people off than to rip them apart—psychically if not always physically.
>
> They are acts of terrorism intended to punish gay people, women and people of color for being visible and to frighten them from exercising . . . freedom of speech, association and assembly.

And sometimes, they make it impossible for them to exercise those rights by obliterating them.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REALLY, I'D RATHER NOT....
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MY MAID OF HONOR?
YEAH-REMEMBER, YOU PROMISED TO FORGIVE ME.
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BOY, DO I FEEL BETTER GETTING THAT OFF MY CONSCIENCE.
IS IT MY TURN NOW?
OF COURSE. WHAT LITTLE THING DO YOU WANT TO SHARE WITH ME?
I USED TO BE A MAN.

GIVING GOOD VOICE

(continued from page 106)

in. I'm not sure how it happens, but when you've done voice-overs for a while, you develop an inner clock—an ability to know just how long four and a half seconds is. Most of us voice-over artists can tell instantly if we're running long or short or right on the money. (What's really uncanny is when a group of us work together on a spot. I remember five of us in the same booth being told that we were running just a little long. Together, we shaved exactly one and a half seconds from the spot—precisely what we were told to do—without saying a word about it to one another.)

10:10 A.M.: I finish my first read. Bramwell pipes in over the headphones, "Great take, Chip. You're about a second long." So much for inner clocks.

10:35 A.M.: I head to my next appointment. It's a booking for Dunkin' Donuts at Howard Schwartz Recording. I walk there, since it's only a few blocks away. This one's a radio spot, which means there's more leeway to be creative but less money to be made: Union scale for recording a TV commercial is $275.65 for a session; in radio, it's $142.

11:05 A.M.: I'm at the mike again, this time playing a husband who has just shaved with the new Schick razor—the one I got for free at Dunkin' Donuts when I bought a Big One coffee. Mary Elaine Monti plays my wife, who can't keep her hands off my face.

"*Sooo* smoooth," she purrs as she runs her hands over my skin. I ask her to stop, because we're at a restaurant and people are watching. But she doesn't care—she just keeps cooing, "*Sooo smoooth*," while caressing my stubbleless cheeks. I try to tell her about the free-razor deal, simultaneously asking her to please control herself. She does not.

What's funny about all of this is that, in the booth, I'm the one who's actually squeezing and pulling my face. Monti is standing about eight feet from me, reading into her own microphone. We can't even see each other.

11:45 A.M.: Onward. Next, an audition. It works like a booking except you read the spot only once or twice and you don't get paid—yet. This agency, N. W. Ayer, is in a building on Eighth Avenue that looks like an elementary school pencil. The fat kind. I like coming here. The audition is for an AT&T radio campaign. The agency wants a young, smooth announcer to talk about the Richard Marx concert tour that AT&T is sponsoring.

My read is good. I may book this one. (Usually, within seconds, the producer and the actor know if they're going to work together: They hear it in our reads; we see it in their faces.) This producer, Gary Delemeester, is still smiling after I finish. I'm pretty sure my agents will hear from him.

Speaking of which, my agents at J. Michael Bloom & Associates in Manhattan do all of my scheduling for me. They arrange bookings, set up auditions, negotiate contracts. They are extremely important—without them, I'd be standing on subway platforms, spitting. Before I actually met an agent, I pictured them as crusty, squinty-eyed hucksters in soiled, mildewed clothing who sat around all day in small rooms, champing on cigars, yelling into telephones in loud, guttural voices about their "talented clients." Luckily, my agents are nothing like that. None of them smoke.

12:10 P.M.: I stop at a grocery store and walk through the condiments aisle, looking for the mayonnaise section. I find it. Carefully, I pull all the Hellmann's mayonnaise to the front of the shelf, where it can be more easily seen by shoppers. See, I'm the voice of Hellmann's. I wonder if advertisers are aware of how loyal we are.

12:15 P.M.: Break for lunch. What'll I have? Hmm—Personal Pan Pizza with sausage and . . . ah, yes, a Dunkin' Donut for dessert. I do hope to work for Jack La Lanne soon.

1 P.M.: OK, this is fun. I'm dubbing a movie for producer Peter Fernandez (also a top voice-over artist). Fernandez gets copies of films from bigwigs in Hollywood who want him to excise the profanity so that the movies can be shown on television. Today, we're working on a film called *Race for Glory*. I'm doing the voices of the lead—a long-haired motorcycle guy—and two minor characters, an Italian and a German. Dubbing films demands extraordinary concentration, because, as you read from the script, you must match the actor's lips, voice and emotions—all at the same time.

You must also learn to keep a straight face: Each time I dub, there are always a few lines that make me laugh—make me wonder how I can possibly replace the dialog I'm reading. In *Race for Glory*, the killer line is "Un-fucking-believable!" I have to change it to "You finished building the bike!" How this new line will fit the actor's lips on film, I don't know. But it does—almost exactly.

I leave the studio, grateful that today's gig went smoother than the job we did for the movie *Knightriders*. That time, I was asked to change "Why don't you suck my cock?" to "Go ahead and eat my socks!" I was laughing so hard it took half an hour to get it right.

2 P.M.: Another audition. TV. I'm reading the voice of a tree. The audition is at G.S.S. Casting, where one of the casting directors, Billy Serow, does a great impression of Billy Crystal doing his great impression of Sammy Davis Jr. As soon as I arrive, I coax Serow into his act. I sing, "Who can take a rainbow?" Serow

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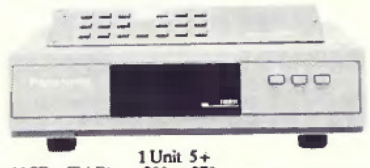

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shakes his head, crooks his mouth, takes up the song: "Sprinkle it with dew." Two other actors in the room moan, "Oh, no. Not again." I smile and throw Serow the loose change from my pocket.

2:30 P.M.: Donna DeSeta Casting. Radio audition. My pal Patti Kelly is running this one. Every time I read for Kelly, I remember the day she brought me in for a local newspaper's radio campaign. The client was looking for a hip announcer to do several spots. It was high summer and I was wearing plaid shorts. Kelly told me the clients were in the other room and that they wanted someone *really* hip. As she spoke, she was eying my plaid shorts. She looked worried.

I took a deep breath, walked into the studio, sighed and said, "Look, you guys, I'm very hip. Search no more. You gotta be hip to pull off this outfit, right?"

At first, there was silence, then they smiled. They bought it. "Well, he says he's hip," one client said to Kelly, "so, OK—he's *very* hip."

The lesson here: You *are* what they want you to be, even in plaid shorts. I booked the spots.

3 P.M.: Booking. TV. It's a rerecord of the commercial I've been trying to tell my grandmother about—Pet Fresh. I am, as I discussed, the voice of the dog. Today I have to add the words "between vacuumings" to a version we did several months ago. I've gotten to know this pup pretty well by now, so it's easy work.

The tape recorder rolls and I begin. I tuck my chin against my chest, throw my jaw forward, think Saint Bernard and out comes a deep and bellowing voice, an occasional bark thrown in for emphasis. I nail the line on the third try. The entire process takes roughly six minutes.

3:20 P.M.: Call home and ask Laura if there's any mail. I do this because I get paid by mail—fees for my session work and residuals for spots currently running. She tells me I got 20 checks today.

"Twenty?" I shout into the phone. *"All right!"*

"Settle down, dear," she says. "I've already opened them. They total just under two hundred dollars."

"Oh," I moan. "Radio."

4 P.M.: An audition for a new microwave food. Network TV. Big time. As I read, the writer asks me if I could "romance" the words she has written. I do, changing the timbre of my voice, making it sound a little warmer, a little friendlier, almost musical. These are the subtle shadings that can make or break a booking. She likes the changes I've made and asks me to read again. I do, this time even more sincere, romancing like mad. More members of the creative team come in to listen. When I see them, my heart picks up a few beats. Outstanding, I think. This one's in the bag!

Two days later, I learn that I didn't book the spot. Turns out it was because the creative director said she didn't know my work. Swell, I think, maybe I should have romanced *her* instead of the words. Now I'll have to *see* the thing when it rolls out on the networks.

That's the worst part of my job: You have to see the spots that you don't get. There's no way to avoid it, because if you work in commercials, you *watch* commercials. This can be disquieting, especially for friends who watch TV with you. They quickly notice how you get up to use the bathroom or dash to the kitchen only while the show is on. They see how attentively you sit through all the commercials, how you glare at anyone who actually enjoys a spot you're not in. Which is why, when I return home at 4:30 P.M., I find out from Laura that our friends Michael and Becky will not be coming over tonight as planned—unless I *swear* I will put on only PBS or HBO. No commercials. Laura thinks it's a reasonable request. "Fine," I say, "but I'm not paying for the pizza, then."

6:20 P.M.: I happen to be upstairs when one of my spots comes on the air. Laura yells, *"You're on!"* (She's assigned to watch the tube whenever I'm out of the room.) I come crashing down the stairs, trying to reach the screen before my work disappears. I just miss the last word. Laura tells me I would have liked it.

Yes, in this business, wives participate in the madness, sitting through hours of TV at a stretch, just to hear a glorious 30 seconds of your work. Even friends across the country are recruited to listen for you. You instruct them to write down the time they caught your spot and the channel on which it aired. You ask them for a full report the next time you speak with them. And when your agent tells you a spot has gone *off* the air, those same friends are called again, this time with stricter marching orders: "*Now*, if you see that spot, call me instantly. 'Cause if it's still running when they've told me it's not, that means someone ain't gettin' paid." Good friends are becoming increasingly hard to find.

8:45 P.M.: Michael and Becky have arrived and we settle in to watch a movie on ABC. (Through persistence, I've convinced them that it's a really good film. "Uh, James Bond, I think.") Just after it starts, I get up to order the pizza I'm buying. Suddenly, the phone rings.

I pick up the receiver and hear my grandmother yelling. She is ecstatic. "You're on!" she sings. "I think I *see* you! Look at that—*you're on TV!*"

Oh, dear God. . . .

"Who's the new chick, third from the left?"

DESIGNATED DRIVER

(continued from page 109)

good judgment, not punishing yourself. Fortunately, the options are multiplying, and they're widely available.

Many alcohol-free beers provide the hoppy, bitter flavor of brew without the buzz. (For a complete overview of nonalcoholic beers, see Michael Jackson's guide on page 170.) California-brewed Firestone is so popular in Los Angeles that it outsells the 15 bottled beers available at Wolfgang Puck's restaurant/brewery, Eureka. Warteck, a Swiss import, is the favorite counterfeit of teetotalers at Manhattan's 21 Club.

Popular wines without alcohol include the white, red, cabernet and zinfandel under the Ariel label from San Jose's J. Lohr Winery; Paul Masson's St. Regis line; and Germany's Carl Jung varietals. These facsimiles, which are vinted as usual and then removed of alcohol, surpass ordinary grape juices and ciders in that they mimic the experience of drinking authentic wines: the extraction of the cork, the aroma, the grapy hues and that silky splash against the wineglass.

Until recently, one of the drawbacks to drinking responsibly was the absence of the trappings of drink—a ginger ale in a short glass offers none of the visceral and tactile pleasures of the old lick-of-salt, chug-of-tequila, bite-of-lime ritual. Most bartenders will serve proof-free drinks in more traditional surroundings: a virgin daiquiri in a bubble glass, a pseudo pilsner in a beer mug, a fizzy carbonated cider poured into a champagne flute.

Another shortcoming of zero-proof drinks has been the cloyingly sweet taste, a result of the substitution of fruit juices for liqueurs in most recipes. Bitter drinks are preferable because they are too tart to drink quickly, and the flavor stimulates the taste buds, setting the palate for food. Bartenders compensate by spiking juices and mixers with a dash of aromatic bitters. While such brands of bitters as the front-running Angostura contain 45 percent alcohol, a dollop in a large drink sharpens the taste without impairing the senses; in this context, the dash of alcohol is diluted to less than half of one percent, a ratio that is considered by law nonalcoholic.

Many restaurants and watering holes offer designated-driver (or DD) programs, which include free nonalcoholic beverages and a button or bracelet for the abstaining member of a car pool. At restaurant/saloons such as Sage's in Chicago, DDs are offered free drinks and certificates that can be redeemed for drinks when they're not driving. "When we started the program a few years ago," say the owners, "people ordered a water on the rocks because they didn't want to admit they weren't drinking. But today, not only do people feel comfortable drinking a nonalcoholic drink in a bar, it's a badge of honor to be a nondrinker. At lunch, we may be the iced-tea kings of the world."

Even in establishments that do not sponsor an official DD program, more motorists are choosing not to drink. In Los Angeles, where taxis are scarce, drinking responsibly or not at all is a practical matter. "More and more people are telling me, 'No thanks, I'm the designated driver tonight,'" says Spago bartender Rob Thurman. "A popular drink is cranberry juice mixed with soda, Pellegrino or orange juice." Also in demand are virgin daiquiris, strawberry margaritas and piña coladas, and bloody marys without the vodka.

In Manhattan, says 21 Club bartender Will Higgins, "it's not fashionable anymore to be seen bellying up to the bar for four or five hours." He receives requests for mineral waters, freshly squeezed juices and virgin versions of blender drinks. Tangy-flavored spirits are another good choice for the designated driver: A single drink can be savored. "Campari is a very nice aperitif if you don't feel like drinking too much," Higgins says. "Or you can sip on a glass of dry sherry."

Bartenders, of course, know all about drinking in a bar while remaining sober. What do they pour for themselves while they pull ten-hour shifts in saloons?

At Sage's, the drink of choice behind the bar is orange juice with a shot of soda. Says proprietor Gene Sage, "It's what used to be called a B-girl cocktail."

At Spago, the staff nurses a nonalcoholic concoction called the Alligator. A satisfying mixture of lime juice, cassis, soda and Seven-Up, the Alligator has been a house secret for nine years. Now you can mix it yourself, as well as the other drinks that follow.

THE SPAGO ALLIGATOR

⅛ shot cassis
½ shot lime juice
4 ozs. club soda
4 ozs. Seven-Up
Pour ingredients over ice in tall glass.

THE 21 CLUB VIRGIN MARY

5 ozs. Sacramento tomato juice
2 dashes Worcestershire sauce
2 dashes celery salt
Fresh pepper
Fresh lime wedge
Mix first two ingredients. Shake well. Pour over ice in stemmed glass and garnish with last three ingredients.

THE 21 CLUB VIRGIN STRAWBERRY

1 oz. lemon juice
1 oz. fresh-squeezed orange juice

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PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO NO-ALCOHOL BEERS

It's all a matter of taste. When you savor a regular beer, you are tasting the sweetness of barley malt and the flowery dryness of hops. You may not have analyzed it so much, but those are the flavors that combine to tease your palate. When you taste a nonalcoholic brew, both flavors are present in precisely the same quantities.

The Europeans started to develop more sophisticated nonalcoholic beers in the Seventies. Recently, American brewers have been producing some top-quality nonalcoholic beers. In flavor, some of the European examples are fuller, the American ones generally lighter and crisper, but there are plenty of choices from both sides of the Atlantic.

The beers are made by a variety of methods. All start with malted barley, hops and water. It is after the brewing that the differences arise. Some of these beers are fermented normally and the alcohol removed. Some are not fermented. Others are fermented in such a way that the yeast does not produce alcohol. Whichever the method, the alcoholic content is kept below 0.5 percent by volume. (Almost all natural products contain some alcohol; even fruit juices, for example, often contain a small amount. Enzymes active in the metabolism of alcohol are also present in humans. Thus, our bodies produce about a shot of alcohol a day. Sorry about that, W.C.T.U.)

By law, these nonalcoholic products must be described as brews or beverages, but not beers. Here's how they taste.

AMERICAN

Firestone (Firestone and Fletcher): The only microbrewery dedicated exclusively to nonalcoholic brews. Clean, malty bouquet. Soft palate. On the sweet side but easily drinkable.
Goetz (Pearl): Spritzy, sweetish, drier in the finish. Light, refreshing.
Hamm's NA (Pabst): Lightly fruity in the bouquet and palate. Reminiscent of apple. Light, clean finish.
Kingsbury (Heileman): Dry, faintly herbal or even smoky in the bouquet and palate. Lightly spritzy. Similar-tasting products include Zing, Black Label NA and Schmidt Select.
O'Doul's (Anheuser-Busch): Smooth body, fairly full for a nonalcoholic beer. Remarkably clean, light taste. Faint saltiness.
Pabst NA (Pabst): Applelike fruitiness in the bouquet. Lightly tart.
Sharp's (Miller): The bouquet of beer. Light, clean and crisp. Nice balance of satisfying malt taste and fruity, quenching tartness.
Texas Light (San Antonio Beverage Co.): The aroma of apple pie. Applelike palate. Very tart. Quenching.
Texas Light Dark (San Antonio): Attractive reddish-brown color. Lightly sweet, with a caramel-malt taste, drying slightly in the finish. Pleasant.

SWISS-AMERICAN

Birell (F. X. Matt): Light, soft and faintly syrupy. Malty, with a dry fruitiness in the finish. A Swiss brand made under license in the U.S.

IMPORTS

Buckler (Heineken): Clean, lightly fruity aroma. Sweetish palate. Dry finish. Very drinkable. A sophisticated entrant in this category.
Clausthaler (Binding): Notably well balanced. Lightly malty with some dry hoppiness in the finish. Zesty.
Gerstel (Heninger): Very malty, especially in the aroma. Sweet palate with some balancing dryness in the finish.
Haake Beck (Beck's): Very clean aroma. Sweetish and fruity with a very dry finish.
Kaliber (Guinness): Toasted-malt aroma and palate. Hints of honey or brown sugar but with a lot of balancing dryness in the finish. Big body.
Moussy (Cardinal): Malty, almost coffeeish, aroma and palate. Quite spicy.
Warteck (Warteck): Appetizingly bittersweet. The sweetness, from the malt, is combined with a fruity dryness, especially in the finish.

With such a good selection, why would anyone ever want any other kind of beer? Because one ingredient is missing from nonalcoholic brews. But this ingredient is not merely a relaxant. Contrary to widespread view, alcohol itself does have a taste. It is hard to pin down, but "peppery" comes close.

Try a shot of vodka, the most purified of all alcoholic drinks, and perhaps you can recognize the spicy taste of alcohol. After you are home, of course. Then, even a designated driver is allowed a nightcap.

—MICHAEL JACKSON

Small dish strawberries
Sugar, to taste
Dash grenadine

Blend all ingredients and serve in stemmed glass.

CLAM AND TOMATO JUICE

3 ozs. tomato juice
3 ozs. clam juice
Dash celery salt
Dash Tabasco
Lemon wedge

Pour first four ingredients into drink mixer. Add ice cubes and shake well. Strain into glass and add lemon wedge.

SAGE'S WATERMELON COOLER

½ cup watermelon chunks
½ oz. pineapple juice
1 oz. orange juice
Fruit garnish

Blend first three ingredients with ice. Pour into tall glass. Garnish with fruit.

ICED COFFEE ANGOSTURA

2 teaspoons superfine granulated sugar
3–4 dashes Angostura
2 ozs. light cream
4 ozs. espresso or double-strength hot black coffee

Pour sugar and bitters into tall glass. Fill glass to top with ice. Add cream and coffee and stir thoroughly.

THE CHARGER

6 ozs. cold club soda
2 dashes bitters
Lime, lemon or orange twist

Fill tumbler with club soda. Add bitters and mix until water turns very light pink. Add citrus twist as garnish.

THE CARIBBEAN CRANBERRY

6 ozs. cranberry-juice cocktail
2 ozs. pineapple juice
2 dashes bitters

Pour over ice in tall glass and stir.

Ray Foley, publisher of *Bartender* magazine, offers these alternative cocktails:

DUST CUTTER

¾ oz. Rose's lime juice
6 ozs. tonic water

Serve over ice in tall glass.

TROPICAL BREEZE

1 oz. Rose's lime juice
3 ozs. cranberry juice
3 ozs. club soda or seltzer

Pour all ingredients into tall glass and stir.

With these beverages, be prepared to overhear someone ask the cocktail waitress, "That drink he's having—can you make one *with* the alcohol?"

"I don't want to be seen strictly as a baseball guy—as one-dimensional—because I don't feel that I am."

good, they've got the job. I never notice one way or the other whether someone is black or white.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about baseball's drug policy?

STEINBRENNER: We've got a problem. If they try to sweep it under the rug, it's wrong. It doesn't do us any good to ignore it and say it doesn't exist, because it does exist. When Ueberroth said, "Baseball has solved its drug problem," it was just not so. This is the number-one sickness in America today and we can't make light of it, because it's there in huge numbers.

PLAYBOY: If a player is suspended for life for drugs, then cleans up for a year, do you think he should be reinstated—like football's Dexter Manley?

STEINBRENNER: I don't think that anybody should be suspended for life for anything, other than murder. How is it helping someone to say, "You're done forever, your life's over"?

PLAYBOY: Which brings us back to you. What does the future hold for George Steinbrenner?

STEINBRENNER: We'll have to see. You know, I'm sixty years old. I'm getting up there. I want to start to enjoy my life a little. I wasn't going to stay on as general partner forever; seventeen and a half years is a long time battling the media and everything else. Of course, I'm not saying that I wouldn't like to be exonerated and see this whole thing resolved.

PLAYBOY: If the agreement with Fay Vincent could be overturned now, would you resume your former position with the Yankees?

STEINBRENNER: You mean if I was in Utopia? I don't know. I might for a while, until one of my sons was ready. It's time, though, for the young man to come on. The old man's tired.

PLAYBOY: How do things look with your position on the Olympic committee?

STEINBRENNER: I'm still a vice-president. We all sat down and talked and I said, "You know, with the television cameras and the news media all over the place, it would be best for me to ease off for a while, because the focus should be on the athletes and not on George Steinbrenner." But I'm still a vice-president and that's a major part of my life now.

[As we went to press, the U.S. Olympic Committee resolved to allow Steinbrenner to resume participation with U.S.O.C. affairs after having placed him in an "inactive status" last August.]

PLAYBOY: Have you ever thought of writing a book?

STEINBRENNER: I may. I know a hell of a lot of people who would want that book. But the proceeds wouldn't go to George Steinbrenner—they'd go to help education in this country. Kids and education are what my whole life is about right now. A pet peeve of mine is that we give away billions of dollars a year in foreign aid when we can't properly educate, clothe, house and feed every American child. We've made it safe for a man to walk on the moon, but not for a kid to walk on the street.

Kids are our greatest natural resource—greater than oil, greater than gas, greater than coal. That's why I personally underwrite the Whitney Young Classic, an annual football game that helps provide scholarships for literally hundreds of underprivileged children. Also, every year, I have a Christmas party in Florida for underprivileged children. We take two thousand kids to a big concert hall and give them gift packages—Yankees stuff—then bring in entertainment. It lets those kids know that somebody cares about them. It may cost me a lot of money, but I do it every year, because it's important every year.

PLAYBOY: You're known for that kind of charity—even people such as Dave Winfield concede that you're a very philanthropic man—yet you've never made a big show of it. Why?

STEINBRENNER: Well, I don't wear it on my sleeve. When you do something good for somebody and more than two people know about it, you didn't do it for the right reason. Last summer, for example, I gave ten thousand dollars that was needed to keep a playground running. At the time, I told them absolutely no publicity. But I've been taking so much lambasting lately that I don't care who knows now.

Before, I didn't give a damn, but now I want people to know there are two sides to George Steinbrenner. I don't want to be seen strictly as a baseball guy—as one-dimensional—because I don't feel that I am. That's why I did *Saturday Night Live*. I'm tired of my kids' suffering. I don't want them thinking that there wasn't at least as much good in their father's life as all the bad they've heard. I'd like people to understand that I'm a guy who has spent a lot of his life doing hands-on community work and caring about people—young people, old people. In the end, I'll put my good acts up against those of anybody in this country. Anybody.

"That one's a cross-trainer, sir. You can go directly from basketball to rock-climbing in that shoe."

WHO DAT *(continued from page 142)*

"'You've got two choices. Relax and let me interview you or get booted so you won't be able to move.'"

gear and raced out of the parking lot, just as he'd done the first time. It was just as Reverend Sawicki always said: There is no profit in deceit.

•

I waited another three days. I wasn't discouraged by my failure so far. Most operations begin with frustrations. I spent the time watching movies on cable, and I used my contacts to get an appointment with the New Orleans chief of police. We brainstormed for a few minutes and came up with what we agreed was a bulletproof plan. We were speaking metaphorically.

We waited until Monday morning to spring the trap. I rode in an unmarked car, leading the way for four patrol cars. We cruised to the Superdome, and when we were near enough, all five units turned on their sirens and flashing blue lights. When we got to the parking lot, I saw Earl P. Lasson in his car, just sitting quietly, as usual. I directed my driver to pull over beside the exit and I waited while the four other units roared into the lot. They squealed to a stop around my target, one patrol car in front of his blue Chevy Vega, one on each side and one behind him. He was caught now, and he'd have to listen to me.

I got out of my white, unmarked Ford LTD and strolled toward Lasson's car. I had a good feeling. I believed that Operation Orchid would soon rack up its first success. I leaned against the unit parked to my target's left. The sirens were off, but the blue lights on the units' roofs were still flashing.

"Knew you was a cop," said Lasson, spitting out the window near my feet.

"Mr. Lasson," I said in a cold voice, "I am not a police officer. I've told you that before."

"Then who are all these guys in the blue shirts? Eagle scouts?"

"I've brought them with me," I said, "because on the previous two attempts to interview you, you proved to be recalcitrant."

"What's that mean?"

"Stupid," I said, my expression like stone.

"Well, I sure do feel stupid, sittin' here with these cops all around me."

I nodded and reached into the patrol unit for the radio. I gave orders that the unmarked car should block the exit and all the police officers in the other cars should move away. I needed to be alone with my target.

"That better?" I asked him.

Lasson gave a bitter laugh. "Not so's you'd notice," he said. "I can't move an inch."

"Well, you've got two choices, as I see it. You can relax and let me interview you or you can get booted so you won't be able to move, even after the cops leave."

"If I don't help you out, you gonna boot my car?" said Lasson with a frown. "So's I'll be stuck here night and day till I cooperate?"

"Exactly."

"You moron!" Lasson cried. "Sittin' here night and day is what I been doin' for the last seven years! I don't care 'bout your goddamn boot!"

I thought about what he'd said, and I realized that he was correct. "Well, along with booting your car, we have a few other tricks up our sleeves that I hoped we wouldn't have to use."

"What are you?" asked Lasson. "FBI?"

I showed him my Company identification, and he gave a little gasp. "May I get in your car and ask a few questions?"

"Don't know how. These cop cars are parked pretty damn close on all sides."

I opened the car door several inches, managed to squeeze through the narrow opening and into the blue Vega. I was breathing hard when I sat beside my target.

"You made it," said Lasson. "I'll give you credit for that."

"Give the credit to the excellent training program the Company provides."

"Sure, what you say. Now, what's this all about? And don't give me no story about the census."

I nodded. "I have to admit that I tried deception on you last time. You were very clever to see through my disguise. Still, I had several other options, including intimidation and harassment. I could get the IRS to pay you a visit here in this parking lot. Or I could threaten physical intimidation on you or your lovely wife."

"What you know about Anna Marie?" he snarled.

I shrugged. "Please understand: Your wife is not our target. You are. If you decide to be uncooperative, we'll have to use your wife as a wedge. If you catch my meaning."

Lasson closed his eyes and rubbed his forehead. "And this is mental intimidation, right?"

"Exactly," I said happily. "It's good that you're familiar with our techniques."

"All right, all right, I give up. I know when I'm beat. What you want to know?"

"First, tell me a little something about yourself."

My target sighed. "Starting when?"

"Well, when you were a kid. Where were you born?"

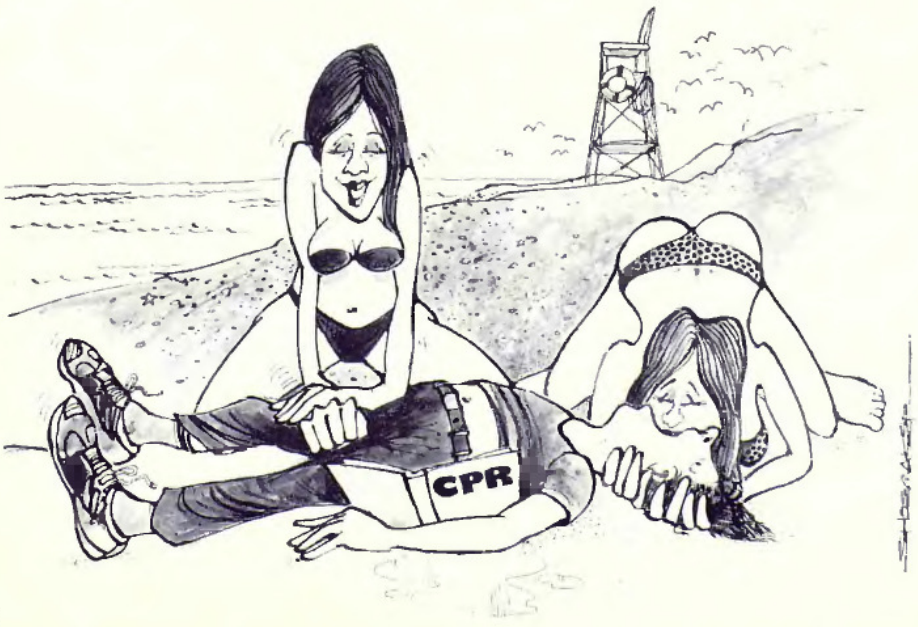
"Cleveland," said Lasson. "I was born in Cleveland in 1947. That was way back when the town called itself The Best Location in the Nation. Then it turned into The Mistake by the Lake, but lately, everybody there calls it The North Coast. I still wouldn't use the beaches along the lake front, though."

"How long did you live in Cleveland?"

He leaned back from the wheel and stretched. "Right after I graduated high school, I went to Las Vegas, where I made a pretty good living bettin' on big-league baseball, basketball and football games.

"Then I met Anna Marie, and she hated Las Vegas. We got married and moved to a nice neighborhood in Queens, New York."

I didn't think all this was getting us



anywhere useful. "Does all that tie together to explain what you're doing here in this parking lot?"

He nodded sadly, then he reached under his seat. My hand immediately went to the police special I had in my jacket, but Lasson just came up with a cellophane package. He'd eaten one Twinkie, but the second one had been mashed flat and forgotten. It had gotten moldy and it looked horrible. "'Like the sands of an hourglass,'" Lasson intoned, "'so are the days of our lives.'" Then he tossed the Twinkie out his window; it hit the patrol car beside us and plopped to the ground.

"You watch that show, too?" I asked with some interest.

"Not so much the last couple of years. Say, did Steve and Kayla ever get married?"

"Yeah," I said enthusiastically, "and they had a daughter, but she's been kidnaped. And after all that, Steve's a stiff now, too."

"Uh-huh," said Lasson with a shrug, "poor Kayla. Just like Kim and Shane's kid got kidnaped. I swear they only got five plots there. They got the kid-getting-kidnaped plot, they got the five-day-coma plot, they got the innocent-person-tried-for-murder plot, they got the evil-twin plot and they got the amnesia plot. Ever know anybody that got amnesia? On TV, you're not a real character till you get amnesia at least once."

I was enjoying the conversation, but it wasn't helping me get at the truth. "Now, Earl," I said, "can you tell me briefly what the hell you're doing here all the time?" I called him by his first name to foster confidence. That was a Company-approved technique.

"'Cause long as I'm out here, I'll pretend the ball ain't come down."

"I don't understand what you mean, Earl," I said in a friendly way.

He took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "It all started in 1983. It was the last game of the season for the Saints. Now, you gotta remember that the Saints had been around for seventeen years and they'd never had a winning season. They had the worst cumulative winning percentage in history."

I stroked my chin, radiating understanding and acceptance, even though I still didn't have the faintest idea what the hell he was talking about. "All right," I said thoughtfully, "we're in 1983 and the Saints are losing."

He got very excited. "That's just it! The last game of the season, the Saints were playin' the Los Angeles Rams, and if the Saints won, it'd be the first winning season for them, and they would've made the play-offs for the first time. Every other team had been in the playoffs except the Saints, including crummy newcomers like Tampa Bay. You know the Buccaneers started off their first couple of years with an amazing losing streak? And guess who they finally beat for their first-ever win? The Saints!"

"Well," I said slowly, "I see you're a passionate Saints fan, but I still don't see why you're living your life in self-enforced solitude here in this hot parking lot."

"Here comes the hard part," said my target, looking me squarely in the eye. "In the fourth quarter, the Saints were ahead 24–23. No such luck. The Rams got the ball back and marched down the field like nobody's tryin' to stop 'em. Maybe that was the truth. Maybe the Saints were as good as nobody. Anyway, there's only five or six seconds left in the game, and the Rams decide they're in field-goal range. Soon as they call time to set up for the kick, I jumped up and ran out of the Superdome. I didn't want to watch it. I didn't want to be a part of it. I went to my car and sat there. While later, crowds came out of the Dome, all lookin' kind of glum."

"Uh-huh," I said.

"Don't you see?" said Lasson fiercely. "I can guess that Mike Lansford made that forty-two-yard field goal, and the Rams won 26–24, and the Saints settled for a .500 season. I can imagine that's what happened, but I have no hard *evidence*. Far as I know, the ball might still be in the air, as if real life stopped the second Lansford's foot touched the ball. And I'm going to stay here—sort of like I'm suspended in time—till the Saints not only make the play-offs but go to the Super Bowl. They don't even have to win the big game—I'll be satisfied if they make it that far."

That was just plain screwy. "You might have a long wait," I said.

He nodded. "I know, but I sworn my oath."

"That's a hell of a commitment you've made."

Lasson sighed. "What else can a poor man do?"

That might be just the angle I needed. "How are you living and supporting your family?"

"We been livin' on my savings from the good years in Las Vegas. But the savings are runnin' a little thin about now."

He was so crazy, he just might be the man I was looking for. "Have you always been such a devoted fan?"

"Devoted? *Devoted?*" he cried. "I was born in Cleveland, right? In 1947, so I was seven years old in 1954."

He looked at me as if those words were especially significant. I didn't know what he meant.

He saw my blank look and went on. "In 1954, my hometown team, the Cleveland Indians, won the pennant. The whole city was excited. I never paid much attention to baseball before, but in '54, I couldn't get away from it. I still remember those players: Vic Wertz and

Too good to keep cooped up.

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Larry Doby and Al Rosen. And the starting pitchers were brilliant: Mike Garcia, Bob Feller, Early Wynn and Bob Lemon. It was a thrilling time, and at the age of seven, I'd never been thrilled before."

"That's what first interested you in sports, huh?"

"It was the curse of doom."

"Why do you call it that?" I asked.

His face flushed. "Because the damn Indians went to the World Series and lost it four games in a row. And the next couple of years, they finished second, and then they finished sixth, and pretty soon, they were in their famous slide down into the pit of losers. They ain't never won another goddamn pennant in better 'n thirty-five years."

"But you moved away from Cleveland. Why are you so upset about the Indians?"

His expression was anguished. "Can't help it! Every year, I cheer for the Indians, and every year, they break my heart. I tried to cure it by movin' to New York with Anna Marie. I got there in '66, just in time to catch the Mets' ninth-place finish. I even turned to the Yankees for some relief, but they were even worse—tenth out of ten. In '67, they traded places, the Mets goin' to tenth place and the Yankees to ninth. The followin' year, the Yanks finished fifth, the Mets ninth."

"What did you do? Sit in your car outside Shea Stadium?"

He squinted and said, "Are you makin' fun of me?"

I raised both hands. "Not at all. I want to know what you did."

Lasson spat out the window. "Let Anna Marie talk me into moving South. Now, I love New Orleans, but they said fifteen years ago, when they opened the Superdome, that we'd have a major-league team move here any minute. It never happened. So I started followin' football and basketball."

"In 1969?" I said.

"Yeah," Lasson said dreamily, "the year of the Miracle Mets, who waited until I left town to win the World Series. And now here, without a local baseball team, I watch the Cubs on cable."

"The Cubs?" It made me shudder. The Cubs, who last won the series in 1908, made the Cleveland Indians look like a success story. "What about hoops and football?"

My target laughed without humor. "We *had* a basketball team here, the Jazz. An expansion team, so it wasn't much good the first couple of seasons. We had Pete Maravich, though, and he was wonderful to see. Then the management got fed up and moved the team from the Dome to Salt Lake City. 'The Utah Jazz,' ain't that crazy? I mean, Chicago is the toddlin' town. I don't think there's a single person in Salt Lake City who knows how to toddle."

"When the Jazz left New Orleans, it must have hurt."

"My inside's been torn up so many times by these goddamn teams, I should be used to it by now. But I'm not. It's not anything you can get used to. Your hopes go up early in the season, then you hang on to the bitter end, and you hope maybe next season. Since 1954, I've never had a good next season."

I thought I detected a tear about to fall from his left eye. "And now all you've got are the Saints, and your car and your oath."

He took a deep, sad breath. "And a terrific wife who understands and supports me."

There was silence in the car after that, and I let it go on longer, to deepen the mood of despair. Then I said, "You know, it almost sounds as if your presence—or even your fannish interest—is enough to jinx these teams."

He nodded glumly. "I'd go somewhere else, 'cause I know as soon as I do, the Saints'll have a terrific year and get to the Super Bowl. I'd do it for them, but I don't want to curse some other team."

"Maybe you don't have to," I said. "Maybe I can help you out."

He looked at me dubiously. "What you mean?"

I took out some folded papers from the inside pocket of my suit coat. "Look," I said, flattening the pages against my knees. "I represent a small, supersecret branch of the Company. We've been working on Operation Orchid for several years now. First we correlated sports results with the movements of certain citizens. We've identified a few other people who have your—ah—talent, but just as I was about to recruit them, their teams suddenly blossomed into winners. You're the first field contact I've made who appears to be the real thing."

"You want to recruit me?" said Lasson. "What for?"

I showed a waiver form he'd have to sign before we could do an in-depth background check on him and his wife. There were some medical forms, too. "Don't hesitate to ask any questions you might have," I told him.

"Well, what kind of job is this?"

I clasped his shoulder firmly with my left hand. "You can take this job and be a national hero, though a secret national hero, or you can decline and I'll take the next plane out of New Orleans."

Lasson nodded and repeated, "What *kind* of job?"

"We want you to go live in Beijing," I said. "Or Havana or any number of places in the Middle East. We'll pay you a good salary—and we'll pick up one hundred percent of your living expenses. You'll be able to join the American community in these capital cities, and you'll be able to live there without giving up one bit of the quality of life you cherish here."

Lasson stared through the windshield. "Sounds too good to be true," he said.

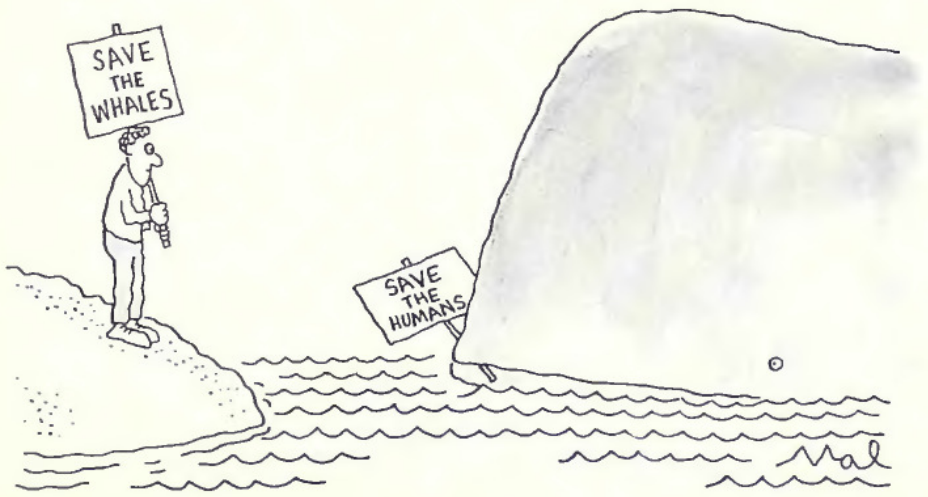
I smiled. "Don't give me an answer now. Take the papers home and discuss it all with Anna Marie."

"If I say no, will your Company waste us? Just for knowing about all this?"

I lifted a hand. "All that kind of stuff is just in the movies. We wouldn't kill you, we're your *country*!" I gave him my card with my real telephone number on it and got out of his car. I used the radio in one of the patrol cars to get the police officers to clear away for Lasson's Vega. He started his blue Chevy and headed for the exit. I waved the unmarked car away and Lasson headed home.

A few days later, after I'd gotten his call of acceptance, I packed my bags and headed to the airport. I was going on to Atlanta. Atlanta's sports teams are about as pitiful as one could hope. They had a contest recently to choose a slogan for the Braves. One of the entries read, "Go, Braves! And take the damn Falcons with you!"

Atlanta. My kind of town.



(continued from page 141)

there is a tantalizing chance that he'll return in September or October.

Tony La Russa has other troubles. Who will replace departed Scott Sanderson's 17 wins? Can Mike Moore bounce back from 13–15 to something closer to 1989's 19–11? How's Jose Canseco?

AMERICAN WEST LEAGUE

Can't Dennis Eckersley find a more fitting post-K gesture than "shooting" his victims? Why did they pay Bob Welch $13,800,000? And didn't the Reds prove that Oakland is not as good as everyone thought?

The answers: Eric Show, this year's retread; Moore can and he will; Jose will "redeem" his 37-homer, 19-steal "slump"; yes, but you can't use that finger on TV; Welch is 36–8 at the Oakland Coliseum; no, the Reds proved that a good team can embarrass a great team for a week. Remember how the A's reacted after the Dodgers humbled them in 1988? They got mad, then they got even. They are madder now. There are no rotten teams in the A.L. West, but just one great one.

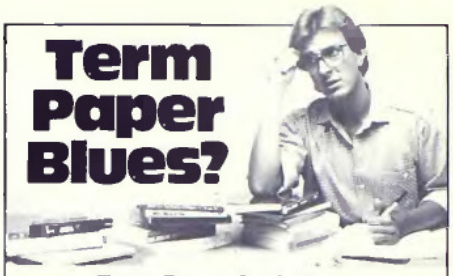
An unholy roller off Bo Jackson's bat jumped and split Nolan Ryan's lip; **Rangers** fans were horrified to see their hero with gore running down his chin to his number 34. Nolie calmly found the ball and threw Bo out. Another night, when Ryan's back acted up, he shrugged and finished his no-hitter, fanning 14 without benefit of a single called third strike. His fastball was clocked at 94 miles per hour in the bottom of the ninth. And in addition to his record six no-nos, Ryan has fired 12 one-hitters, 19 two-hitters and 59 shutouts. Now 44, he hasn't won a pennant since he was 22. This could be the year.

Although humpless, Juan "Igor" Gonzalez has a bad back that will allow him to carry the Rangers for only a week now and then. If his back holds up, Gonzalez is the game's next hero. He and Ruben Sierra give Texas the Puerto Rican pop to make pitchers think *dos veces*. Julio Franco (.296) and Rafael Palmeiro (.319) will be on base for the power guys to drive in. Bobby Witt keeps batters honest with frequent attacks of wilding but is learning to win big. The soul of Witt during his best season was a one-run victory over the A's: four hits, ten strikeouts, ten walks. Smooth starter Kevin Brown and rookie Scott Chiamparino complement Witt's and Ryan's heat. A gambler, knowing that Kenny Rogers (ten wins, 15 saves) can hold 'em, would take the long odds on Texas.

Nineteen ninety was a **Royal** pain in Kansas City. Bret Saberhagen, who gets Cy Young awards in odd-numbered years and fifth-inning showers in even years, fell from 23–6 to 5–9. Last year, he and Mark Davis were K.C.'s Cy clones, the first teammates to defend the award in the same year. Both were shelved—Saberhagen for injuries and Davis for getting shelled. The Royals finished 16 and a half games below their 1989 record, which they had expected to improve, and 27 and a half out of first. Even that was not the end of their shame: George Brett—who sat during the season's final week instead of taking his cuts like a man—pussyfooted his way to the smuttiest batting title of the decade in the Nineties' first year.

There were consolations: Bo Jackson, the Royal Raider, hit 28 homers, one of which was an absurd clout that literally started at his shoetops—only Bo knows such things are possible. Kid pitcher Kevin Appier emerged as one of the league's best number-two starters; he joins Saberhagen, signee Mike Boddicker, Mark "Goobie" Gubicza and either Storm Davis or Flash Gordon in a rotation that can average 15 wins. Pitching guru Pat Dobson comes from San Diego to save Davis. Kirk Gibson's coming from L.A. to growl a lot and show the Royals how to get World Series rings. If Bo breaks the plane of the 30–30 club and George Brett apologizes to the gods, this club might crash to the top.

Ken Griffey, Sr., batted .632 and was Player of the Week early in September. Aside from that week, however, he hit only .250 with 19 R.B.I.s. Still, he got a $1,000,000 contract from the **Mariners.** Seattle G.M. Woody Woodward claims that Griffey earned the money, and in a way, he's right. He sired Ken Griffey, Jr., who batted an even .300 on the year, hit 22 homers, banged in 80 runs, stole 16 bases and hinted at great achievements by the millennium. The grin on Junior's oval baby face matched the one over Ken Griffey, Sr.'s, rugged jaw as they patted and poked each other in the dugout. They'll have even more fun in 1991 as the Ms top the .500 mark for the first time ever. Rookie Tino Martinez, Griffey *fils* and .302-hitting Edgar Martinez lead a line-up that won't need to score much to win. Seattle's young pitching staff, starring potential 20-game winner Erik



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Felix Jose made the play of the year. On July 15, Brewer Robin Yount hit a shot over the right-field wall in Oakland. Jose scaled the wall and brought the ball back. Falling cap over cleats, he juggled it. He landed on his back and the ball popped out of his glove, so Jose snagged it with his bare hand. Later in the inning, he hit a grand slam.

•

Philadelphia's Lenny Dykstra, no role model for tykes, puffs cigs between at-bats and calls all humans Dude. He also packs the biggest wad of chaw in the game and uses the outfield in Veterans Stadium as a spittoon. Last summer, the Pirates' Andy Van Slyke blamed an error on Dykstra: "The ball hit a toxic piece of tobacco!"

•

You Make the Call: The Question: On August fifth at the Kingdome, the Twins' Gary Gaetti lined a shot up the middle. The ball whanged off Mariners pitcher Billy Swift's head directly into the stands in foul territory. What's the correct ruling on the play?

•

The Giants' Rick Leach, who had once been caught with marijuana, was hit with a two-month suspension when he failed a drug test last August. It was a tokin' penalty: Leach got a new contract after the season.

•

You Make the Call: The Answer: Give Gaetti a ground-rule double, Swift a Bufferin and a standing O.

◆ A ROSE IS A. . . . ◆

"I am very shameful," Pete Rose said last July, telling the truth for once. He went to prison for tax evasion and traded his famous number 14 for 01832061. An *ad hoc* inquisition removed his name from the Hall of Fame ballot. The question persists: Does Rose belong in Cooperstown?

Of course he does. It ain't the Vatican. If Rose doesn't belong in the Hall, the vicious Georgia Peach whose hits record he topped should be impeached. Rod Carew breezed into the Hall this year; Rose had 301 more doubles than Carew and 1203 more hits. He helped his teams win six pennants and three World Series. Carew won none and none. Baseball's shame won't be Rose's induction into the Hall but the embarrassing ritual of redemption that will precede it. Two or three years from now, Pete will genuflect before the appropriate sages and be enshrined; the game will go on pretending that its Hall is full of good guys, when it only needs to be, and is, full of great athletes.

◆ *ROI DE PUBLICITÉ* ◆

In Montreal, Expo pitchers are *lanceurs*, outfielders are *voltigeurs* and PR chief Rich Griffin is a *jokesteur*. When L.A.'s Ramon Martinez faced Expo Dennis Martinez in a businessman's special, Griffin's press notes called it "the two-Martinez lunch." Later, Dennis Martinez credited a win in Philly to a church visit, while the Phils accused him of loading the ball with tobacco juice. "On our pitching staff, we have three born-again Christians and a Holy Skoaler," said Griffin. When the Dodgers' Tommy Lasorda sent umps to frisk Dominican flake Pascual Perez, then an Expo, for foreign substances, Griffin cried foul: "Pascual *is* a foreign substance."

Griffin on a double steal by Kevin Dean and Otis Nixon: "The most effective Nixon–Dean combination since Watergate." On a plague of injuries and drug woes among Expo hurlers: "If they call Montreal's hockey team the Habs, our staff must be the Rehabs." On Expo Marquis Grissom's success on natural turf: "We're thinking of nicknaming him 'The Marquis de Sod.'"

Not Richard Jeni, maybe, but in a game in which the hotfoot passes for the sole of wit and *Ball Four* is the crowning literary achievement, Griffin is an All-*Étoile*.

◆ BEST BUYS ◆

Jose Canseco and Roger Clemens make more than $150,000 per week, while some guys sweat for a mere $100,000 a year. You could win a pennant with this line-up:

Expos second baseman deluxe Delino *DeShields* (.289, 42 steals) leads off; Pirates shortstop *Jay "Sac Man" Bell*, whose 39 sacrifices were the most in the N.L. since 1922, bunts second; Mariners star child *Ken Griffey, Jr.* (.300, 22 homers), hits third and plays center; San Francisco third baseman *Matt Williams* (33 homers, 122 R.B.I.s) cleans up; Braves outfielders Dave *Justice* (.282, 28 homers) and Ron *Gant* (.303, 32 homers, 33 steals) bat fifth and sixth; Yankee *Kevin Maas*, Don Mattingly's heir at first base in the Bronx, hits seventh; Cleveland's *Sandy Alomar, Jr.*, who hit .290 (.376 against lefties) and once shot down Rickey Henderson at second—from his knees—catches hurler *Erik Hanson* (18–9 for a bad Seattle club, 211 Ks and just 68 walks).

Your speedy, slugging, slick-fielding and wonderfully young Econo All-Stars could give the Reds and the A's a run for their millions. So be generous. Cut them off before they get to the arbitration table and triple all their salaries. The whole bunch will still cost less than Clemens will make in 1991.

Hanson, isn't that much worse than the millionaires in Oakland. How bright is the future in the Kingdome? Harold Reynolds, who does charity work when he's not turning singles into outs behind second base, was picked by George Bush as one of America's official "Daily Points of Light."

Jeff Torborg's **White Sox** astounded the league by turning a 69–92 record into 94–68 in one year. They can't keep a gain of that magnitude, but Tim Raines is on board to hit lead-off and chase Rickey Henderson for the steals title; he and the Sox' young arms will keep them from waving goodbye. Lefty Greg Hibbard was the pitching find of last season; lefty Wilson Alvarez may be this year's surprise. Bobby Thigpen will save 40 to 45, because the number 57 before the word *saves* looks like a typo. Eagle-eyed Frank Thomas might chase Wade Boggs toward .330 in the batting race, but Chicago won't win 85.

Angels manager Doug Rader relayed one of the game's best, simplest truths. "The art of pitching is to make people mis-hit balls," he said. There is nothing badly skewed about his Halos, they just mis-hit a few more balls than other players do. In this division, you don't have to stink to finish sixth, and if Mark Langston wins 30 while Luis Polonia bats .400, the Angels could ascend to third.

Did someone say there were no rotten teams in the A.L. West? Cut a ventilation hole in the roof of Humphrey Dome—there's something dead under the **Twins'** carpet. Their one strength was their bull pen, with Rick Aguilera (32 saves) and heir apparent Rich Garces, the A.L.'s next great saver. So the front office ignored the team's manifold flaws and signed stopper Steve Bedrosian.

NATIONAL EAST LEAGUE

With no Strawberry in the middle, the **Mets'** batting order lacks flavor. Howard Johnson, Kevin McReynolds, Hubie Brooks—meat and potatoes. G.M. Frank Cashen has reformulated the New York order, which will rise or fall depending on the dash Cashen has added on top.

Two years ago, the Mets brain trust botched one big time, dealing Len Dykstra and Roger McDowell for Juan "I Hate New York" Samuel. That trade probably cost New York the division last year. And now Darryl Strawberry, the best Met ever, is a Dodger. Cashen let him go and acquired two outfielders, essentially trading Strawberry and a surplus starter for Brooks and Vince Coleman.

Brooks, the right-handed bat the Mets needed last fall, can provide a rib-sticking 20 home runs and 80–90 R.B.I.s. Coleman is the lead-off man the club has lacked since splitting the Dykstra/Mookie monster by trading both of them. If Coleman can stand about 10,000 decibels of booing in April, he will steal 80 bases, score 110 runs and the Mets will get home first.

With Coleman leading off, there will be no losing streaks like the five-game fade that opened last September—45 innings, three runs. There will be fewer dents in the big top hat behind the center-field wall at Shea, but these Mets should distribute the runs they do score fairly evenly, giving a wondrous pitching staff more close games to win; Gooden-Viola-Cone-Fernandez-Darling is still the best rotation that doesn't wear gold and green. Wally Whitehurst and Alejandro Pena will be secret heroes in the middle; closer John Franco won't wither again in September. The hurlers will strike out so many people the clumsy defense can't ruin Cashen's experiment. It'll be Franco *vs.* Randy Myers—whom Cashen dealt for Franco a year and a half ago—in inning ten of game one of the N.L.C.S.

Voilà! Les **Expos** rebuilt themselves in a year. In the fall of 1989, four of their best pitchers deserted ship. Hubie Brooks bailed, too. So Buck Rodgers cobbled a *Scissorhands*-style creature—young legs, young arms, spare parts—that proved there was beauty hidden in the bushes. Now Rodgers, currently the league's best manager, has another surprise: Brian Barnes, the pint-sized scourge of the Double-A Southern League. Barnes, who led the minors in strike-outs, enriches a staff that was already among the N.L.'s best. Tim Raines is gone, but his heir in left field, Ivan Calderon, has been Raines's equal since 1988—and Raines doesn't do celebrity impressions. The Expos' attack, boasting three of the league's best second-year players, should build a few more leads this season. Then Rodgers, the master of tuning a bull pen, can hand the ball to Barry Jones, who came with Calderon in the Raines deal, or to spin doctors Steve Frey, Bill Sampen and Mel Rojas, and then to closer Tim Burke. Montreal is going to make a lasting impression on the East.

When a ball was hit toward Gary

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Matthews, who used to clank around left field at Wrigley, Phillies snickered, "*Three, three*," meaning "That's a triple." With George Bell in left, this may be the year of "*Four, four*." **Cubs** manager Don Zimmer has admitted that Bell is "no gazelle." He may soon think Bell is nothing but a D.H. in N.L. clothing. Bell did manage 21 homers for the Jays last year but hit only one in the last 46 games. Clubs that use their free-agent budgets on cranky sluggers and creaky arms are likely to peak early and freak late, as accusations and then punches fly, but maybe that won't happen to the Cubs. They'll have a terrific line-up, assuming that Andre Dawson's knees stay strong and Ryne Sandberg has the best year a second baseman ever had for the second year in a row. Bell could easily drive in 100 runs. Walking wound Danny Jackson could stay intact and win 20. Dave Smith could be a better stopper than Mitch "Wild Thing" Williams was in 1989 and the Cubs could confound those who say they're born to lose. After all, they went all the way in 1908.

The **Pirates** went to the play-offs for the first time in 11 years and hated it so much they're not going back. Club president Carl Barger and bumbling G.M. Larry Doughty won't pay what it takes to keep a winning crew together. Barry Bonds and Bobby Bonilla, the kind of young stars good clubs build around, may soon take their killer bats and killer smiles to more lucrative climes. Doughty, who seems to see good years by players as potential negotiating problems, avoided one by accidentally putting the club's best minor-leaguer on irrevocable waivers; outfielder Wes Chamberlain is now a Phillie. Manager Jim Leyland, never ashamed to weep in public, may flood the dugout.

Ozzie Smith is the only reminder of the good old mid-Eighties **Cardinals.** But an all-new outfield of Bernard Gilkey, Ray Lankford and Felix Jose is starting a run that should make the mid-Nineties intriguing. Jose hits; Gilkey and Lankford run, though they hit a little, too. In a Triple-A laugher last year, Gilkey had a home run and two singles, while Lankford hit a grand slam—all in the same inning. For that, I'll stick my neck out and pick them fifth.

Watch **Phillies** right-hander Jose DeJesus walk three men in a row. Watch him strike out the side. Duck—he is the Bobby Witt of the National League. This year's Phils, as ever, will do a little hitting but not enough hurling.

◆ STATS ◆

Forget, for now, Rickey Henderson's .325 average and 65 steals. What did Will Clark, Jack Clark, Kent Hrbek, Dave Parker, George Bell, Eric Davis and Andre Dawson have in common last year? Henderson hit more homers than any one of them did.

•

When the Mets canned him, Dave Johnson had a .593 career winning percentage—better than any current manager.

•

How bad were the Yanks in their worst year since 1912? Their opener was rained out. Their next date was snowed out. They finished last in the A.L. in wins, hits, walks, doubles, triples, runs, slugging percentage and on-base average. They trailed the majors in batting average, even though pitchers hit for the 12 N.L. teams. Their ace, who went 5–12, tossed a no-hitter and lost the game. One hitter walked twice all season; another got caught stealing twice in one inning. They played the A's 12 times and lost 12 times. Their owner, who had helped build three of the four division champs by shipping young talent to the Reds, the A's and the Pirates, was offered a two-year suspension from the game. He got confused and opted for a lifetime ban.

•

On May 18, eight Orioles strode to the plate and tapped out a goofy assortment of bleeders, bloops and Baltimore chops. All eight went for singles, tying an American League record.

•

Nolan Ryan's lonely critics nitpick his career .526 winning percentage, but the future governor of Texas has more than 302 wins, 5308 strike-outs and six no-hitters to his credit. He has allowed the fewest hits per game of any pitcher ever, and in two seasons with the mediocre Rangers, his winning percentage is .604—better than the Reds' last year.

•

What did 90 percent of the stars of the ill-starred Senior Baseball League have in common? They were younger than Ryan.

•

The Dodgers' Ramon Martinez may be the best bet among active hurlers to top Ryan's strike-out record. All he has to do is fan 200 men a year until at least 2016.

•

The Red Queen's **Reds** need to run hard to stay where they are. This is not the West they won a year ago. All three California teams are improved. Even the Braves, with their young pitching, improved defense and new fitness coach Jane Fonda, might stay in the race. Then there's Red Queen Marge Schott, whose flinty ways will have this team back in the second division by 1995. The Nasty Boys may be wild at heart, but their club is weird on top.

Norm Charlton smartens up a rotation anchored by Rijo and Tom Browning. With those three, plus Rookie of the Year candidate Chris Hammond and strong new middle man Ted Power taking games to Dibble and Myers, Cincinnati is set to repeat. Not wire to wire, but it is only the second wire that counts. Six months ago, the Reds suddenly woke to the fact that they can beat anyone. With that thought firmly in mind, they'll beat back the Giants and Dodgers in September.

"We should be the favorites." So says **Giants** prime mover Al Rosen, who knows all about the Reds and has heard all the Dodgers' talk about Strawberry and Brett Butler. But Rosen didn't only play golf last winter. Faced with the defection of center fielder Butler, he signed Willie McGee. He spent $20,000,000 on free-agent hurlers Bud Black and Dave Righetti. "We've improved as much as anyone," he says. The Giants can win the West, but they will need a couple of breaks to do it. Manager Roger Craig's pitchers must tear half a run off their 4.08 team E.R.A. "I ain't guruing worth a damn," pitching Svengali Craig said last spring, but it wasn't his fault: the hurlers spent more time on the D.L. than on the mound. This time, the pitching will be far better, and there is still that prime-rib meat of the order: Will Clark, Kevin Mitchell, Matt Williams. But there's no one to bat lead-off the way Butler did it. Steve Decker, the rookie behind the plate, is skilled but untried. San Francisco will fall a few games short of the Reds but edge L.A. for second.

"Christmas come early!" **Dodgers** manager Tommy Lasorda bubbled as Butler followed Strawberry to Chavez Ravine. It has been cited as an oddity, but there's nothing strange about the fact that a Giant has won the league's R.B.I. crown for three years running: For three years running, Butler was the Giants' lead-off man. Butler is the N.L.'s best

run starter. Strawberry should snap San Francisco's R.B.I. skein this year. Sadly for Darryl, his home town will probably have to wait a year for another title. Orel Hershiser has had his shoulder rebuilt. Baby shortstop Jose Offerman, who wins the rookie award if the Reds' Hammond doesn't, needs more help from a second baseman than he will get from Juan Samuel. Outfielder Kalvoski Daniels has glass knees. I love the Dodgers relievers' calling themselves the "Brain-dead Heaver's Club," but

NATIONAL WEST LEAGUE

the Cincinnati bull pen heaves harder and better. The Nasties are the Reds' clearest edge.

Tony Gwynn played hurt, turned himself from a weak outfielder to a Gold Glover and won four batting titles for the **Padres.** Last year, he hit .309 with a bad hand and teammates ripped him for being selfish. A member of the grounds crew chopped the limbs off a Gwynn doll and hung it in the dugout. For 1991, San Diego has replaced ripper Jack Clark with masher Fred McGriff and filled a gap at short with Tony Fernandez. Larry Andersen shores up the pen, allowing Greg Harris to take his razor curve to the rotation, and now that nobody expects them to contend, the Pads could come through. Hope not. San Diego invited Roseanne to sing the anthem; worse, it dissed Gwynn.

With 14 wins from John Smoltz, who would win 24 if he pitched in Oakland, "America's Team" surged from 63–97 in 1989 to 65–97 last year. At that rate, the **Braves** will reach .500 by 2000.

The **Astros'** Eric Anthony, 23, is going to hit 25 home runs but could be the first ever to strike out 190 times. Pete Harnisch, 24, will lead the team in wins once owner John McMullen and G.M. Bill Wood finish their fire sale by trading Mike Scott. Harnisch will win nine.

The Astros are "*not* a shambles," says Wood. Wood and McMullen are good executives. They know what they're doing. Nixon wasn't a crook. Elvis lives, the Pope is Hindu and April eighth is just another Monday.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Playboy increases your purchasing power by providing the following list of retailers and manufacturers to contact directly for information on where to find this month's merchandise in your area.

STYLE

Page 38: **Pajamas** by *Charles Goodnight*, at Fred Segal Fun, Santa Monica, 213-394-9814; Modern Artifacts, 269 W. Fourth St., N.Y.C., 212-691-1134. By *Lorenzini*, at Louis, Boston, N.Y.C., 212-308-6100, and Boston, 617-965-6100. By *Fernando Sanchez*, at Boxer Bay in Seattle, Santa Barbara and Beverly Hills. By *Calvin Klein*, at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C., 212-705-2000; Lord & Taylor, N.Y.C., 212-391-3344. By *Joe Boxer*, at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C., 212-705-2000. **Silk dressing** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Joseph Abboud Store, Boston, 617-266-4200; Garys & Co., 1065 Newport Center Dr., Newport Beach, CA, 714-759-1622; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco, 415-986-4380. By *Jhane Barnes*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C., 212-753-4000; Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C., 212-705-2000. By *Fugi*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C., 212-753-4000; Macy's South/Bullock's. By *Vestimenta*, at Louis, Boston, 617-965-6100, and Boston, 617-965-6100; Evento Uomo, Houston, 713-621-6772. By *Go Silk*, at GO Silk by Henry Lehr, 36 Main St., Westport, CT, 203-454-4272; Ultimo, Chicago, 312-787-0906; GO Silk, San Francisco, 415-391-2474.

THIS SPORTING LIFE

Page 99: **Vest** by *Hunting World*, at Hunting World, 16 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C., 212-755-3400. **Jeans** by *Rifle*, at Urban Outfitters nationwide. **T-shirt** by *Calvin Klein Underwear for Men*, at Dayton's, Hudson's and Marshall Field's, all Midwest locations, 800-233-2000; Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C., 212-753-4000.

Page 100: All from *Polo/Ralph Lauren*, in Polo/Ralph Lauren stores: **Jacket** in Chicago and Tulsa. **Jodhpurs** in Dallas, Palo Alto and Honolulu. **Shirt** in Greenwich, CT, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills. **Ascot** and **sunglasses** at select stores nationwide. **Pin** by *Sentimento*, at Bergdorf Goodman Mens, N.Y.C., 212-753-7300.

Page 101: **Jacket** by *IXSPA 2000 by Jamie Sadock*, 800-326-6777. **Trousers** by *Z. Cavaricci*, at select Merry-Go-Round, D.J.'s, Attivo and Cignal stores. **Shirt** by *Marina Yachting/Simint USA*, at Richard's of Greenwich, 350 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, CT, 203-622-0551; Douglas Gordon, 1946 Utica Square, Tulsa, 918-747-5883; Wilkes Bashford, 375 Sutter St., San Francisco, 415-986-4380.

Page 102: **Jacket** by *Hind*, at Spectrum Cycles, 1637 Hollenbeck Ave., Sunnyvale, CA, 408-737-7333. **Jeans** by *Guess?*, at Bloomingdale's nationwide.

Page 103: **Jacket** by *Calvin Klein Sport*, at Calvin Klein stores in Chestnut Hill, MA, Palm Beach, Dallas and Costa Mesa, CA. **T-shirt** by *Jockey*, at better department stores nationwide. **Watch** by *Fossil*, 800-TIC-TOC-1.

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

Pages 134–137: **Golf clubs** by *Ritson*, at select sporting-goods stores nationwide, or Sports Marketing Group, Inc., 407-363-9564. **Camera** by *Konica*, 800-MY-KONICA. **Pens** by *Sheaffer's*, 800-FINE-PEN. **Watch** by *Jacob Jensen*, at L.S Collection, N.Y.C., 212-472-3355; Kenjo—"The Store to Watch," N.Y.C., 800-548-TIME; Orologio, Garden State Plaza, Paramus, NJ, 201-712-0012 or 516-754-7106. **Headphones** by *Memorex*, at J & R Music World, N.Y.C., 212-732-8600 and 800-221-8180; The Good Guys! stores located in Northern CA, Southern CA and Reno, NV. **Toaster** by *St. Gallen*, at Burdines Dadeland, 7303 Dadeland Mall, Miami, 305-662-3505; The Chef's Catalog, 800-338-3232. **Solitaire game** by *Michel Perrenoud*, exclusively at Michel Perrenoud, Int., 1111 Clifton Ave., Clifton, NJ, 201-778-1194. **Batmobile** by *Rich-Man's Toys, Inc.*, Tower Hobbies catalog, 800-637-6050.

ON THE SCENE

Page 181: **Shoes** by *K-Swiss*, at Footlocker, Athletes Foot and Champs stores nationwide, or 800-283-5599; by *Reebok*, at Footlocker and Athletes Foot stores nationwide and Macy's, N.Y.C.; by *Converse*, at Footlocker stores nationwide; by *Mephisto*, 800-231-7341; by *Nike*, at Footlocker, JC Penney and Oshmans stores nationwide.

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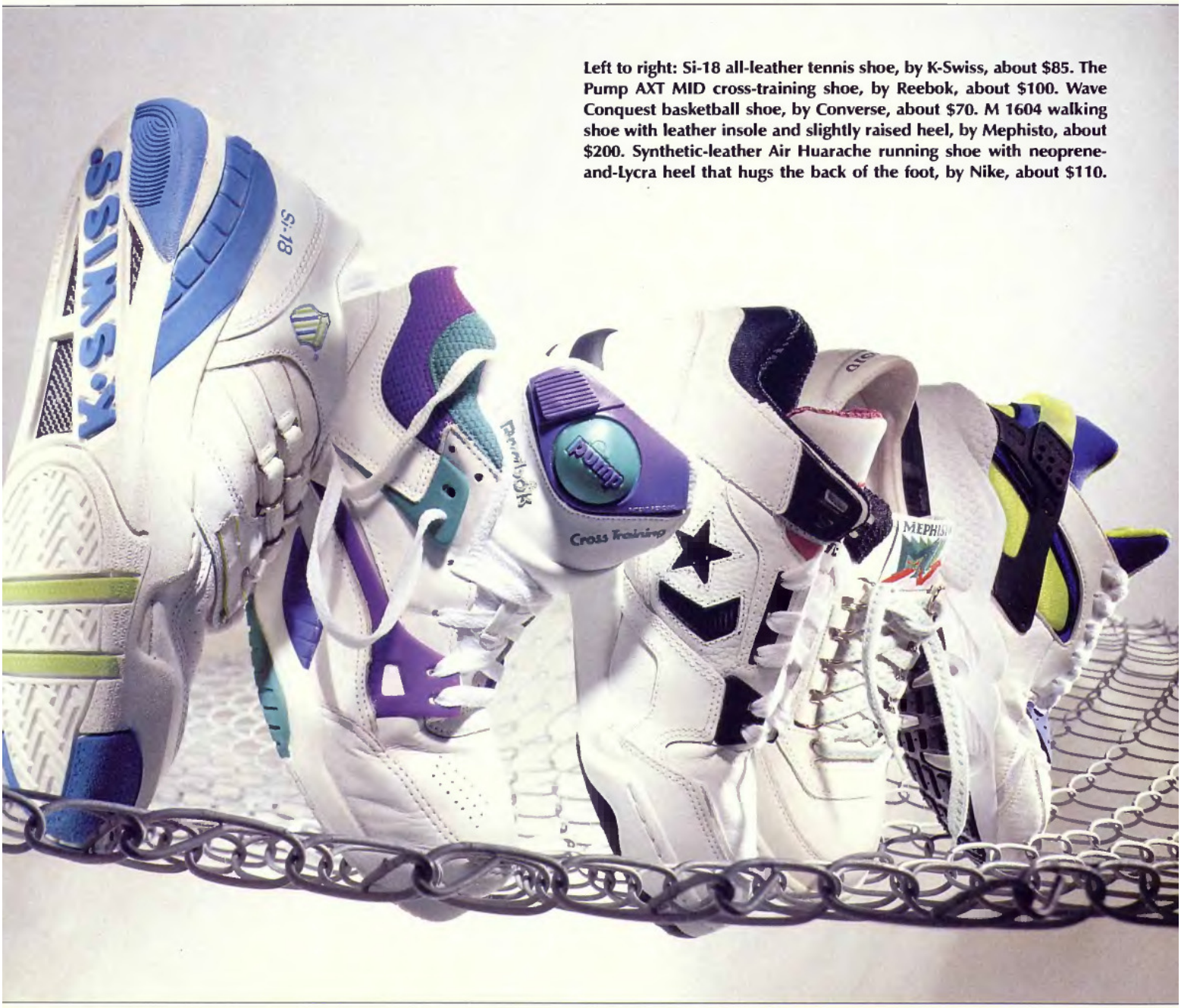
SNEAK PREVIEW

When it comes to status sneakers, you get what you pay for, and not just in envious looks from the locker-room gang. The hype that has accompanied Reebok's superstar shoe, The Pump, for example, isn't just a lot of hot air. Its innovative sports models provide terrific ankle support. And there's also plenty of cult support for footwear from a French company named Mephisto. According to *The New York Times*, wearing Mephisto's shoes and boots "is like walking on a bed of feathers." Other quality features to look for include durable fabrics such as polymer mesh and washable leathers. Think of these shoes as a kind of high-tech motivator that will keep your feet moving when your mind is screaming, Time out!



Left to right: Si-18 all-leather tennis shoe, by K-Swiss, about $85. The Pump AXT MID cross-training shoe, by Reebok, about $100. Wave Conquest basketball shoe, by Converse, about $70. M 1604 walking shoe with leather insole and slightly raised heel, by Mephisto, about $200. Synthetic-leather Air Huarache running shoe with neoprene-and-Lycra heel that hugs the back of the foot, by Nike, about $110.

Where & How to Buy on page 179.

The Breast Is Yet to Come

The only thing falling down in actress SANDRA BERNHARD's life is her dress. Still doing her cabaret act, Sandra took a break for a role in *Hudson Hawk*, starring Bruce Willis, due out this summer.

© MICHAEL SPILOTRO/STAR FILE

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Keeping the Faith

To those who might say metal isn't mainstream, we give you FAITH NO MORE. Nominated for a Grammy for *Epic* off the platinum album *The Real Thing*, touring everywhere, playing at Rock in Rio II and working on the late-summer release of another album, these guys are lucky if they ever get home to mom.

Lounging with Lesley

LESLEY NOLEN has been spotted on *Love Connection* and *Solid Gold* and in Morris Day's video *Jerk Out* and will be in the miniseries *Kandyland, U.S.A.* She's also a "round girl" at boxing events at the L.A. Forum. Lesley's no fighter, she's a knockout!

© MARK LEIVDAL

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Barbi's a Doll

Starlet BARBI HEYLEK is just starting out. She has a couple of posters and a calendar. She has been known to wrestle—professionally. Eat your heart out, Hulk Hogan.

A Taste of Lace

Actress JULIE STRAIN has been so busy that she hasn't had time to get dressed. Lucky for us. Catch Julie in the Doors movie, Steven Seagal's *The Price of Our Blood* and a recent *Jake and the Fat Man* episode.

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Shocked and Incredible

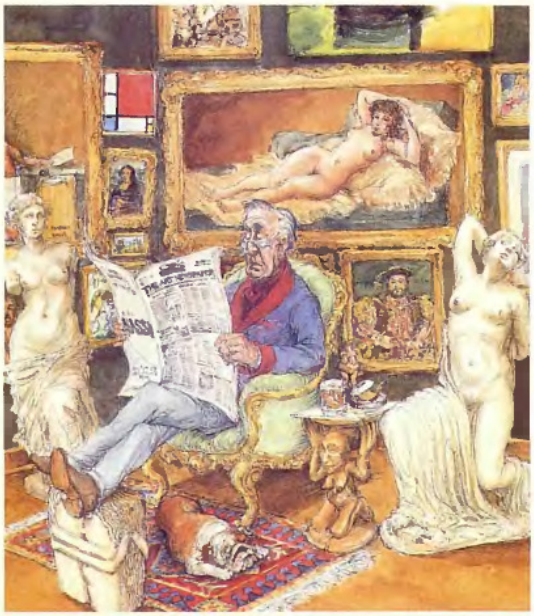
Here are a couple of pretty fair guitar players. MICHELLE SHOCKED (left) is working on a new album of east-Texas music (standards and originals) after returning from a Far East tour. JOHN LEE HOOKER was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, nominated for a Grammy and honored by an all-star tribute at the Benson & Hedges Blues fest. New blood and vintage roots.

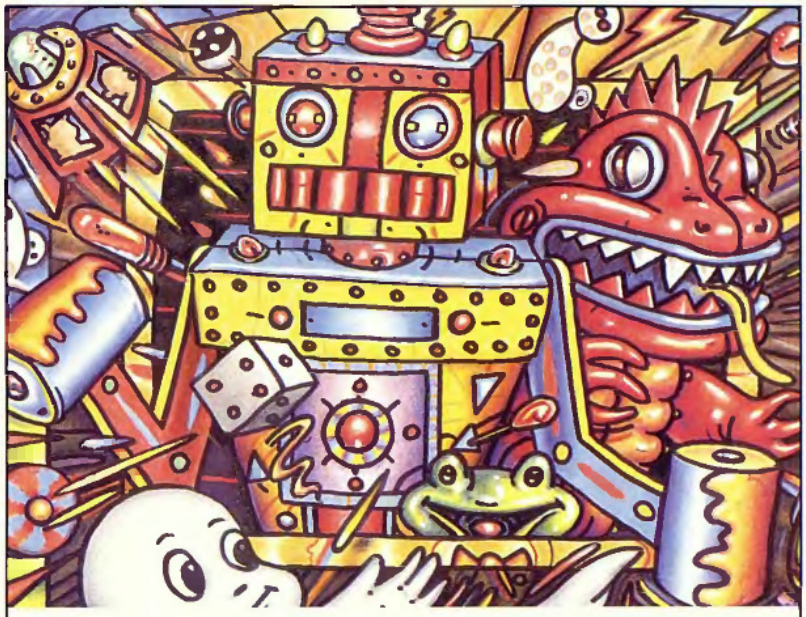
DEBBIE DOES COMICS

Debbie, the oversexed cheerleader who debuted on the big screen in *Debbie Does Dallas*, is back in her first comic adventure. This time, Debbie does Dallas in a Porsche, and the hot times she has give the cinematic version a racy run for its money. Malibu Graphics, 1355 Lawrence Drive, Number 212, Newbury Park, California 91320, sells *Debbie* for three dollars, postpaid.

ARTSY SMARTSY

"The first newspaper devoted to art" is how the London-based publishers of *The Art Newspaper* describe it. And if the politics, events and economics of the international art scene prove as fascinating to you as a leisurely afternoon at the Louvre, then you'll definitely want to subscribe. A year's subscription (ten issues) costs $40 sent to the paper's Stateside address: P.O. Box 0007, Rouses Point, New York 12979. In our latest copy, we learned that the Smithsonian owns Indiana Jones's hat and jacket. How artsy!





RETURN WITH US NOW. . . .

If some of your favorite boob-tube pals when growing up were Mr. Potato Head and Ken and Barbie, then *Television Toys Volumes One and Two*, two 60-minute video tapes featuring TV commercials from the Fifties and the Sixties, will definitely plunk your nostalgia twanger, Froggy. And when you're tired of watching a Lionel train go round and round, Video Resources New York Inc., 220 West 71st Street, New York 10023, also sells a tape of classic cigarette commercials (yes, the dancing Old Gold cigarette pack is on it), sports commercials, beer commercials and classic cars. The tapes are $24.95 each, postpaid. Or call 212-724-7055 to put them on plastic.

IN THE NOE

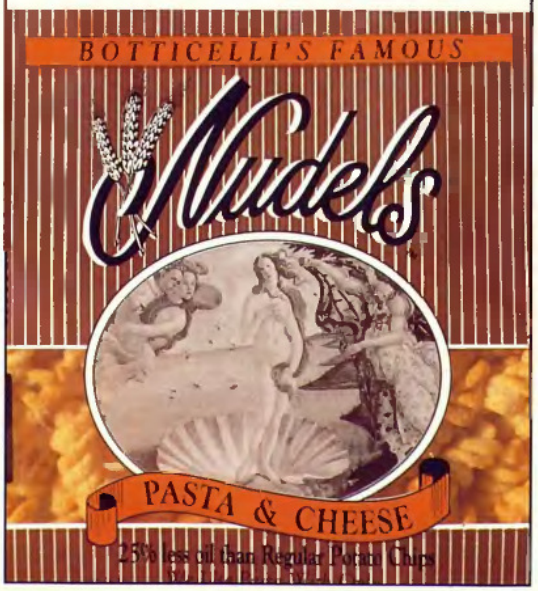
'Twas four days before Christmas and some of *Playboy*'s top editors were doing some yuletide male bonding with the guys from Shipping and Receiving. We're talking *serious* bonding, because our beverage of choice that wintry afternoon was Booker's Bourbon, a seven-year-old, 124-proof Kentucky whiskey by Jim Beam that would even warm the cockles of Scrooge's heart. Why Booker's Bourbon? Because it's made the way Jim Beam's master distiller, Booker Noe, likes it—bottled right from the barrel without being filtered or cut with water. Booker's Bourbon costs about $35 a bottle. Start searching.

TIP OF THE CAP

Back in July 1989, *Potpourri* featured the Ultimate Hat, a cotton-duck chapeau with a broad brim. Now Ultimate Products, 8310 North Saulray Street, Tampa, Florida 33604, is offering the Ultimate Cap—a floatable model of the same material with a rear flap that can cover your neck and ears. It's $31, postpaid, in sizes small through extra large. Hemingway would have loved it.

NUDEL OVER THIS ONE

Obviously, Botticelli's famous painting *Birth of Venus* was the inspiration for Botticelli's Famous Nudels, a low-cholesterol nibble that's made of fried pasta. Designer Snacks in Altoona, Pennsylvania, manufactures Nudels in two tasty versions: Pasta & Cheese and Pasta Italiano. (*Mama mia!* It's-a garlicky!) Call 814-941-3090 and order a case of 24 assorted bags for $33, postpaid. Horny nibblers can lick the packaging, but don't eat it.



LIGHT FANTASTIC

James Bond didn't ride a Harley-Davidson motorcycle, but we bet that he would have traded his black, oxidized Ronson lighter for the one pictured here. It's the Casablanca, a brass-plated reproduction of a World War Two spy lighter (complete with a removable bottom for storing secret messages) that Harley-Davidson is selling through its motorcycle dealers for only $17.95. And if the Casablanca doesn't light your fire, they also offer a Trench lighter identical to the ones doughboys used in World War One for $14.95.

A LITTLE WATER MUSIC, PLEASE

What's better than being aboard an inflatable raft, listening to your personal stereo? Floating on a raft that has built-in speakers and not having to worry about getting your radio wet. That's why Ero Industries, P.O. Box 33101, Louisville, Kentucky 40232, came out with Radio Waves, an air mattress that comes with an FM radio housed in a waterproof compartment and two speakers built right into its pillow. The price: $44.50, postpaid. For a credit-card purchase, call 800-766-1846.

FIRST CLASS ALL THE WAY

Before the airplane spawned the package tour, steamships, railroads, private yachts and Zeppelins were the conveyances of choice when the rich and famous wished to travel in style. It's all captured in Rizzoli International's new coffee-table book *The Golden Age of Travel 1850–1939* in the form of paintings, photographs, postcards, menus and luggage labels, plus the words of Alexis Gregory, who co-authored *Grand American Hotels*. The price: $45. Even Robin Leach could afford that.

NEXT MONTH

PRIZE PLAYMATE

BLUE TRUTH

WAR WOUNDS

SUMMER BEERBECUE

"THE FACE OF WAR"—TWO SOLDIERS CONFRONT THE HORROR OF BATTLE IN WORLD WAR TWO—UNPUBLISHED FICTION BY THE AUTHOR OF *FROM HERE TO ETERNITY*, **JAMES JONES**

"AIR APPARENT"—HE'S THE NATURAL, ROY HOBBS WRIT TALL. HE'S **DAVID ROBINSON,** THE ASTONISHING SEVEN-FOOT CENTER OF THE SAN ANTONIO SPURS. A *PLAYBOY PROFILE* OF BASKETBALL'S NEW TOP GUN—BY VETERAN SPORTSWRITER **JEFF COPLON**

MAC NEIL AND **LEHRER,** THE NEWSMEN OF PUBLIC TV, SPEAK OUT ON THE WAR IN THE GULF, THE NETWORK CIRCUS AND THEIR MISSION TO DISTURB THE PEACE IN AN IMPORTANT **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"FUNNY GIRLS"—WHO SAYS COMICS CAN'T BE SEXY? THESE LAUGH-CLUB PROS PROVE THERE'S MORE TO STAND-UP THAN PUNCH LINES

"THE CORRUPTION OF NEIL BUSH"—THE FIRST SON'S DESCENT INTO DEBT, DECEPTION AND DISHONOR, BY THE *DENVER POST* REPORTER WHO EXPOSED THE BILLION-DOLLAR SILVERADO COLLAPSE—AN INVESTIGATIVE REPORT BY **STEVEN WILMSEN**

"NOTES FROM THE BOB BOOK"—WHAT IS BOBNESS?—A PREVIEW OF THE NEW BOOK THAT DEFINES THE MAN FOR OUR TIMES BY **DAVID RENSIN** AND **BILL ZEHME**

JOHN MILIUS, THE **GEORGE PATTON** OF FILM DIRECTORS, EXPLAINS THE BIKER MYSTIQUE, LIKENS HIMSELF TO **JESSE JAMES** AND REVEALS WHAT ENTICED HIM TO WRITE THE SCRIPT FOR *DIRTY HARRY* IN AN EYE-OPENING **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"OPERATION PLAYMATE"—OUR CENTERFOLD GIRLS ENLIST IN A LETTER-WRITING CAMPAIGN TO CHEER THE MEN OF OPERATION DESERT STORM

"BLUE TRUTH"—ONE COP'S GRIPPING TALE OF LIFE ON THE MEAN STREETS—BY **CHEROKEE PAUL MC DONALD**

PLUS: DON'T MISS THE PICTORIAL YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR: **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR";** ACTION SWIMWEAR THAT LETS YOU DRESS TO THE NINES WHILE HANGING TEN—FASHION BY **HOLLIS WAYNE; "HEY, NORM, WHAT'S BREWING?"—GEORGE WENDT** OF *CHEERS*, AMERICA'S FAVORITE DRINKING BUDDY, CELEBRATES THE FINE ART OF COOKING WITH BEER—WITH TEXT BY **MICHAEL JACKSON** AND RECIPES BY **JILL COX;** AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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HOW TO THROW
A MAJOR LEAGUE

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FORKBALL.

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PALMBALL.

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